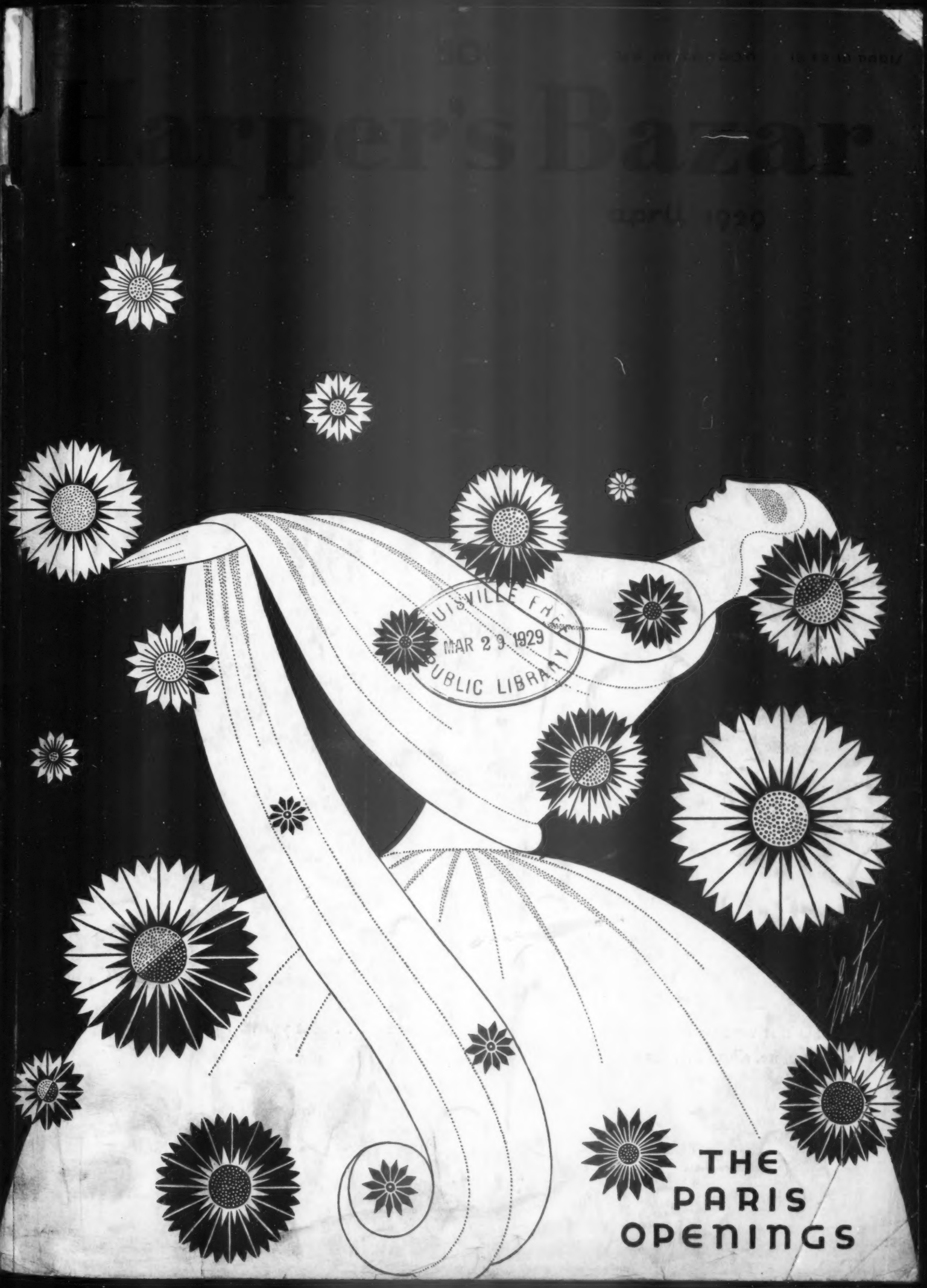
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DRAWING BY
CARL O. A. ERICKSON

She has that wordless something about her. Call it chic, distinction . . . what you will. Compounded of subtle color, texture, allure . . . the silks she wears define it.

Stehli Silks

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TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

DIAMOND JEWELRY

1837 - 1929

Quality Through Generations

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET

NEW YORK

HAF-HEEL* HOSIERY

Dancing in the favor of the smart world is "Haf-Heel" Hosiery. It gained recognition first by its 'little' heel–that ingenious Kayser conception of the modern square heel... trim... chic ...thoroughly adequate.

For service sheer weight 90X is the choice, $1.50. For all-occasion wear, No. 153X all silk picot edge chiffon is only $1.95. For formal wear No. 70X, a 54 gauge at $5.50.

THE SEASON'S SMART SHADES

Sunskin	*Roseskin*
Clearskin	*Beachskin*
Bareskin	*Fairskin*

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

Kayser

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dans la nuit

OTHER «dressmaker» perfumes have come and gone, but Worth's Dans la Nuit will live as long as there is a smart woman in the world to appreciate the subtle suggestion of this unforgettable fragrance.

☆

Obtainable in all the leading shops in the United States and FRANKLIN SIMON & CO. Fifth Avenue · New York

©

"Crest of the Wave"—a bronze by Harriet W. Frishmuth

Caldwell jewelry has a personality distinctly its own—a superior something that cannot be copied nor taught. There is a finality in its charm that is unique—that completely satisfies the artistic sense.

With the diamond jewelry here pictured is a star ruby ring. This rare stone is remarkable for its size, its shape, its exquisite coloring and the perfection of the star.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Philadelphia

Lace Tweed and Knitted Wool Lace

With Paris' authority, Bonwit Teller introduces these original fabrics in original spectator sports fashions. These tweed or knitted laces are used in the major parts of sports ensembles as the illustration shows.

Sports Clothes for Women and Misses . . . *Fourth Floor*

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET

NEW YORK

PARIS PHILADELPHIA LONDON

COMPLEMENT YOUR SKIN-TONES WITH THE NEW

GORDON STOCKINGS

This is the latest rule in the world of fashion today. And—in complementing your complexion with your stockings—you will find that this subtle harmonizing of your very self makes every frock you wear *infinitely* smarter . . . with color, line, and beauty accented.

Gordon is first to interpret this newest mode, in all its variations, for every woman.

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fair-tan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: In the same order of use—"Rachelle," "Scudan," "Blushtan," and "Cymbeline."

FOR THE BRUNETTE: In the same order of use—"Ormond," "Coronado," "Pandora," and "Casino."

FOUR VERY NEW deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora," with a golden cast; "Pocahontas," a coppery tone; and "Ramona" for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

Gordon
HOSIERY

A SMART SPRING WARDROBE WILL INCLUDE THESE NEW SPORTS FASHIONS FROM BEST'S

MODEL 201—*This is the little jacket, knitted in corduroy effect, that had such a vogue at Palm Beach. White, navy, or brown with brass buttons Sizes 14 to 40.*

14.50

MODEL 202—*The silk cardigan can be worn over another blouse to achieve the important new double-blouse costume. Flat crepe in brown, black, red, or royal. Sizes 14 to 20.*

17.50

MODEL 203—*The one piece sweater frock is new for sports wear and very smart in "gingham checks". Red and white, green and white, brown and white, blue and white. Sizes 14 to 20.*

19.50

MODEL 206—*The three piece kid-angora sweater outfit that was a favorite at Palm Beach. V neck pullover, skirt pleated in front, four button cardigan. Flesh, blue, cameo shell pink, white, yellow. Sizes 14 to 40.*

29.50

MODEL 204—*Sleeveless handkerchief linen frill blouse. White, yellow, green, coral, suntan. Sizes 32 to 40.*

9.50

MODEL 205—*Crepe de Chine skirt pleated all round. On bodice top. Black, beige, flesh, green, blue, or white. Sizes 14 to 40.*

12.50

MODEL 207—*The double breasted sweater costume was inspired by an English model. Fine zephyr in red, blue, green, yellow, beige, or white. Godet skirt. Sizes 14 to 40.*

21.50

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Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 35th ST., N. Y.

PARIS PALM BEACH LONDON

"LA LOIE SILVEL"... *the durable* TRANSPARENT VELVET

THE RIVIERA JACKET
—extremely youthful is the short jacket of "La Loie Silvel" which varies colorfully the simple sports costumes of the smartest women.

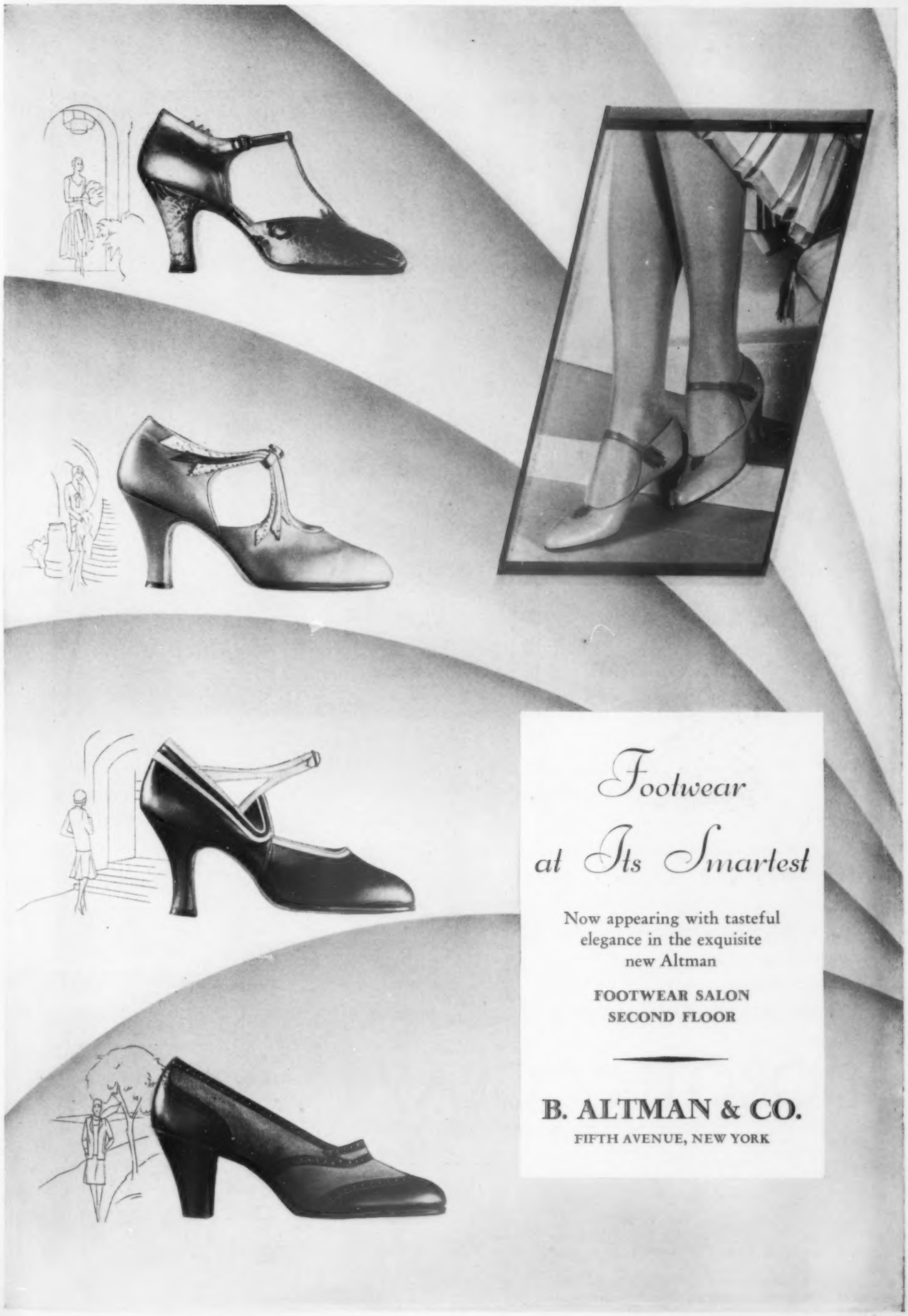
THE EVERGLADES ENSEMBLE
—favored for general daytime wear—is a flattering long coat of "La Loie Silvel" worn over a figured silk frock of harmonizing colors.

With the enthusiastic approval of the SOUTHERN mode, "La Loie Silvel" will dominate summer fashion luxuriously, flatteringly! . . . Smart women—wise in the ways of beauty—find in the transparent loveliness of "La Loie Silvel" a fabric so delightfully, so subtly youthful, that they insist upon enjoying it every hour in the twenty-four . . . Because of its exclusive, specially-designed weave, "La Loie Silvel" is easily freshened after use—it is the really *durable* Transparent Velvet, practical for an infinite variety of uses from négligées to evening wraps... Upon request, we will be glad to send you a booklet telling you the very best way to care for your velvet garments.

The Shelton Looms

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE CASINO COAT
—a charming complement to the evening mode are coats like this of "La Loie Silvel" cleverly designed to accentuate the *feminine* in fashion.



Footwear at Its Smartest

Now appearing with tasteful elegance in the exquisite new Altman

FOOTWEAR SALON
SECOND FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Dorothy Gray

A TOWER OF LOVELINESS

The straight young column of a woman's throat

LIFE gave you a proud gift. In the smooth sweep of your throat there is ageless beauty, and enduring youth. Strange if you should neglect such loveliness! Strange if you should let your throat grow old!

Look closely. Are tiny criss-cross lines beginning to give your throat a crêpe-like texture? You must not permit it; a crêpy throat is enough to age a woman's entire appearance.

In her long years of studying women's beauty problems Dorothy Gray evolved remarkably successful treatments for preventing crêpy throat, and for correcting it. If it is impossible for you to visit one of the Dorothy Gray salons you can still follow these treatments in your own home, because *the very same Dorothy Gray preparations used in the salon treatments may be had at leading shops everywhere,* and the Dorothy Gray method is clearly explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

DOROTHY GRAY

DOROTHY GRAY BUILDING

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Salons in

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

© D. G. 1929

DOROTHY GRAY H. B. 4-29

Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in: ☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

spring clothes for the junior!

youthful, yes - - - but certainly mindful that, at 15, 16, 17, one is growing up - - - and decidedly a credit to *saks-fifth avenue's* faculty for making fine distinctions.

(illustrated) an afternoon frock of flat crepe in the smart, new pastels.

junior misses' department - - - third floor

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Frances Denney leads to loveliness

The way to natural loveliness – originated by FRANCES DENNEY – is open to every woman who will faithfully follow the advice of MISS DENNEY on the care of her skin.

MISS DENNEY now offers you for home treatments the same preparations she has used so successfully for years in her distinguished Philadelphia Salon. They include her Cleansing Cream, Herbal Skin Tonic and Tissue Cream.

These exquisite preparations – together with the easy and delightful methods suggested by MISS DENNEY for their home use – form a perfect system of keeping your skin *cleansed*, *stimulated* and *nourished*.

In her little book – "The Affairs of Beauty" – MISS DENNEY explains her special treatments for blackheads, enlarged pores, dry skin, oily skin, freckles, double chin, relaxed muscles and other aggravated skin faults.

A copy of this little book by MISS DENNEY *may be obtained, with the compliments of the author, at any store where her preparations are sold, or by writing to* MISS DENNEY *in Philadelphia.*

DENNEY & DENNEY

NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PARIS

ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS

lord & taylor
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

The Heroine in "After Dark" (1868)—now playing in the Rialto Theatre, Hoboken—says,

"I DARE SAY, You Know Moliere and Dante Better Than I Know Lord & Taylor"

Thanks for the ad, as F. P. A. would say. We wonder, however, if all Gothamites know . . .

ABOUT the Bride's Own Shop, with its special staff of consultants, Third Floor.

ABOUT the Little Salon, with its Paris originals and special order services in hats and gowns.

ABOUT our Man's Shop, reached by Express Elevators, where a man can outfit himself completely on one floor.

ABOUT our free "Ask Mr. Foster" travel service on the Tenth Floor.

ABOUT the Budget Interiors, on the Sixth Floor, changed four times a year.

ABOUT the Modern Rooms on the Seventh Floor, decorated in furniture of contemporary design.

ABOUT the 18th Century maisonette on the Seventh Floor, furnished in authentic Antiques and Reproductions.

ABOUT our Antique Department occupying the Entire Eighth Floor.

About the Linen Room . . . our pedigreed antique jewelry . . . the Blouse Shop . . . our Moderate Priced Dress and Coats Shops . . . the Young People's Store . . . the Luggage Shop . . . the Chintz Shop . . . the Decorating Department . . . and the innumerable other departments and services that make Lord & Taylor not a department store—but an institution.

Wooltex and Peggy Paris

Wooltex Tailor-made
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WOMEN'S & MISSES SIZES

Peggy Paris
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Little Women

These famous COATS *meet every demand for smart* fashion-*custom* tailoring *and real* utility

Reputable coats like these will make desirable and complimentary possessions. WOOLTEX Coats are made in womens and misses sizes. PEGGY PARIS Coats are styled for the short miss and woman—and fit instantly without alterations. *We should like to send you our new BOOKLET of SPRING STYLES.*

WOOLTEX-PEGGY PARIS INC.
1372 Broadway • • New York

I. MILLER

INSTITUTION INTERNATIONALE

Interprets

EARLY SUMMER SLIPPERS

. . . In the lighter tones and brighter textures . . . in pale-toned reptiles and new harmonies . . . to blend with the season and the season's smartest frocks! . . . .

Displayed at all I. Miller shops and agencies.

I. MILLER
Beautiful Shoes

Shops and Agencies in Principal Cities

Over the counter or ready-to-wear

Now you can have Skinner quality in *all* your better frocks, whether you have them made or buy them ready-to-wear.

Since Civil War times, fashionable dressmakers have used Skinner's Silks and Satins in their loveliest creations, and today Skinner's Crepes and Satin Crepes are the ideal fabrics for the Paris modes—sports frocks or evening gowns.

Dress manufacturers have awakened to the value of giving their smarter models the added richness and wearing quality for which these beautiful fabrics are famous.

Skinner's Crepes are made in all the exquisite new colors. If your store does not carry them, or dresses made of them, write us for the name of one that does. Every inch of the genuine has the name "Skinner's" woven in the selvage.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS *Established 1848*
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments ready-to-wear

look for this Skinner ticket

This Only Says What Nearly Everyone Knows

The blunt, uncompromising truth is that if you want the superlative type of performance which Cadillac and La Salle provide, you cannot get it except in Cadillac and La Salle.

If all the millions which the Cadillac Motor Car Company and General Motors have expended in developing the closest, finest, highest type of precision manufacturing in the world did not show itself in performance — it would be love's labor lost. But it *does* demonstrate itself with immediate emphasis. ¶ All you need do is to drive some car aspiring to compete with Cadillac and La Salle — and then turn to the latter. The contrast will prove so startling as to be unanswerable. The moment you step into a Cadillac or La Salle and drive away — you *know* that there are hours and days and months and years of supremest satisfaction ahead of you which no other cars can yield. ¶ The difference is perhaps more obvious today than ever before. For there are embodied in the newest Cadillacs, La Salles and Fleetwoods on these chassis, exclusive features of safety, performance and driving ease that contribute a measure of enjoyment and freedom of mind surpassing any other conceivable motoring experience. ¶ Make the comparison yourself. Drive one of those cars seeking to class itself with Cadillac-La Salle. Then drive a Cadillac or La Salle. The conclusion is inescapable.

* * *

La Salle is priced from $2295 to $2875; Cadillac, from $3295 to $3995; Fleetwoods up to $7000 — all prices f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

CADILLAC - LA SALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • DETROIT, MICHIGAN • OSHAWA, CANADA

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

Fisher resources, Fisher volume, create far greater beauty, richness and ‹ ›

VALUE APPARENT AT A GLANCE

No other cars begin to measure up with Fisher Body cars in downright body value. ¶ The reason is, that no other body builder can begin to measure up with Fisher resources and Fisher volume. ¶ In every General Motors car from Chevrolet to Cadillac, this *appraisable* value is apparent at a glance. ¶ The more closely comparisons are drawn, the more does the Fisher Body car in any particular field gain by those comparisons. ¶ Upon Chevrolet, for instance—forgetting for a moment speed and power performance utterly unknown in its class—Fisher Body has conferred so much richness and beauty that all cars around or immediately above it are ruled out of consideration. ¶ This is true of every Fisher Body car. So true, in fact, that thousands now clearly recognize that, in every price field, the car which is unmistakably the better choice is always the car with Body by Fisher . . . ¶ *There is only one way to know and to appreciate the almost sensational superiority of any Fisher Body car—and that is, to compare that car's body, point for point and feature for feature, with that of any car in its price field. Do this, and you will soon become a judge of real motor car value.*

CADILLAC ‹ LASALLE ‹ BUICK ‹ VIKING ‹ OAKLAND ‹ OLDSMOBILE ‹ PONTIAC ‹ CHEVROLET

The spring mode presents

NEW RAYON FABRICS FOR EVERY SMART PURPOSE

THIS is a year when, unmistakably, Spring is proud of her fabrics! For costumes of every type she offers new weaves, new colors, new patternings—fabrics to which rayon lends its unique modern beauty, its sturdy strength.

Rayon-and-cotton fabrics for the countless little tennis' frocks, the sports coats and skirts, the beach pyjamas and ensembles that every summer wardrobe *must* include.

Jerseys and knitted rayons that color the sports mode with a new brilliance—in skirts, in cardigans, in sports and beach ensembles.

Tweeds, in which wool and rayon combine to achieve novel patternings, soft textures that refuse to wrinkle.

Flat crepes that have won their way even into the evening mode, and, of course, are widely used for sports and afternoon frocks. These rayon flat crepes — pure dye, unweighted — offer an amazing new washability, holding their rich colors through repeated tubbings.

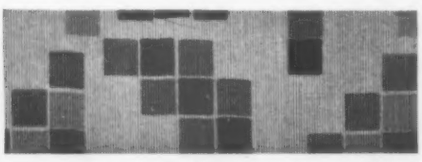
The exquisite rayon laces which the season sponsors for evening; the moirés; the satin weaves; and the perennial transparent velvets.

Doubtless you have read about these rayon fabrics in your favorite fashion magazine. But you will want to see them for yourself, and you will find them in your own store—at the yard goods counters and in ready-to-wear garments for every occasion.

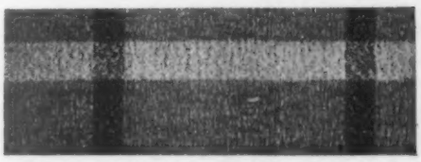
And remember that rayon is *not* an imitation, *not* a substitute, but an entirely individual textile, offering new beauty and interest, and a new durability and economy as well. Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Ave., New York City.

A rayon-and-wool fabric fashions this smart Vionnet tailleur in one of the new red shades.

A rayon-and-cotton fabric in a checked gingham pattern. From Macy's.

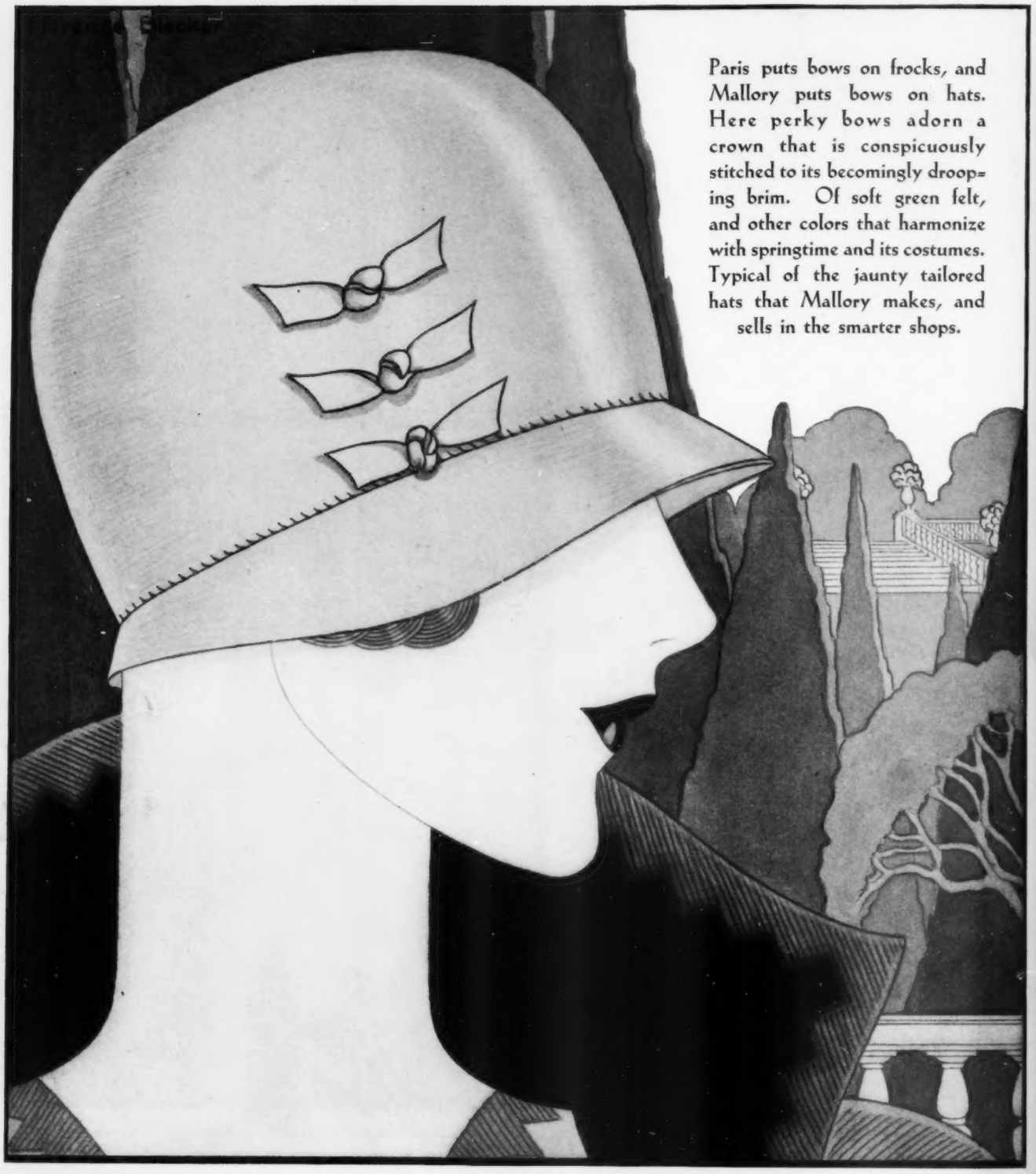


A rayon piqué in a colorful simplified modernistic print. From Stern's.



An exquisite new Rodier fabric in rayon and cotton.

rayon



Paris puts bows on frocks, and Mallory puts bows on hats. Here perky bows adorn a crown that is conspicuously stitched to its becomingly drooping brim. Of soft green felt, and other colors that harmonize with springtime and its costumes. Typical of the jaunty tailored hats that Mallory makes, and sells in the smarter shops.

MALLORY

Hats of Quality since 1823

392 FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK

Spring fashions by Cammeyer will be shown in many cities. We shall be pleased to tell you where you can see them and mail you a brochure of new styles.

For sports and tailored wear Cammeyer creates exclusive models with new designs in original appliqué and new heights in walking heels.

Cammeyer

SALON DE LUXE • FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY THIRD • NEW YORK

The Latest Creations in

"SHAGMOOR" TOPCOATS

Are Distinguished by Novel, Extremely Smart Patterns
and Colour Schemes
. . . by Youthful Silhouettes of Charming Grace
. . . and by Tailoring
in the Most Fastidious English manner.

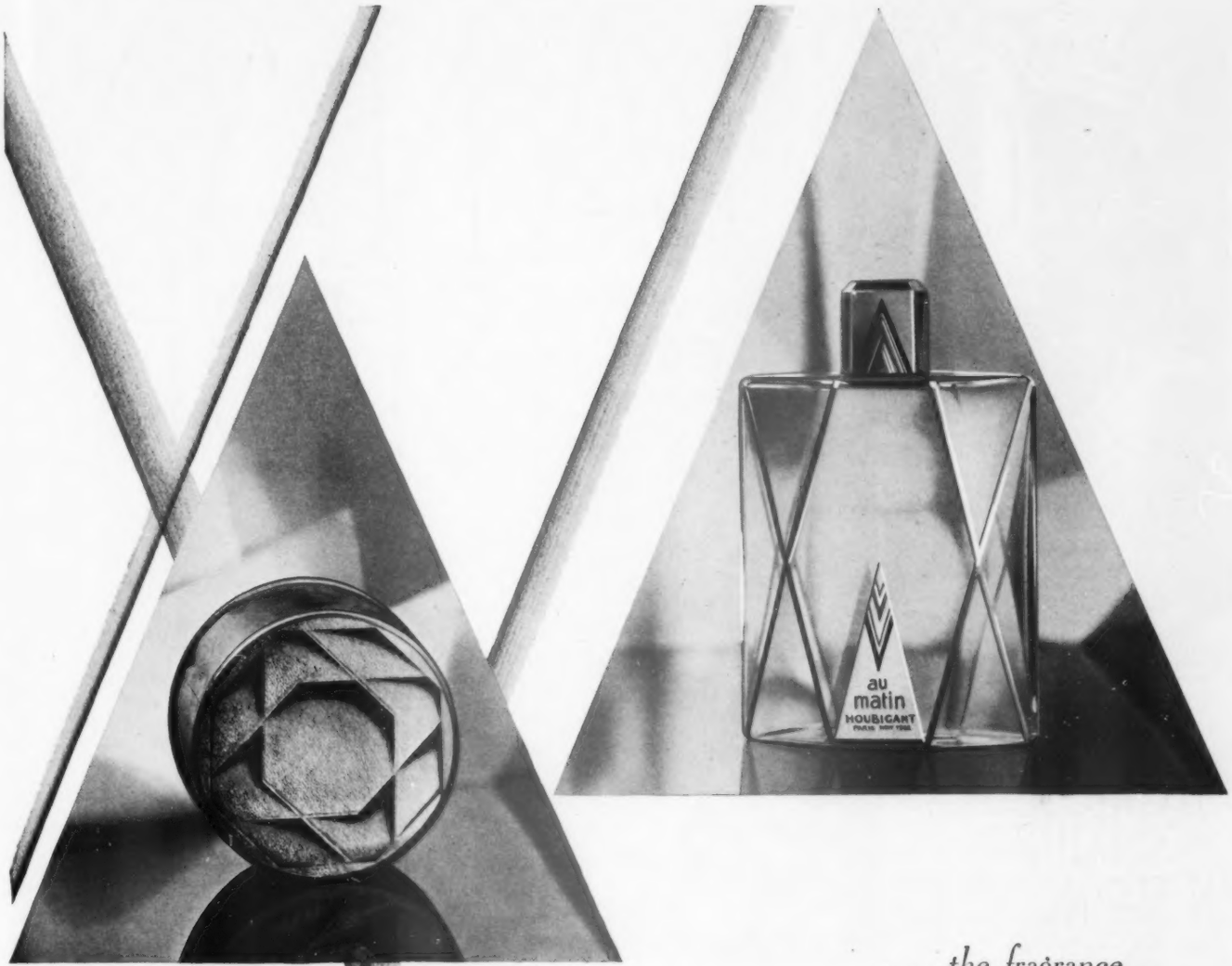
Obtainable at the Smartest Shops
Throughout the United States and Canada.

Fashioned by Shagmoor Makers

No Coat Is a Shagmoor Unless It Bears the above Identification Mark

Shagmoor
A Copy of the Latest "Shagmoor" Fashion Booklet Free on Request

Created Exclusively by The House of Shagmoor (Linder Bros., Inc.), 498 Seventh Ave., New York
. . . in Canada: The House of Shagmoor, 2050 Bleury Street, Montreal



au
matin

. . . the fragrance of a new day . . . keeps dual tryst in a parfum and poudre that are the triumphs of modernity, and Houbigant's most favoured creations in critical Paris.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

HANAN SHOES

THE FASHIONABLE FOUR IN SPRING SHOES

BY AUTHORITY OF HANAN

INTRODUCING the new Town Welts with leather heels, a fashion adopted by *la femmé élégante* of Europe. Also Modish Turns, Evening Slippers and Sport Welts executed in designs of flattering grace and incontrovertible correctness. ¶ Hanan establishments in London, Paris and the Riviera are first to lay bare the fashion secrets of England and the Continent for dissemination through our 33 stores in the United States.

HANAN & SON

NEW YORK—*Fifth Avenue* LONDON—*328 Oxford Street And 203 Regent Street*
PARIS—*43 Avenue De L'Opera* NICE—*18 Avenue De La Victoire*

Photograph by Bertram Dorien Bembé

The Gossard Line of Beauty

Gossards give the figure answer

. . . casual grace and groomed beauty

Casual grace and groomed beauty — these are the figure requisites of the modern woman of fashion. There must be no obvious striving for the mode, no straining of line and sudden emphasis of curves. Rather, the easy flowing contours of the natural feminine figure, supported to grace and firmness by the skillful design of a softly textured fabric.

The Gossard Line of Beauty is the direct answer to modern figure beauty, so clearly shown in this illustration. Patterned lace forms the uplift bust sections of this combination, giving the softly rounded lines of natural beauty. Blending from the lace to the lower sections is satin brocade, giving firm contours to the front and back figure lines. And over the hips are controlling sections of hand-loomed elastic, gloving the curves into graceful proportions. It is a foundation of unusual loveliness, answering the modern demand for casual figure grace, easy movement, and groomed beauty.

Model 1890—$18.00

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, Paris, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

Printzess

COATS AND SUITS

Leading the smart Spring Mode

Every season, the discerning woman looks to the new Printzess Garments for the latest and most wearable styles. She has only to try on a Printzess Coat, Suit or Ensemble to realize how chic the manipulation of fabric; how flattering the silhouette; how perfect the tailoring. Also "Printzess Petite" for the shorter woman—"Printzess Travelure" for travel and sports wear. Ask for these by name at the leading store in your locality. And be sure to look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and New York.

Printzess
DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY
Printz

DISTINCTION IN DRESS—SINCE 1893

See what miracles of knitting Van Raalte has achieved for you! Stockings of purest silk, sheer and wonderfully clear and even; created with consummate art and supreme felicity of detail — dainty lace circlets of "June-tree" motif (No. 679) or exquisite color-lined hems (different with each color stocking — No. 678). These cobweb-fine originations give the daintiest woman a new sense of luxury.

Observe the Singlette — created by Van Raalte! "Away," its designers said, "with extra layers of fabric, extra shoulder straps, overlapping of garments! Let's evolve one foundation to serve for all!" No. 9566 is the "suntanned" Singlette — its tones so fused and graduated, that, from skin to stocking top, the result is a melodious blend from pale nude to deep beach tan. ...Van Raalte Company, 295 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

VAN RAALTE

. . . "In the very nick

These new, beautiful and graceful models arrive upon the scene!"

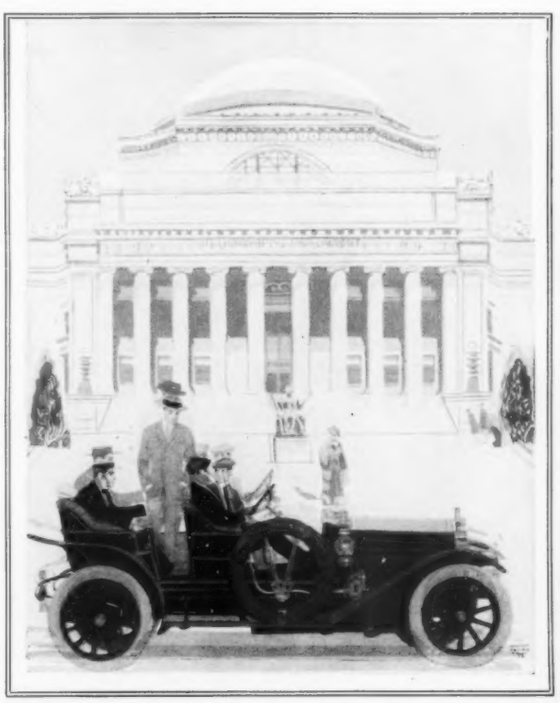
QUOTED above is a reference to *the new Pierce-Arrow Straight Eight*, by Colonel Robert D. Garden, who for twenty-five years supplied fastidious New Yorkers with motor cars of this same famous make.

And now another page in fine car history has been turned with the new Pierce-Arrow—a car that has size without bulk, and beauty rather than tonnage.

Generous size and capacity there must be in the finer cars. But no longer at the sacrifice of symmetry of line, and spirit of performance.

Pierce-Arrow has solved the problem in the finest tradition. Incidentally, it has brought forth an automobile which spells the end of "the dowager" type among fine cars.

There was never a car more satisfying to the eye, or one more easily handled, than this newly arrived patrician among automobiles.



Twenty years ago Louis Fancher painted the original of this Pierce-Arrow automobile—then the finest car of its day. The scene is the Library of Columbia University, New York City.

PIERCE

and point of time-

The same artist who did the illustration on the opposite page painted this 1929 Pierce-Arrow. The scene is the same . . . the car is of the same make, the same fame . . . the finest motor car in America.

$2775 to $8200
AT BUFFALO

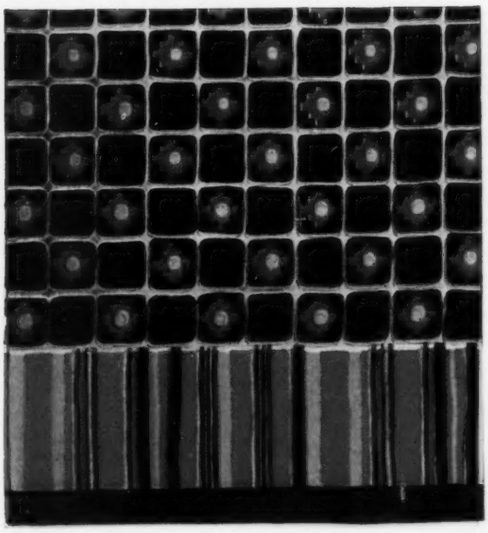
The purchase of a car from income has been made an altogether attractive procedure by the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation. The average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

A STRAIGHT EIGHT *by* PIERCE-ARROW

125 Horsepower Engine ▲ ▲ 85 Miles per Hour ▲ ▲ 133-inch and 143-inch Wheel-bases ▲ ▲ 59½-inch Rear Tread ▲ ▲ 72-inch Over-all Height ▲ ▲ Ample Head-room ▲ ▲ Wide Doors ▲ ▲ Pierce-Arrow Coachwork ▲ ▲ Non-shatterable Glass ▲ ▲ Fender or Bracket Headlamps optional without extra charge ▲ ▲ Bodies by Pierce-Arrow—and Pierce-Arrow in every part! *Pierce-Arrow mechanical detail embraces every device of proved character known to fine motor cars.*

ARROW

PAYSANNE SILKS . . inspired by the gay, flower-bright costumes of the old French Provinces



The theme of the new Cheney Paysanne Silks . . . so demure . . . so decorative . . . so diminutive — and above all, so wearable . . . is derived from the Romantic Period in France a hundred years ago. It was then the costumes of the country-side were at their brightest and best.

These modern designs are decidedly for the inevitable little print frock of Spring . . . And Fashion moulds and manipulates them very charmingly into frocks of the utmost sophistication.

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY WEAVES

The Chiffon Frock uses a delightful Print pattern in the blouse and on the sleeves—with the design shimmering through the Chiffon Coat. The graceful tiered Skirt shows a touch of contrasting Print, too.

BLACKSHIRE PRESENTS THE WOMAN'S ENSEMBLE

For the woman of many social affairs, the new Blackshire Costume is a charming assurance of repeated success! They who keep their loveliness far beyond early youth, find in Blackshire Gowns the distinguished smartness which runs like a theme through all modern wardrobes. Blackshire Creations are designed with exquisite taste; they are a sophisticated compliment to the feminine instinct for slender, flattering lines. Shown at better shops everywhere.

Blackshire

GOWNS FOR WOMEN

PARIS NEW YORK LOS ANGELES MONTREAL

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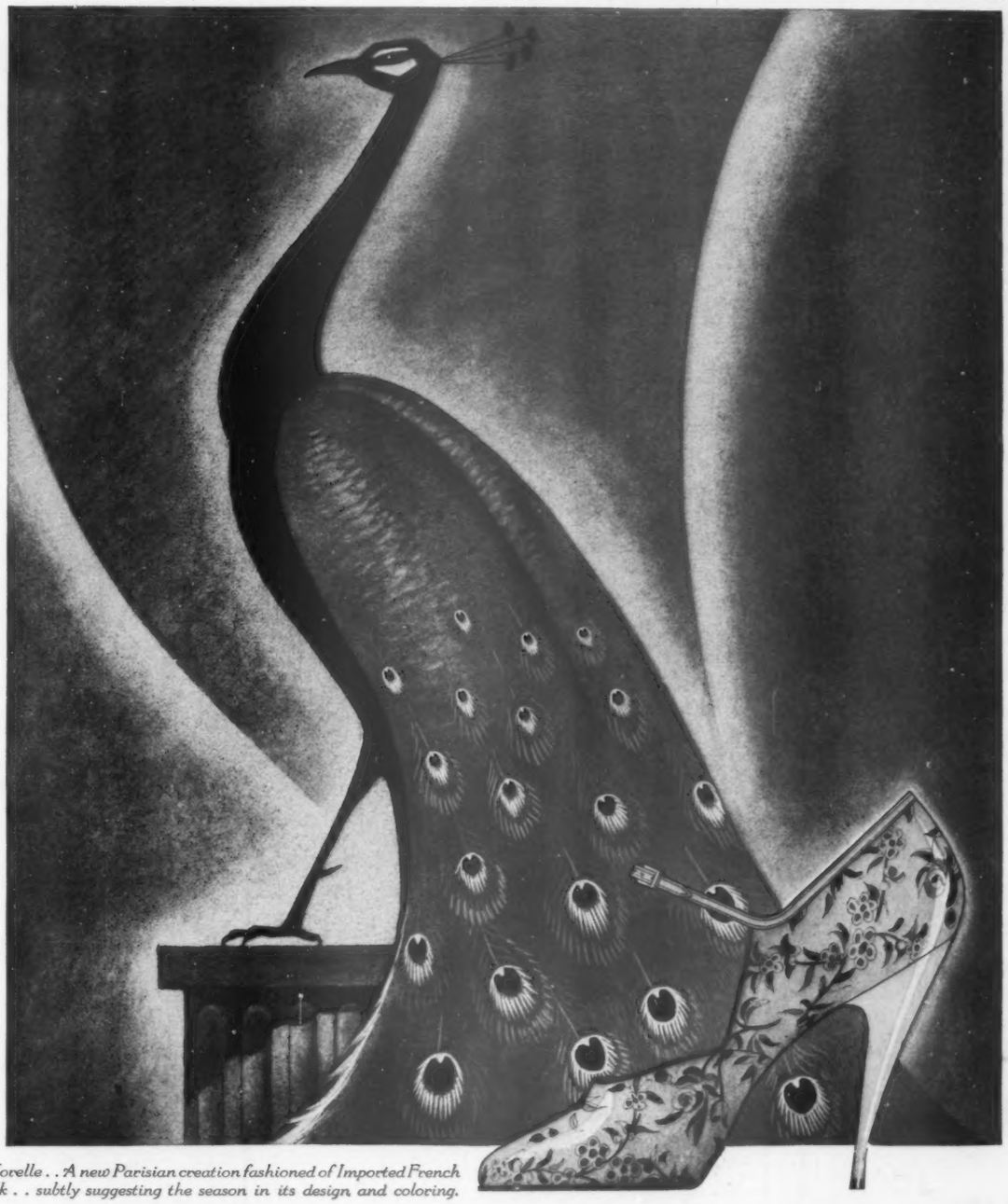

The Morelle . . A new Parisian creation fashioned of Imported French Damask . . subtly suggesting the season in its design and coloring.

THIS EASTER . . and the coming Spring . . fashion's distinctive individualists will establish the new vogue with Peacock Hi-Arch Narrow-Heel Footwear . . . Ten Dollars to Twenty-Five . . . Most styles . . . Ten and Twelve-Fifty.

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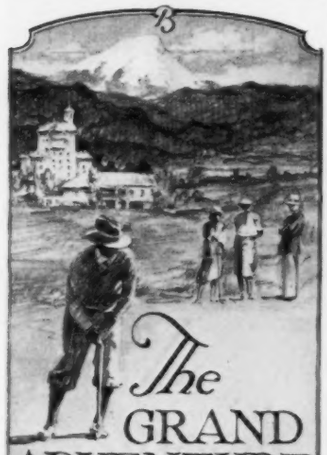

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With summer arriving, the new Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau is as necessary as new awnings, and much more romantic . . . If you are Canada-bound . . . to any of the eastern resorts . . . or if you would go gaga on a horse on the trails around Lake Louise . . . or at Jasper Park . . . or at Banff, where you can be primitive by day and sophisticated by night . . . just drop in or write to the Bureau, and we will speed you on your way . . . This service . . . efficient . . . intelligent . . . convenient . . . is one of the few things in this world which is free!

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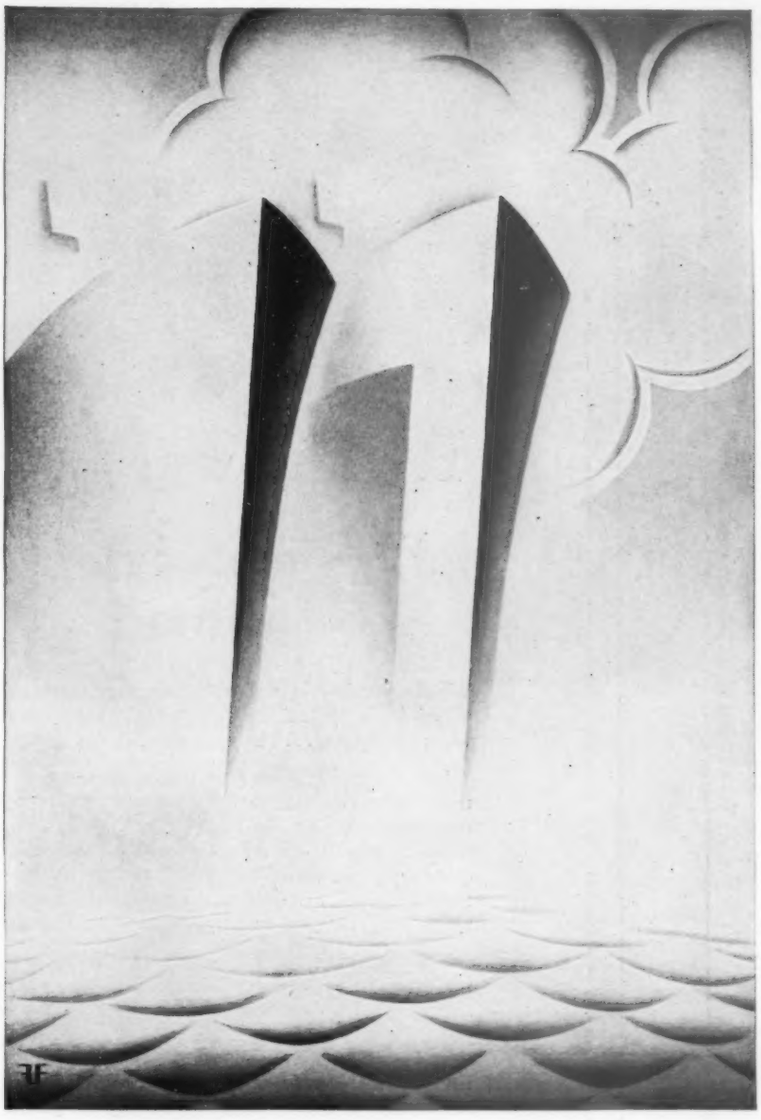

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What would you know of America ... if you'd only seen New York?.... By train ...by autobus... this year, see France!... Take the *route des Vosges*, cool even in summer ... forests, sky-high pastures, snowpeaks on the horizon.... Or the *route de Jura* ... gorges, cascades, tree-covered plateaus with vineyards smiling on the western slopes....Travel through Brittany... witness a *pardon*, understand the sea....Slip down the Loire Valley and recreate the splendor of Old France from those magnificient chateaux.... Make the rounds of the smart "cures" in Auvergne and know the secret of the chic Parisienne's verve....Visit the Gorges du Tarn...grottoes and rivers underground, the thrilling passage on a rushing stream between colossal cannon-walls....Cross the Alps, Napoleon-wise... passes, lost villages, stupendous glimpses valley-ward, lone churches, set so high their spires touch heaven.... Take the Pyrenees in your stride... glaciers and peaks, aerial resorts of super-smartness all year 'round.....Skirt the Mediterranean, flitting from one gay beach to the next along the Grande or the Petite Corniche...or on to Corsica in the blue Mediterranean.

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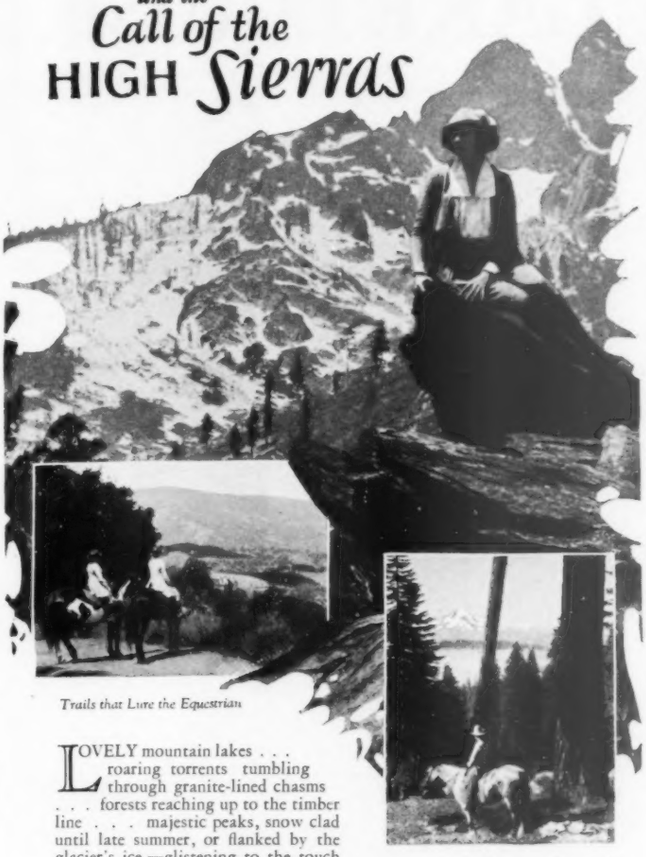
Alameda County — the Center of Scenic California

and the Call of the HIGH Sierras



Trails that Lure the Equestrian

LOVELY mountain lakes . . . roaring torrents tumbling through granite-lined chasms . . . forests reaching up to the timber line . . . majestic peaks, snow clad until late summer, or flanked by the glacier's ice —glistening to the touch of golden sunrise; bold-featured in the light of noon or brooding and mysterious against the sunset glow—the grandeur of the High Sierras lures the traveler back year after year. Few people know that within an area of some 3500 square miles of the more rugged portion of California there are 145 peaks over 11,000 feet in height, while all of Switzerland, 13,500 square miles in extent, claims but 115 peaks of this height.

Above: The Sierra Buttes Below: Distant View of Lake Tahoe

Paved highways and good mountain roads bring most of this scenic wonderland within but a few hours' drive of the principal cities of Alameda County—center of Scenic California. From this central point the tourist or resident—traveling by air, rail, or highway—can see more advantageously the far greater proportion of the scenic and historic points of California, than from any other section of the state. Living amid the inspiring surroundings of these cities—almost next door to many of its playgrounds—makes a home here a source of unending delight.

Scattered through this vacation wonderland are hot springs and geysers, national parks set aside to preserve the giant redwoods, oldest form of life in the world; river resorts; points still bearing the imprint and saturated with the romance of the Gold Rush Days, early missions of the Franciscan monks—quiet, fertile valleys prospering in agriculture; cities, growing in industry, trading with all the nations of the earth.

Plan now to visit Scenic California this summer, see the cities on the mainland side of San Francisco Bay—select the place for your home here on the shores of the mighty Pacific.

For Further Information Regarding a Vacation or Residence in Alameda County, Center of Scenic California, write to the

Oakland Chamber of Commerce

OAKLAND · California

Request Booklet 17

Right: A Reminder of the "Days of Gold"

Left: Buddy's Hero—a Tahoe Guide

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IS there a nightly performance of everyone leaving the house—everyone out except you? You're left alone—a sit-by-the-fire with the blues. There's a very simple way to change this program—in a modern Cinderella manner.

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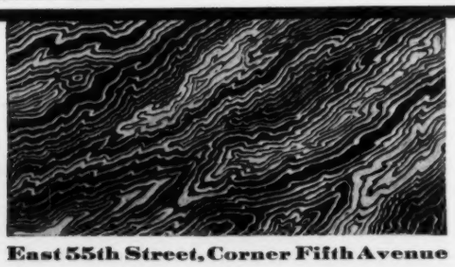
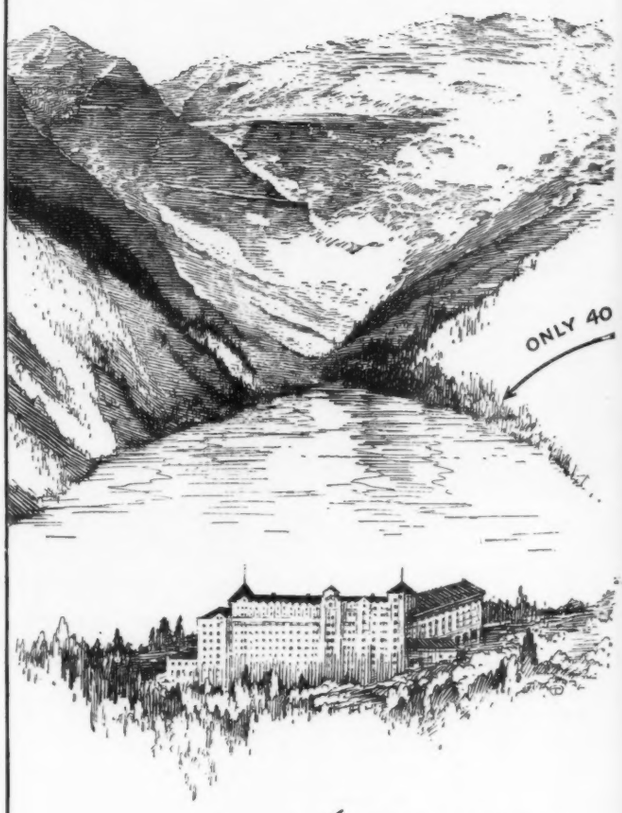


East 55th Street, Corner Fifth Avenue

LAKE LOUISE..



An easy motor run

from Banff lies Lake Louise . . . a jewel set in a mountain ring . . . a chateau lying in banks of Iceland poppies on the lip of a pale-green mountain lake... all against the backdrop of a living glacier.

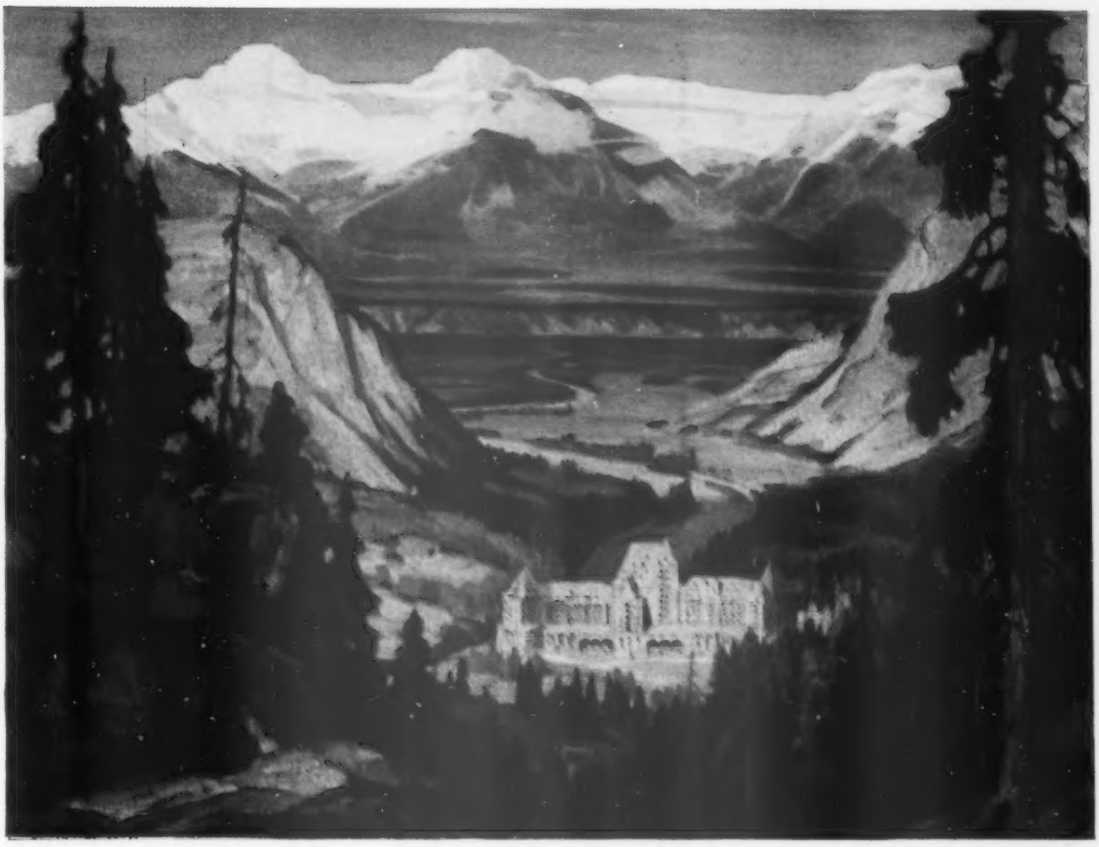
You idle among the ferns of the tea-hour terrace. You swim in a pool of jade. You pack a little lunch and hike or ride to Lake Agnes among the peaks. You canter on sure-footed mountain ponies along the exquisite curve of the lake. You motor off to the Valley of the Ten Peaks. You clamber along ice-axe steps, roped to Swiss guides, over Abbot Pass to sleep in a stone hut among the snows.

One of the nicest things about both Banff and Lake Louise is the variety of vigor from which you can choose. You can dally in gardens and lounges ...or you can risk an adventurous neck on mountaineer trips... or anything in between.

Canadian Pacific

.... *twin queens of the Rockies* ..... Banff

MILES APART



Set the world's smartest hotel on a mountain ledge in a virgin spruce forest... Face it with a huge valley blocked off at the end by a gigantic wall of 9,000 foot snowpeaks. Below its formal terraced gardens, place a pale-green swimming pool... below that, shelving woodland walks... below these the falls, the rapids and the winding reaches of a glacier-fed river. Trail through the valley, between silver river and sheer rock cliff, the red-clay tennis courts... the velvet greens and beautifully trapped holes of an 18-hole Stanley Thompson golf course. Up Sulphur Mountain, thread the trails where mountain ponies carry trail-riders to the top of the world... Then, you begin to have a picture of Banff Springs.

An hour spent on the terrace facing that noble view is an experience to be remembered for a life-time.

Visit Banff this summer... motor, golf, ride, swim, play tennis, climb mountains as you will ...spend long hours in the lounge, merely watching the shift and sweep of cloud-shadows on that tremendous range of snow-mountains... be comfortable as only a Canadian Pacific hotel can make guests comfortable. But, we warn you, make your reservations now. Even spacious Banff's 600 rooms are booked well in advance. Open May 15th.

Information from Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alberta, Canada, or any Canadian Pacific Office: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Minneapolis, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, St. Louis, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington. In Canada: Montreal, Nelson, North Bay, Ottawa, Quebec, Saint John, Toronto, Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg.

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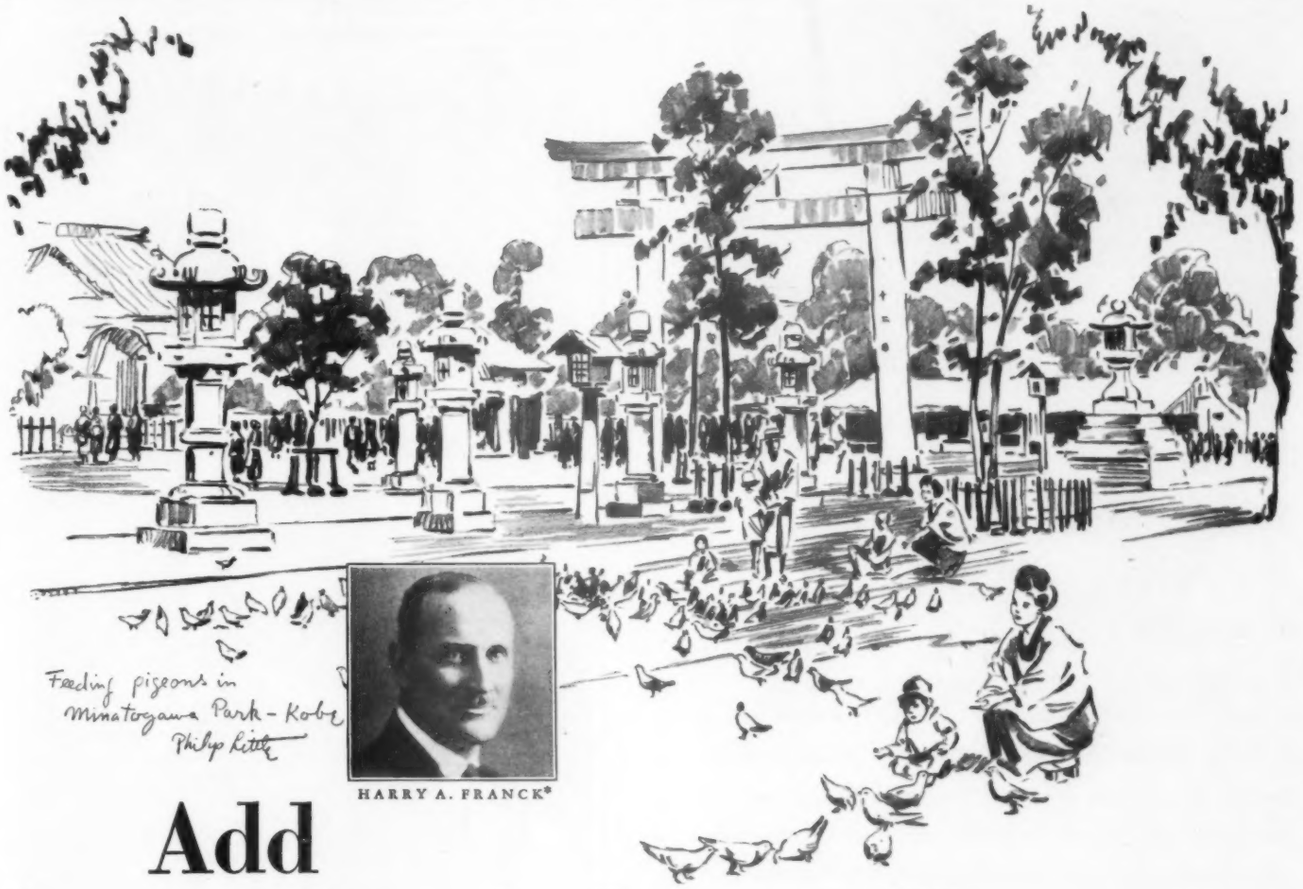

Feeding pigeons in Minatogawa Park - Kobe
Philip Little

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Harry A. Franck*
World Traveler and Author of
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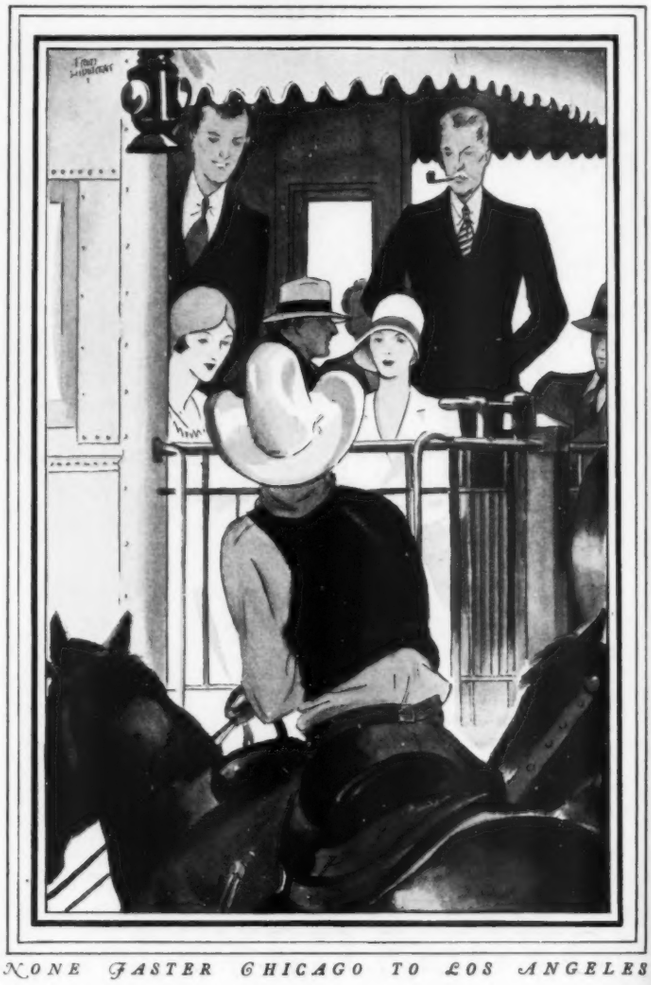

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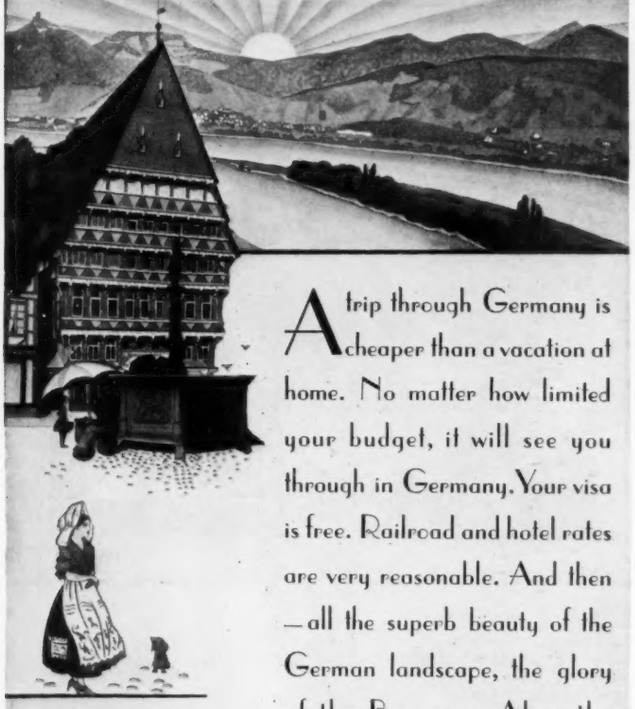

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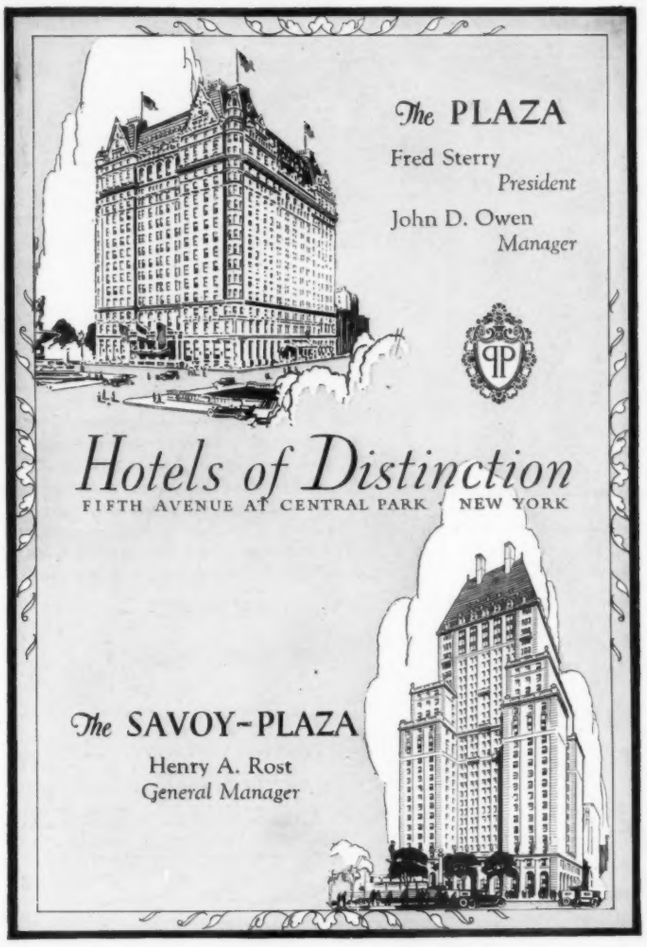

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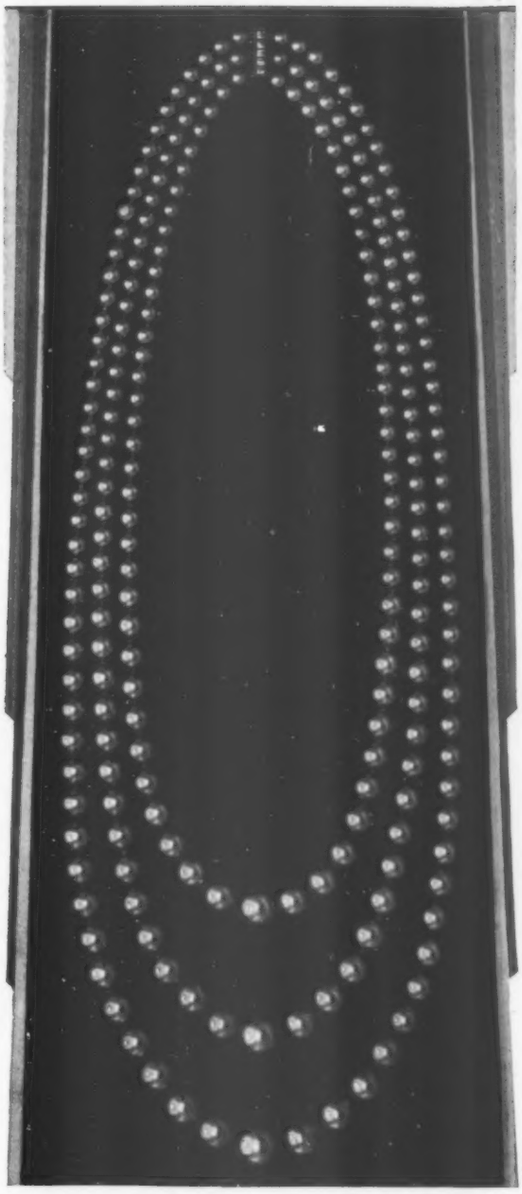

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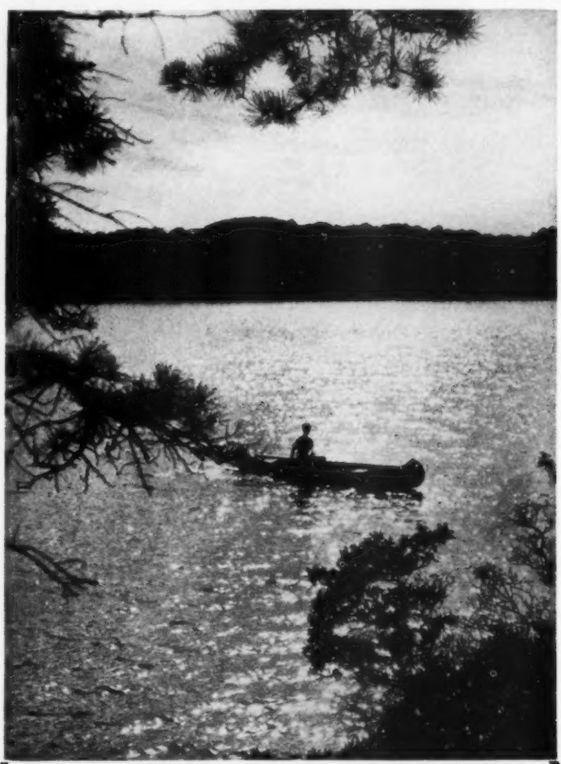

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We mention this fact with justifiable pride not as an achievement deliberately sought but because it is a logical reward for service well rendered—both to school and reader.

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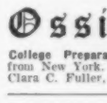
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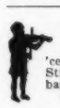

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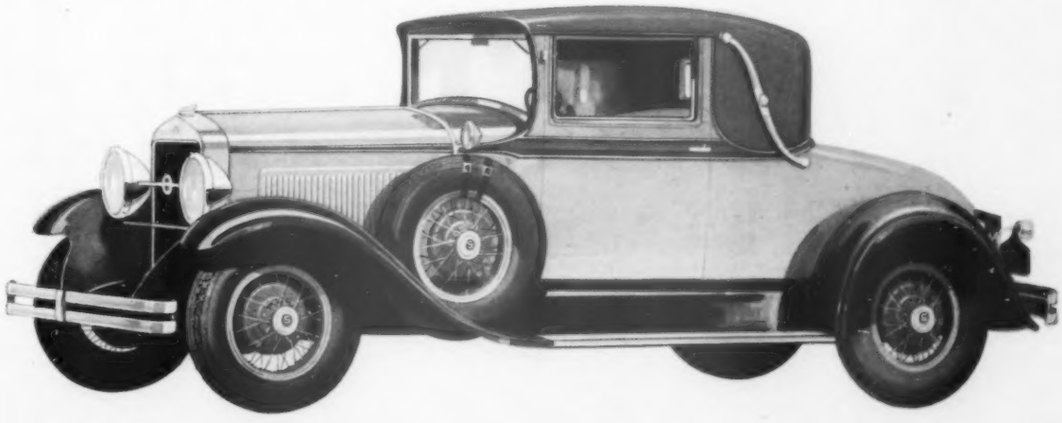

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for APRIL 1929

MONDAY, APRIL 1—Miss Edith M. Benjamin's Get Together supper dance at the Park Lane.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius F. Kelley at Pierre's for their daughter, Miss Mary Kelley.

Theatre party and supper at the Ritz Carlton, Philadelphia, Pa., by Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Taylor of Chestnut Hill, in honor of Miss Catherine Falck.

Costume dance at the Pickering Hunt Club by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Le Boutillier of Paoli, Pa., in honor of Miss Frances R. Le Boutillier.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2—Wedding of Miss Dorothy Colford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Jones Colford of No. 130 East Sixty-seventh street, to Baron Pierre Sibert, at the home of the bride's parents.

Wedding of Miss Carolyn Ellicott Maccoun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ellicott Maccoun of Pittsburgh, Pa., to John Hanson Croker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Croker of Baltimore, in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore. Reception to follow at the Belvedere.

Metropolitan dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York City.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3—Jinks dance at Pierre's.

Middle Holiday dance at Hotel Plaza.

Concert by the Royal Belgian Band in Madison Square Garden, Boston, Mass., for benefit of Boston Lying-In Hospital and Infants' Hospital.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4—Wedding of Miss Betty Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maximilian Foster of No. 103 East Seventy-fifth street, to Lloyd O. Vernon Mann. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.

Dinner at the Ritz Carlton, Philadelphia, Pa., by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Le Boutillier of Paoli, Pa., in honor of Miss Daisy Le Boutillier.

Wedding of Miss Helen Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Hill of Montclair, N. J., to Kenneth Dakin Brown, at the home of the bride's parents.

Dance by William Eisenbery Arey at the Button, Philadelphia, Pa., in honor of Miss Mary Arey.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5—Last of the Friday Assemblies at the Ritz Carlton.

Carnival of Imagination at the Waldorf Astoria in aid of the Halton Endowment for Girls, Inc.

Mayfair Assembly at the Ritz Carlton.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6—Wedding of Miss Frances Minturn Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marion Hall of No. 15 Gramercy Park, to Thomas Clark Howard, in St. George's Church.

Wedding of Miss Ethel Phelps Hoyt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman Hoyt, to Dr. Byron Stookey, in the Madison Avenue Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents, No. 1 Sutton Place, New York.

Wedding of Miss Mary Fahnestock, daughter of Mrs. James F. Fahnestock of Philadelphia, to William Goodell Freeman, in St. James' Church, Philadelphia.

Fourth Knickerbocker Assembly at the Ritz Carlton.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. James Gerhard Leiper of Chestnut Hill, Pa., at the Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club in honor of Miss Gertrude Leiper, Miss Mary Amory Cook and Miss Sarah Whelen Carson.

Dance by the Army and Navy Juniors in Washington.

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The Where-to-Shop Department of Harper's Bazar gladly gives information or answers questions about the shops on this page. Please call Regent 7160.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for APRIL 1929

MONDAY, APRIL 8—Hasty Pudding Club show, "Fireman Save My Child," in New York City.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9—Wedding of Miss Priscilla Bowns, daughter of Major and Mrs. Howard S. Bowns of Brooklyn, to Donald Morrison Snell, at the Hotel Bossert.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11—Wedding of Miss Dorothy Cobb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Cobb of Brooklyn, to Ira U. Cobleigh, in St. Mark's M. E. Church. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.

Bridge and tea by Mrs. Cortlandt Godwin at Sherry's.

Wedding of Miss Vere de Vere Adams, daughter of Mrs. Adolph Uhl of San Francisco, Calif., to Lieut. Robert Barrett Hutchins, U. S. A., in St. Luke's Church, San Francisco. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12—Friday Evening Dancing Class dance in Washington.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13—Wedding of Miss Urling Valentine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Barrett Valentine of No. 56 East Fifty-fourth street, to Campbell Robert Coxe, in St. James Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Henry C. Valentine, No. 1155 Park avenue.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jordan of Chestnut Hill, Pa., in honor of Miss Mary Douglas Wentz.

English Folk Dance Festival in the Seventh Regiment Armory, New York City.

Second of series of dances for the younger married set, under the direction of Miss Susan C. Frick, at the Alcazar, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Benjamin's spring dance at Sherry's.

TUESDAY, APRIL 16—Wedding of Miss Mary S. Sheppard, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Plimpton of No. 108 East Sixty-sixth street, to J. Burr Bartram, in St. Thomas' Church.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18—Race meet under the auspices of the United Hunts Racing Association in New York City. To continue through April 20.

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth C. Heath, to George Jackson Hill at the First Parish Church, Brookline, Mass.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19—Wedding of Miss Jean Robertson, daughter of James L. Robertson, of Bronxville, to Robert Sherrard Elliot, Jr., in the Reformed Church of Bronxville.

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Woodbridge Carter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Trow Carter of No. 115 East Sixty-ninth street, to Edward Lambert Richards in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26—Supper dance at Pierre's in aid of the New York City Committee of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

Wedding of Miss Louise Trippe, daughter of Mrs. Charles White Trippe, of No. 55 East Seventy-sixth street, to Sargent Bradlee, in this city.

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And letters come—from Panama, England, Mexico, and New Zealand, as well as Paris and New York, asking for the expert advice, that such a magazine as Harper's Bazar can give. Are you making use of this service, which is gladly furnished to our readers?

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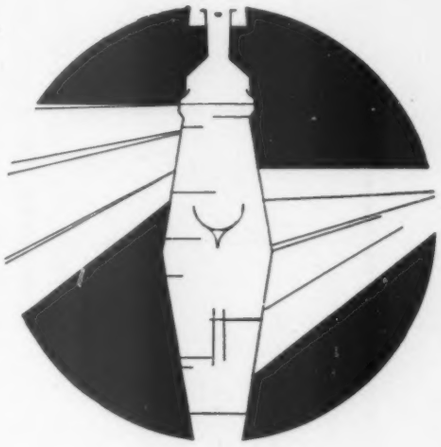

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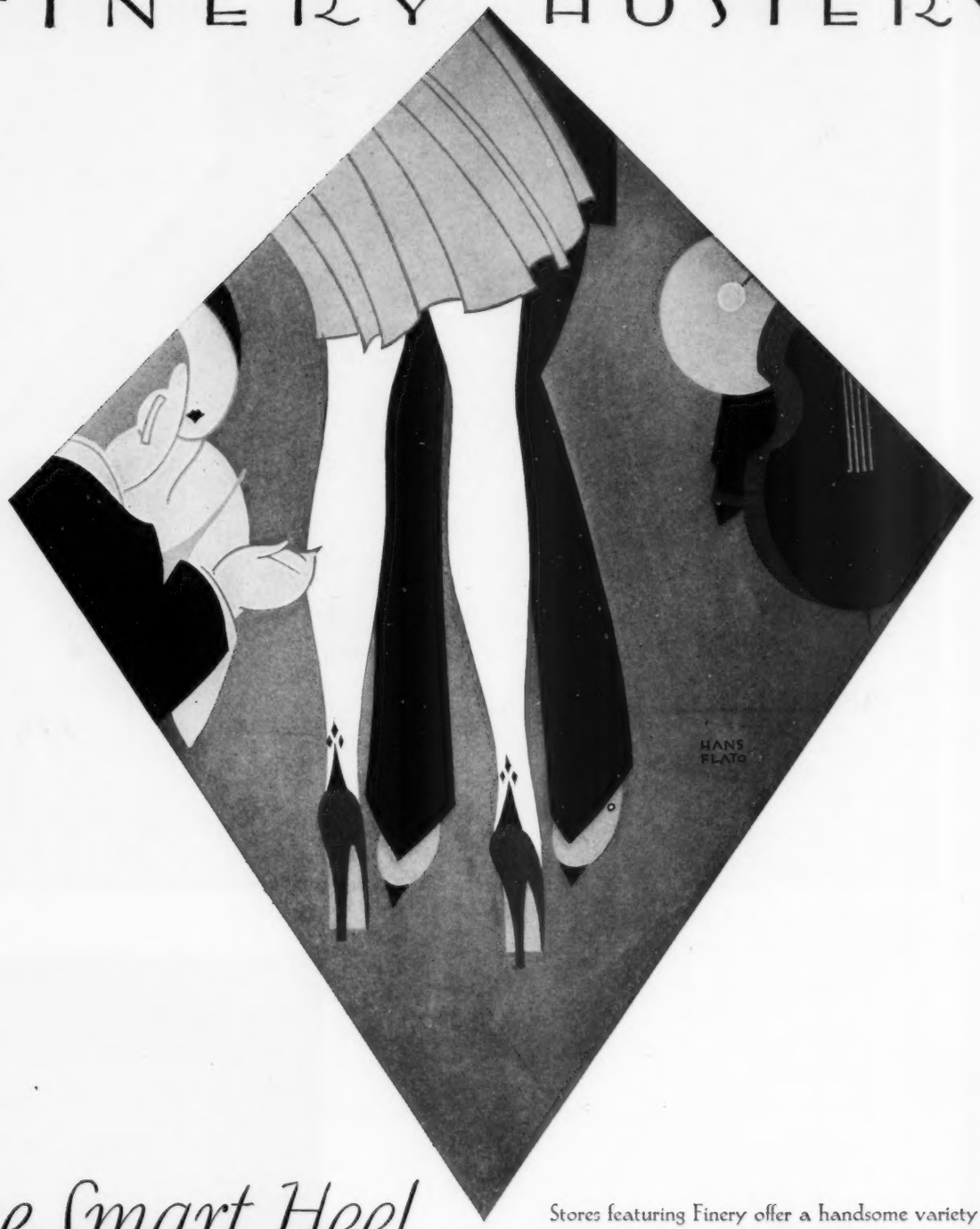

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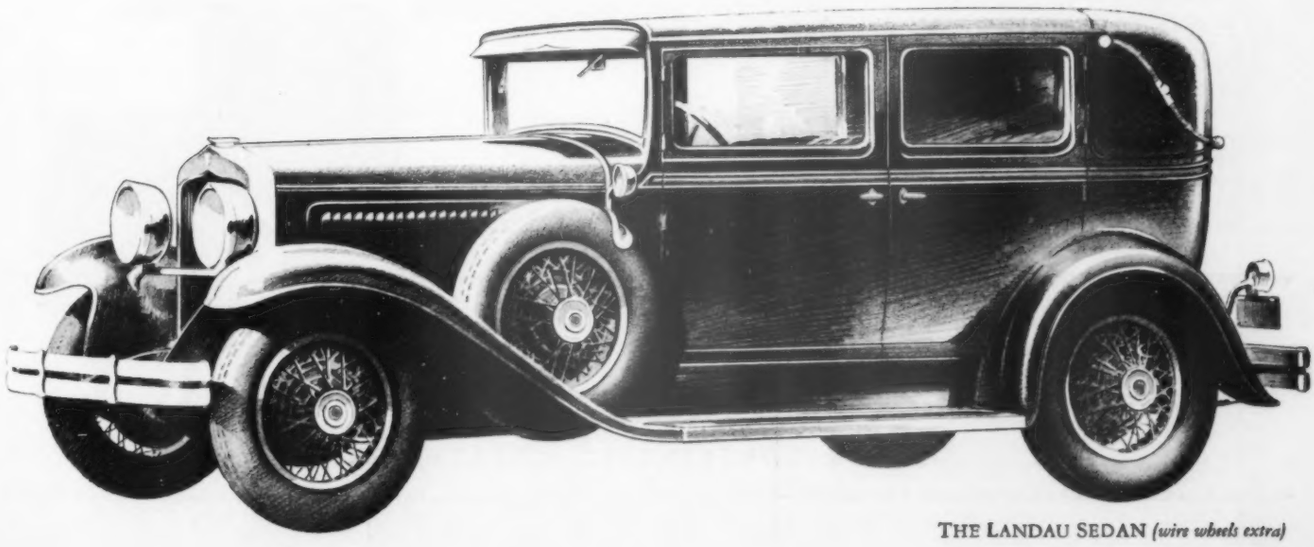

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▼ ▼ ▼

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HERE is visible evidence of "Silk-Sealing"

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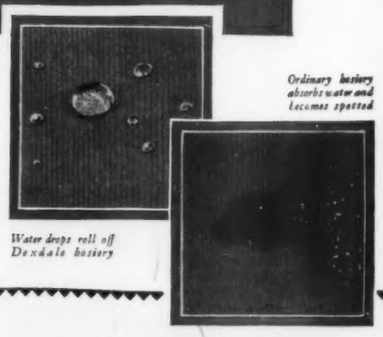


Water drops roll off Dexdale hosiery

Ordinary hosiery absorbs water and becomes spotted

DEXDALE HOSIERY

SHEER LOVELINESS . . . . SEALED IN

SPRING CLOTHES AGAINST SPRING'S BACKDROP

This is the final touch to the art of dress: You can choose your new spring gowns with the Park gone April-green outside our windows ... ruminate on a new smart Norfolk suit against a background of lacy young trees ... try on an imported, frantically chic sweater dress with all of New York's sky helping to reveal its color subtlety ... The season sweeps in with brilliance ... color ... line-symphony ... Everything is chosen with the unerring judgment of our experts and shown against the actual décor for which it was created.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

Small tables—smart colorful china—an ingenious menu—a good orchestra—
24 to 50 guests...that's the recipe for a dinner dance that will be talked about

The Hostess of the Moment . . *must dramatize—or fail*

ENTERTAINING is a very finished thing today—or one's not a popular hostess . . . Dinners aren't as long—but gayer. Menus aren't as heavy—but more ingenious. China isn't as dull—it must be exquisite in quality, modern in color, arresting in design. And—to be quite in the movement—it should vary from course to course.

Calla lilies and mimosa—the singing crystal of her glass—the shining richness of her damask . . . these, for one hostess, make a stage setting for her ivory service plates bordered in rich old red and lightly laced with gold. She follows them, course after course, with plates that swing the emphasis from green to blue—through bands and patterns set against the ivory—to after-dinner coffee cups in black and gold . . . Another hostess uses roses—drops the blue—and rounds her color gamut with a simple banded plate in ivory and gold.

Black Knight China retains all that is loveliest in conventional design, refusing to go meaninglessly mad. The modern tempo is expressed in color—those jewel tones against warm ivory—and in variety, to suit the most exacting hostess of the moment . . . Surprisingly, one finds such beauty isn't fragile. The flawless ivory glaze won't scratch in a lifetime of useful service.

* * *

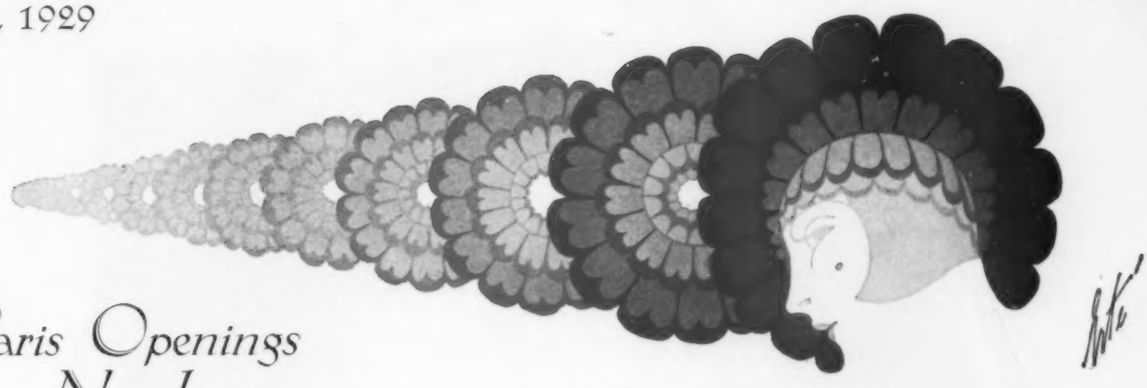
To the hostess: May we send you Black Knight's little book on the "color-for-every-course" vogue? And tell you where to find this lovely china? Just write Black Knight China, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BLACK KNIGHT CHINA

HARPER'S BAZAR

Number 2598
63rd Year

APRIL 1929



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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

THE fiction for May will be distinguished by stories by such well-known writers as Nina Wilcox Putnam, Corey Ford, Nancy Hoyt and Arthur Tuckerman. Gertrude Atherton, too, will be represented, by an article dealing with impressions of California. In the second instalment of her reminiscenses, The Duchess of Sermoneta will tell of gracious associations with King Edward, Queen Alexandra and other royal personages of the early 1900's.

The fashions of New York will be represented and luggage and shoes will have attention. Evening gowns are particularly interesting because of the controversy as to length. The ups and downs of waistlines, according to New York and Paris dictates, will be shown, and French brides will trail before you.

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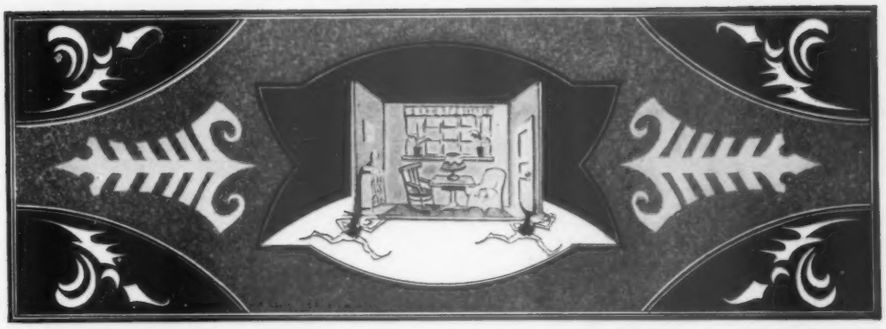


"ONE MORE ROOM"

I SUPPOSE no one ever builds a house without wishing, the moment it is finished, that it contained one more room. Or at least one more closet. Some extra space somewhere.

It is only human to wish to expand. I read an article almost a decade ago, called "Poor on $10,000 a year," and wondered how anyone could possibly not get along comfortably on such a royal sum. The reasoning which seemed foolish then, now seems perfectly sound. With millionaires on every other corner, an income of $10,000 a year is like a grain of corn in an enormous bin. It is hardly noticeable. It makes no impression, and is almost pathetic in its humiliating smallness.

And so, the house of yesterday which seemed ample for our needs, contracts, literally, as the days and months roll on. We may not grow physically, but we ought to grow spiritually; and spiritual growth craves a larger library, or a larger living-room, or even a larger dining-room for the cultivation of those new friends who are bound to come into our lives unless we sit passive and dull.

A father, as he grows older, and perhaps wiser, longs for a den where he can creep off by himself. A mother secretly desires a sewing-room all her own. And what daughter and son do not crave an expansion of their allotment of space in any home, no matter how lavish it may have been in the beginning?

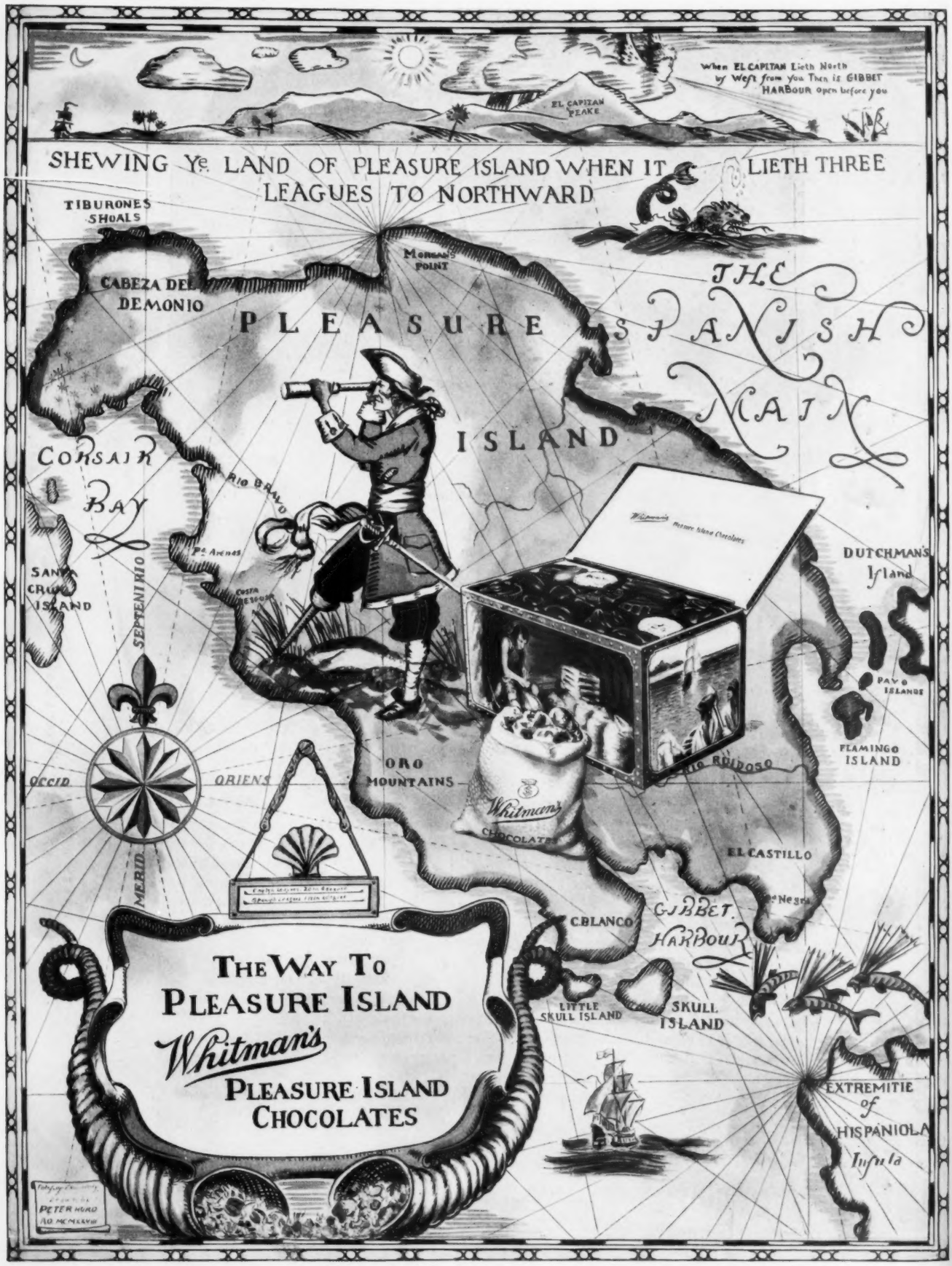
This is not greediness. It is merely a normal aspiration. As natural as the physical expansion of the morning-glory on the wall outside. Surely no one ever desired less space, unless one built so foolishly in the beginning that there was unlimited waste and confusion from the time the vast foundations were reared. But we almost always desire more. The answer lies in the fact that things and possessions which looked large in our youth have a way of mysteriously diminishing as we take on years. Go back to your childhood school, or to Aunt Esther's great sloping lawn with its enormous elms, to see if this is not true. The school-house will have the dimensions of a chicken-coop. And you will wonder how so many children managed to crowd into it. And the lawn will suddenly take on the proportions of your present drawing-room rug!

Don't think it is weakness which causes a wish to grow. A pretentious expansion is odious, and is an indication of innate vulgarity. The refined can enjoy simplicity without complaint. Yet there is no harm in hoarding a dream in one's heart—a dream of greater glory, even, or a dream of something more, not only for oneself but for one's family and friends.

So go on thinking of that "one more room." You might design it yourself, and fill it with modern furniture, as a contrast to your ancient belongings: a resting place where you could get away from the fret of busy days; a refuge in time of stress and storm.

"One more room." Just one more. It is little to ask. We may have it—sometime.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE



The Treasure has been found. It is shared with all those who love sweets. The trail of the treasure hunter leads to the sign of the nearest Whitman agent—Ask him for Whitman's PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES.

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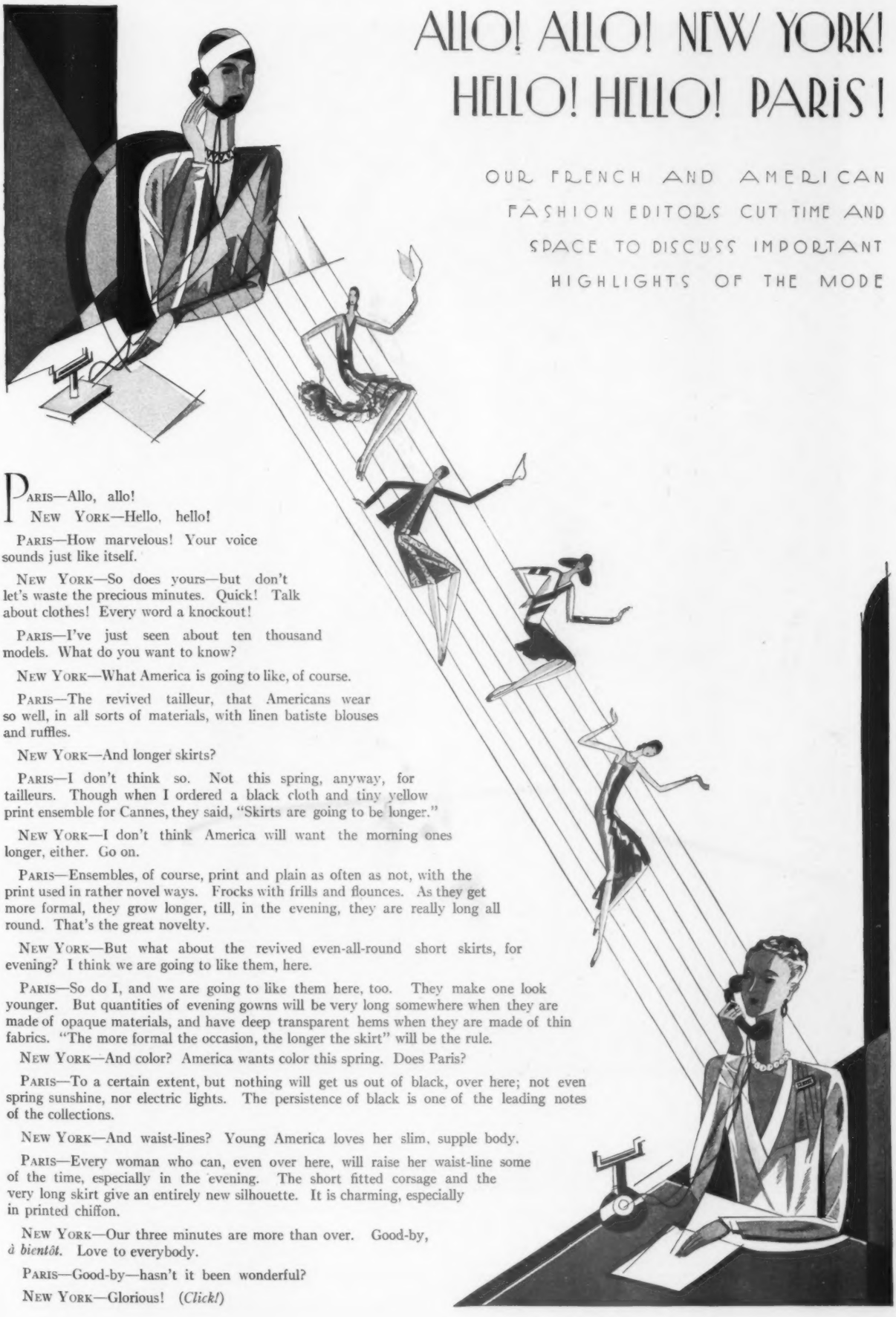
ALLO! ALLO! NEW YORK! HELLO! HELLO! PARIS!

OUR FRENCH AND AMERICAN FASHION EDITORS CUT TIME AND SPACE TO DISCUSS IMPORTANT HIGHLIGHTS OF THE MODE

PARIS—Allo, allo!

NEW YORK—Hello, hello!

PARIS—How marvelous! Your voice sounds just like itself.

NEW YORK—So does yours—but don't let's waste the precious minutes. Quick! Talk about clothes! Every word a knockout!

PARIS—I've just seen about ten thousand models. What do you want to know?

NEW YORK—What America is going to like, of course.

PARIS—The revived tailleur, that Americans wear so well, in all sorts of materials, with linen batiste blouses and ruffles.

NEW YORK—And longer skirts?

PARIS—I don't think so. Not this spring, anyway, for tailleurs. Though when I ordered a black cloth and tiny yellow print ensemble for Cannes, they said, "Skirts are going to be longer."

NEW YORK—I don't think America will want the morning ones longer, either. Go on.

PARIS—Ensembles, of course, print and plain as often as not, with the print used in rather novel ways. Frocks with frills and flounces. As they get more formal, they grow longer, till, in the evening, they are really long all round. That's the great novelty.

NEW YORK—But what about the revived even-all-round short skirts, for evening? I think we are going to like them, here.

PARIS—So do I, and we are going to like them here, too. They make one look younger. But quantities of evening gowns will be very long somewhere when they are made of opaque materials, and have deep transparent hems when they are made of thin fabrics. "The more formal the occasion, the longer the skirt" will be the rule.

NEW YORK—And color? America wants color this spring. Does Paris?

PARIS—To a certain extent, but nothing will get us out of black, over here; not even spring sunshine, nor electric lights. The persistence of black is one of the leading notes of the collections.

NEW YORK—And waist-lines? Young America loves her slim, supple body.

PARIS—Every woman who can, even over here, will raise her waist-line some of the time, especially in the evening. The short fitted corsage and the very long skirt give an entirely new silhouette. It is charming, especially in printed chiffon.

NEW YORK—Our three minutes are more than over. Good-by, *à bientôt*. Love to everybody.

PARIS—Good-by—hasn't it been wonderful?

NEW YORK—Glorious! (*Click!*)

LANVIN

LANVIN uses black and white chiffon effectively in modern zigzag lines down the front of an evening gown, with embroidery of jet and crystal like a broken cobweb. The black and white chiffon trails on each side.

BY *Baron de Meyer*

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

Here's the Answer to an Interesting Rumor

18 rue Vanzau, Paris.

DAME Rumor has it that the newest spring styles might be tending toward revolutionary fashions, this being the dawn of a new era.

New fashions, new era! What terrifying prospects for any timid soul! Yet, how can we avoid such revolutionary dangers while pursuing modern evolution?

My reply to that rumor is that the problem is admirably solved by every French designer. The 1929 spring collections develop nothing but the good things that were dated 1928.

"Thank heaven," exclaims the foreign stylist, recently arrived in Paris, "for radical changes are detrimental to business and upset women's equanimity."

"Not mine," I tell her; "quite on the contrary, I find the describing of novelty great fun." I should have enjoyed proclaiming, "Waistlines—raised to immediately below the bust, or some similar fantastic statement."

The foreign stylist deplores such levity. She wants facts, and inquires as to the waist-line's actual location. I tell her it's a normal proposition, and is placed in 1929 wherever designers fancy and clients insist on.

"And about styles in general, which are the ones most popular?"

"Those which were too extreme last season for the general public have by now been rejected by the élite."

"And is simplicity as smart a factor as it used to be?"

"Even more so than before. Ever since clever Mademoiselle Chanel taught the world to distinguish between simplicity and plainness, woman's cultured eye associates sophisticated luxury with what, till then, had expressed nothing but poverty."

ARDANSE

Ardanse's two million franc gown, in gold lace with a butterfly in diamonds and other precious stones by Ostertag.

"What dressmaking establishments are you going to mention in your article for Harper's Bazar?"

"Only the ones I've visited myself. There'll be a paragraph about Madame Vionnet, another about Monsieur Patou. I shall speak of the scientific Vionnet scissors which never have been known to cut aimlessly into valuable fabrics. I shall use the word Art to describe the Lanvin collection, and have a good deal to say about Lucien Lelong and a few others."

"Is the Lelong collection as good as ever?"

"Far better, because of its accentuating Lelong specialities, such as 'purity of line' and 'beauty divested of unessentials'. He calls this the 'Serene Mode'."

"And of Patou, Baron de Meyer, what will you say?"

"The truth, including praise for his imaginative work, as well as for the dramatic quality that is introduced into his presentation of models. I may add that the type of Parisienne created by him is known the wide world over as the 'fascinating Patou girl'."

"He's so attractive and clever," remarks the foreign stylist. "Has his finger permanently on fashion's pulse. What are his new departures?"

"Very few in the way of sports clothes. 'Attractive sweaters,' he says, 'can be found in most shops, also good jersey clothes. So why should I waste time and texture? As a matter of fact, I am tired of jersey; so are my clients.'

"His newest departure, he tells me, resides in his accentuating the difference between day and evening fashions. All his day clothes are undoubtedly longer, though not likely ever to attain to the length of his new evening dresses, which are down to the ground both back and front. He seems thereby to have solved a vexed problem, 'Does a long skirt accentuate youth or not?'—in the affirmative. Patou's new evening dresses are tubelike and have widening floats from the knees downward. They hide the limbs, envelop ankles, and render feet almost invisible."

Observations, copied out of my note-book: Very successful use is made of men's suiting materials for tailored clothes, of tweed and marocain for dresses and coats; of crêpes of all denominations; of printed fabrics in great diversity (mostly printed on soft chiffons); of quantities of net; of a kind called Patou net, suitable for the new tailored *robe de tulle;* of taffeta and faille; of velvet for evening coats trimmed with fur.

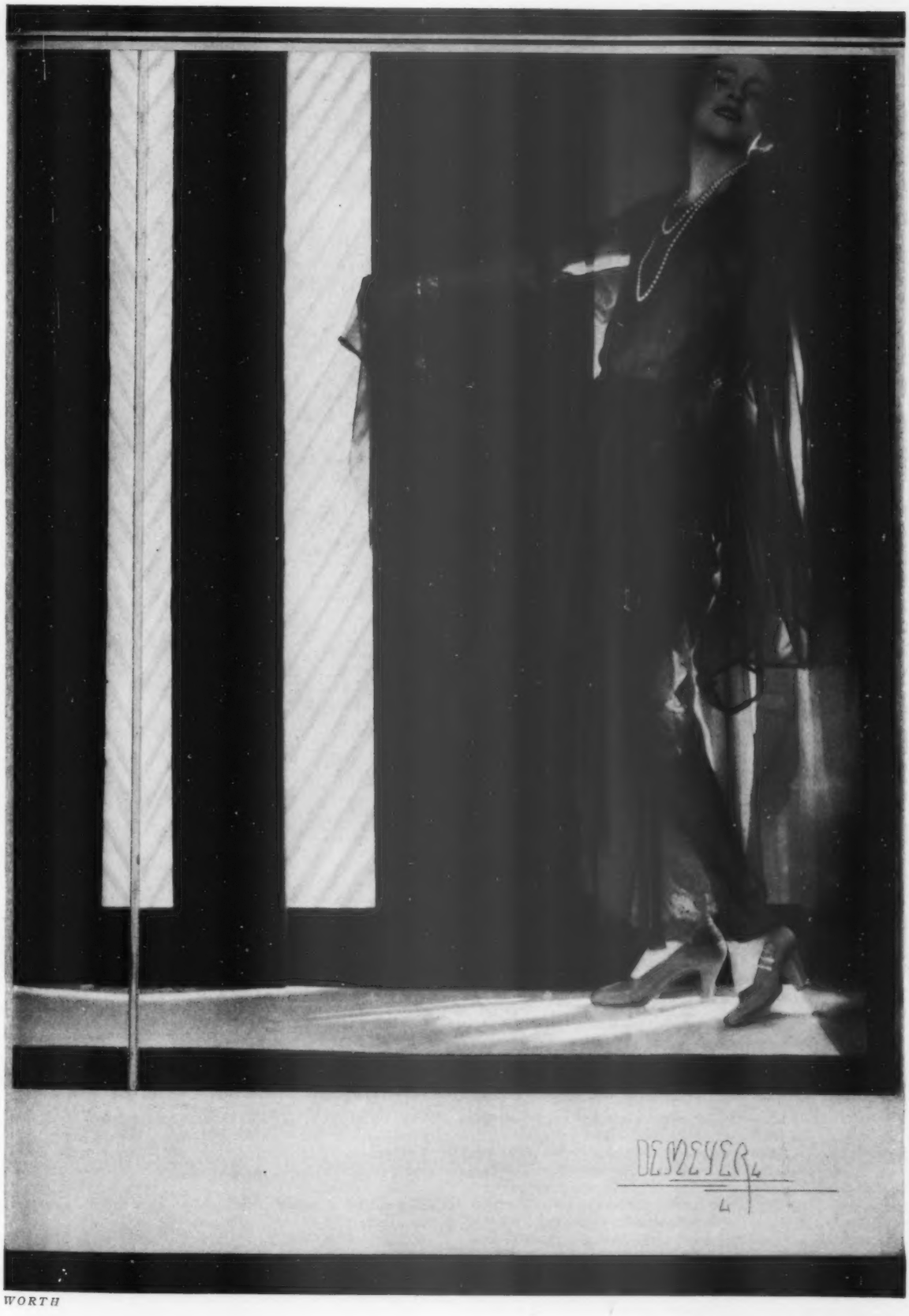
To be remarked upon is that he uses very little plain mousseline de soie; very little brocade; no metal texture at all; and no embroidery (save on one or two evening wraps).

Patou seems to have a preference for black, the collection consisting principally of black models. Color is, of course, used, but sparingly. White, principally, as well as every shade of nasturtium, pink, a variety of green, but very little blue and no navy at all.

Tailleurs are a Patou specialty. They are as classical in cut and style as men's suits. Bright-colored dresses are shown for Southern wear and for a sunny summer. Most of them are in crêpe de Chine, have (*Continued on page 78*)

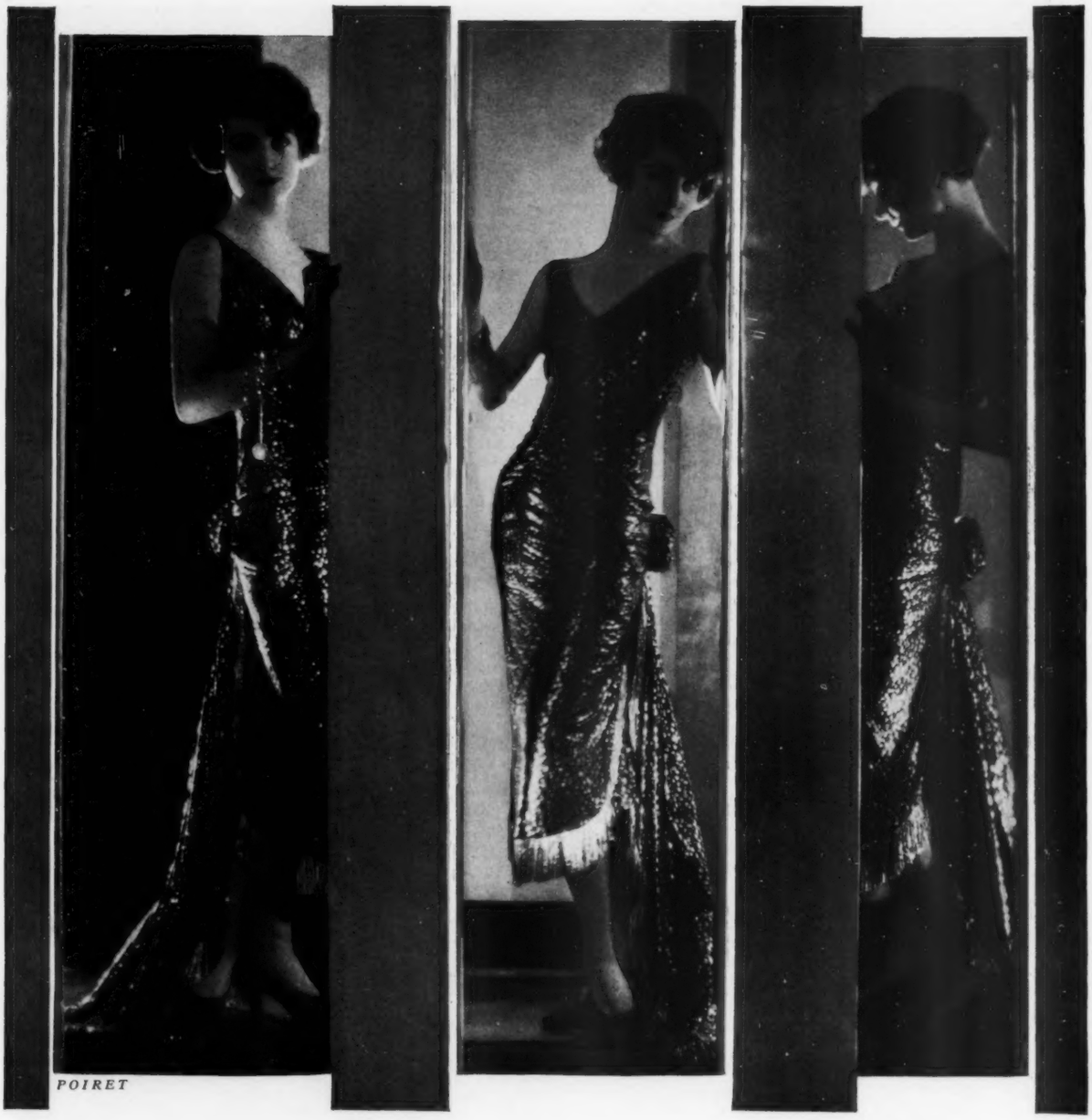
PATOU

Patou's new nasturtium color in the middle shade, in crêpe romain with the long skirt in points



WORTH

Worth's dark blue chiffon teagown over pyjamas of flesh-colored lace, with a girdle of blue and red



POIRET

DEMEYER

Poiret's evening gown, a brilliant creation in Bianchini lamé chiffon, with a small gold lily-of-the-valley in black ciré to make it still more lustrous.

plaited skirts and short jackets. These are decorated with stitchings and straps and rendered feminine by lingerie details, such as frilled collars and jabot-like tabs.

Patou's beach suits are a fascinating feature of the collection, and are shown with wide-brimmed plantation hats and sun-shades. Costumes for sun-bathing are noticeably abbreviated.

There is a scarcity of material used, but the little there is, dotted black faille, as well as printed fabrics, with colonial designs, is well selected.

All Patou's most noticeable evening dresses seem to be black, all of them being tubelike, long and transparent about the feet. Most models are of crêpe romain, georgette, net or lace. There are very few in satin, and only one is in all jet.

Another series of *robes du soir*, mostly in printed chiffons, are, by way of contrast, glowing with color, bright pink, jade-green and nasturtium being some of the shades most favored. All of them are narrow, clinging, ending in befrilled fish-tails. They remind one of the long trailing dresses of Spanish dancers.

Patou asserts in his booklet that women *en grande toilette* and jewels look absurd when accompanied by men in lounge suits and soft shirts. He is right, of course; the combination, as he says, being unpleasant and preposterously inharmonious. He consequently designs a very special kind of evening costume for such mixed occasions. One such model is called *Le diner à Montmartre*, which consists of black net, down to the ground, with a black net coat and a close-fitting white spangled hat.

Two more evening dresses worth mentioning are *Diane*, of pure white marocain, a chemise-like tube, flaring under a shimmering white wrap edged with sable; and *Romanesque*, a crêpe gown similar in shape, of nasturtium yellow, very narrow but with no belt at all. This is decorated by two long sash-ends tied into a bow in the back. Modernized Watteau effects.

MADAME Lanvin deserves praise, not merely for her admirable workmanship but for her modern aspirations, pursued unwaveringly. The point of view expressed in her

Figures at the left and right: a chiffon gown from Chantal in four shades; flesh, Chantal pink, red and mulberry. In the center, a frock in nasturtium shades.

various collections differs from that of any other designer.

What she presents this season cannot be called merely new models assembled in order to clothe her many clients, but should be considered an expression of modern decorative art, unwilling to be dictated to by the past. It is work to be judged by similar standards as those applied to the judging of modern artists designing furniture, textiles, even jewelry.

Madame Lanvin uses scissors and pins as does a painter his brush and pigment. Black and white is the dominating impression carried away from this season's Lanvin collection. Entire black, or black on white, as well as uncompromising white on black.

The next impression received is the use made of touches of violent shades on black, contrast being achieved in every instance.

Madame Lanvin makes great use of modern patterns, such as squares, triangles, lozenges, as well as of a number of other geometrical designs. She calls one black and white suit *Trictrac*, another *Domino*, which names speak for themselves.

Open work, treated in futuristic designs on frocks and coats, especially in woolen textures, is very new.

Black tweed, treated like "lingerie," is anything if not unusual.

On coats, and principally on capes, little hoods of contrasting shade and material, or of short-haired fur, are inserted at the back of the neck. Standing up they form a collar.

Deep cuffs, given an hour-glass shape, reach to the elbow, while scarfs on either day gowns or wraps are tied in the back, the ends left hanging, an extra tab being attached, jabot-like, in the front. Favored shades for such scarfs are emerald green and brick red, bright blue and yellow.

For a great number of afternoon gowns printed fabrics, in most instances satin, are being used. Some designs resemble exploded rockets, this pattern being repeated in many colors.

The Lanvin afternoon and, more (*Continued on page 197*)

MOLYNEUX

Molyneux's ruffled georgette cape over a long black tulle gown

L. LELONG

A Lelong cape of lamé silver star-dust on black, over a long white tulle gown

Drawn especially for Harper's Bazar by
MARY MacKINNON

THE DUCHESS OF SERMONETA

is a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy. Descended from an ancient line of aristocrats, she received her early education both in her native land and in England, which she came to love. Visiting America for the first time this year, she was impressed by the vitality of our United States. Still young, she writes brilliantly of Continental society. She has known almost everyone in the fashionable and artistic circles of Europe, and she records her experiences with grace, dignity and humor.

Beginning a Brilliant Series of Articles By the Duchess of Sermoneta:

"The Castle of Sermoneta, perched on the summit of a hill, like an eagle's nest."

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

A Lady of Title brings Vividly Before Us the Fashionable Europe of the Last Two Decades

I WAS born in the house of my great-grandmother, Mrs. Locke, who lived in 36 Lowndes Street, London. I do not think a child ever lived two more totally different existences than I did from that day until I was married on June the 20th, 1901, to Leone Caetani, Prince of Teano, eldest son of the Duke of Sermoneta.

Of course, Palazzo Colonna was supposed to be the real home, and it is one of the largest houses in the world. Its site, near the church of SS. Apostoli, has always been the stronghold of the Colonna family, first as a fortress during the dark days of the Middle Ages, and afterward expanding into a palace when art was more important than protection from one's enemies.

It is really shaped like a gigantic number eight, with two very large inner courts and a lovely old garden full of cypresses, fountains and old statues, connected with the palace by stone bridges that cross the street. Of course, like most Roman palazzos, it is too immense to be lived in by one family alone, and a large part of it is always let. I doubt whether my father had ever been into as many as half the rooms in his own house. We lived in a delightful apartment between the courtyards, flooded with sunshine and full of valuable old pictures.

I must say that pictures in Palazzo Colonna were as thick as leaves in the forest. On the floor beneath us was the picture gallery, full of masterpieces, and its great hall which served as a model for the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles.

Varasi-Roma

Captain William Locke, great-grandfather of the Duchess of Sermoneta.

As a child I used to love to go down there on hot days with a book, and spend an hour in the cool marble hall among the statues. There were on the walls so many portraits of dead and gone Colonnas and I liked to look at them and to remember all their histories. Vittoria Colonna, painted just before her marriage and long before Michelangelo came into her life, young, and yet so austere in her dark green dress; Stefano Colonna immortalized by Holbein, so curiously northern looking with his red beard and short nose; Maria Mancini with her famous pearl necklace and a sidelong glance and smile; her son with his curly wig, whom I was supposed to resemble so strikingly; Cardinal Pompeo Colonna, with his hand resting on his funny little white dog; and then the big portrait by Velasquez of Carlo Colonna on his black horse, with an angel carrying a column in the heavens before him. Arrogant he must have been, for he was the last Colonna to kill a Caetani. And the tale is so characteristic that I must tell it. It all happened in the seventeenth century, which is quite modern in the history of Rome.

The Duchess of Sermoneta and the Princess

G. Felici-Roma

"My father was very 'grand seigneur' and 'ancien régime' in all his ideas."

Colonna of the day both went out driving in their coaches, and met at the entrance of the Corso. Neither of the coachmen, doubtless encouraged by their mistresses, would yield precedence to the other. There was a good deal of scuffling of hoofs and champing of bits and sour looks exchanged, and the ladies returned to their respective homes full of indignation and complaints.

So then a sort of collective duel was fought in the streets of Rome, between several male Colonnas and Caetanis, and their respective gentlemen-in-waiting. If Carlo Colonna was arrogant enough to be portrayed with an angel carrying his family arms, he thought nothing of killing a Caetani, which he did with ease and grace. But times had changed, and what was considered an everyday occurrence in the Middle Ages was murder in the seventeenth century, so poor Carlo was exiled and ended his life in a convent in Spain.

And then, besides the family portraits, there were other things that interested me enormously. The great armchair that always stood with its face to the wall, under the tall canopy, for no one but the Pope could sit in it, when he came to visit the Colonnas. I used to love to perch in that chair, staring at the red velvet wall in front of me, and feeling extremely daring and wicked. Then there was the huge ebony cabinet with its ivory panels, all exquisitely carved with the tiniest figures and trees imaginable. The center panel was an accurate reproduction of Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. It took two Germans twenty years to carve that cabinet, and their receipted bill, for an absurdly small sum, is in the Colonna archives.

But there was one terrific picture I only passed with my eyes tight shut, it frightened me so; the Devil, with horns and a tail and other horrid attributes, was dragging a baby out of its cradle, in spite of the wretched mother hanging on to the infant's foot. The Devil's claws were buried deep in the flesh of the little arm, and blood was dripping from the wound. The mother was looking up to Heaven with an open, imploring mouth and there above her was the Madonna with a big stick in her hand, just making ready to drive the Devil away. I do not remember the author of that nightmare picture, but any tourist visiting the Colonna gallery can see it for himself.

I think we lived very casually, for I was allowed, ever since I can remember, to have a key of the picture gallery and all its untold treasures, and kept it loose in a drawer among my handkerchiefs and ribbons!

On the ground floor was the so-called apartment of Maria Mancini, a suite of exquisitely frescoed drawing-rooms and halls, opening one into another. They had been originally decorated by Pinturicchio, but as they were already damaged at the time of Lorenzo Onofrio Colonna's marriage with Maria Mancini in 1661, they were redecorated for the event by Gaspar Poussin.

I like to think of Maria—my how many times great-grandmother? (for I descend directly from her)—wandering through those beautiful rooms in her brocaded gowns, still longing for Paris and mourning her royal lover, Louis XIV., but surely a little comforted by the beauty of her surroundings.

In my father's day the ground floor apartment was not used for receptions, as the family archives were kept there. It was only once thrown open in his time, for the great ball my father gave in honor of my sister's début.

As my two brothers died when they were babies, the title of Prince Colonna passed after my father's death to his second brother, Fabrizio, and then from him to his son Marcantonio, who is the present holder of the title. My father left in his will the Palazzo Colonna to his nephew Marcantonio, for the sake of the family, so my sister and I lost our old home which would otherwise have remained ours.

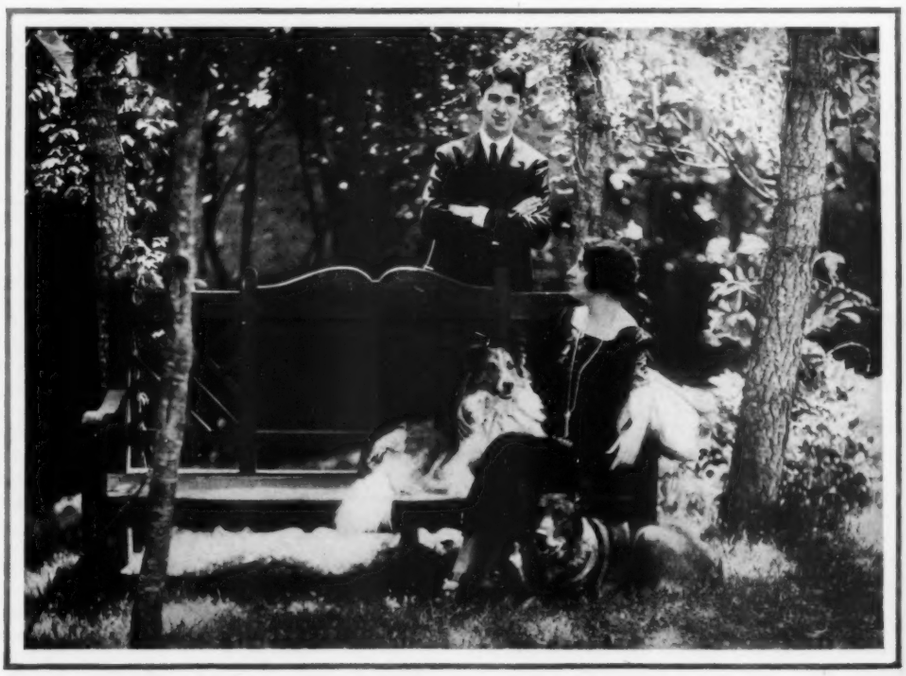
In these unique surroundings we two small and rather lonely little girls lived with our father and a succession of peculiarly disagreeable governesses of various nationalities. Our father and mother had separated after very few years. Unfortunately, matrimonial bliss has never been customary in our family.

My father was extremely handsome and very *grand seigneur* and *ancien régime* in all his ideas. He liked London, but was fonder of Paris, enjoyed shooting without liking the country, owned a racing-stable in Italy, had been a good amateur actor in his youth and only admitted three possible careers for a gentleman: the army, diplomacy and the Church. He did not believe in the existence of microbes or of ghosts. He had a horror of education for girls, and said young ladies should talk good French, play the piano and dance lightly. Any other accomplishment made them a bore. He always carried an opera hat under his arm in the evening and never wore a pair of boots more than a few times.

In his later years he disliked anything more "country" than St. Moritz in August. I have heard him quote a French friend's sentiment as exactly defining his own: *"Je deteste le Bois de Boulogne, cela me rappelle trop la campagne."*

He was an excellent mimic, and though he never seemed to notice things particularly, he would reproduce people's characteristics of voice and mannerisms in a remarkable way.

The succession of foreign governesses all tried to make up to him, but he was not attracted by



A charming study of the Duchess of Sermoneta and her son, Onorato Caetani.

their charms and saw them, and consequently us, as little as possible, which was probably the reason why the governesses became so bad-tempered.

All the love and affection we wanted was given to us lavishly by our English nurse, Elizabeth Annie Sizeland, the beloved "Sizy," who came as my nurse in London three days after I was born and stayed with me for thirty years, only leaving to be replaced by her daughter who, happily for me, is still with me as my maid and friend. I am happy to say that "Sizy" is alive and well, living in her little house in Hampstead, and always the first to greet me with a loving welcome when I visit England.

"Sizy" took lively part in our games, mothered us when we were ill, which in my case was very often, and fought our battles royally with the disagreeable governesses. Thanks to her, there was a corner in the vast Palazzo Colonna that was forever England.

Otherwise our child-life in Rome was pretty dreary. Few friends and fewer amusements. In those days children were not the fashion, and what they thought and felt and wanted was not considered in the least interesting or important.

In winter we drove out every afternoon with the reigning governess in the big family landau; we were never taken to see any of the marvels of Rome or taught anything about them.

On Mondays and Fridays we drove to Villa Pamphili; on Tuesdays and Saturdays to Villa Borghese, on Sundays to the Pincio, and on Wednesdays to Via le Parioli. We were made to get out and walk for exactly an hour, and then return to our particularly stupid lessons at Palazzo Colonna.

When the spring came it was a little better, for we were taken twice a day to play in the Colonna Gardens, which communicate, as I have already said, with the palazzo by old stone bridges that cross Via della Pilotta. Here we spent pleasanter hours playing round the statues and up and down the steps under the big cypresses, and though we were in the heart of Rome the town seemed very far away.

But the time of year we lived for was June, when we were put in the train with beloved "Sizy" and whichever of the disagreeable governesses was reigning at the time, and sent off to England to stay with our grandmother, Lady Walsingham.

One of my earliest recollections is Victoria Station in London, and a barouche with two fat gray horses drawn up alongside the platform. There are two old ladies in it, one with plaited hair arranged in "paddle boxes" over her ears and a large round bonnet tied under her chin; the other adorned with black laces and plumes and long pearl earrings and holding a pug dog on her lap. They are mother and daughter, Mrs. William Locke and Lady Walsingham, my great-grandmother and my grandmother, and they are both eagerly welcoming "the children from Rome."

Eva Barrett

The Duchess of Sermoneta combines in her heritage both Italian and English nobility. Her mother, shown at the left, was the daughter of Lady Walsingham and the granddaughter of Mrs. William Locke, both of whom were prominent in British society.

But with this recollection my grateful thoughts fly at once to another person, thanks to whom my childhood knew the blessings of English country life. Lord Walsingham, my grandmother's third husband, was all kindness to "the children from Rome," or "the Toddlemites," as he liked to call us, treating us exactly as though we had been his own grandchildren. His lovely home, Merton Hall in Norfolk, was open to us with loving hospitality summer after summer; his old coachman, Amos Carrier, gave us our first riding lessons on Merrylegs and Snowdrop, two ponies Walsingham purchased for our own use. It gave us the illusion that we really belonged to the place, and I'm afraid we took all his extraordinary kindness for granted, but we certainly repaid it with a most wholehearted devotion to "W", as we called him. His unfailing good temper, his ready jokes, his cleverness and agility at all games, made him an ideal playmate for children. To the world in general he was famous as one of the two best shots in England—Lord de Grey sharing the honor with him—and the great authority on entomology, his vast collection of moths and butterflies at which we always saw him working morning after morning, being now in the British Museum.

It is with reverence that my thoughts turn to Merton Hall, the place to which I gave such passionate adoration in my youth that the mere mention of its name now brings a mist before my eyes. There is a sadness in having so loved a place to which one does not belong, in a country that is not one's own. Merton has now passed out of my life for ever, but I treasure its memories more than anything else in my life. Merton taught me to love games, green grass and trees, the blackberry hedges and the nut woods, the whir of the pheasants rising in the park, the bulrushes on the shores of the mere.

I had friends in all the cottages of the surrounding villages, Merton, Tomston, Tottington and Stanford, who did not even realize I was not English, but knew me and greeted me affectionately as "the young lady from the Hall."

Carrier and his kindly wife were among my dearest friends. I had my first toss off Merrylegs, and Snowdrop (*Continued on page 142*)

A Novel by Nancy Hoyt:

BRIGHT INTERVALS

Continuing the Happy History of a Young American Girl who Seeks Romance and Finds It

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

The First Part of the Story in Brief:

THE throb of the ferry steamer's engine was a steady pulse beating in the silver silence which lay over the Solent. The placid outline of the Isle of Wight faded and was replaced by the sloping lawns of Southampton water. Lydia's heart thundered in her ears above the engine's noise. Nearby, an Atlantic liner sped out of the fog and she noticed a smart young woman in black, whose eyes were also in mourning. She had a queer subconscious feeling that the figure staring down at her was herself, Lydia Graeme, a tired grown-up self, setting out on a long journey. Her hand clutched more tightly a small piece of cardboard—her pass to adventure. She was drunk with escape, tense with anticipation and a lively desire to know what was coming around the next corner.

She had always hated the hotel at the watering-place where her grandfather, head of the famous firm of Stephanyi Brothers, jewelers, lived, mourning that it was her life-long fate, and that she had accomplished nothing in her twenty years. She thought of her mother and her two aunts, the glittering trio who had composed the beautiful Stephanyi sisters. At twenty they had all been famous.

Then had come the day when she had overheard angry voices in the summer house and a string of pearls had flashed past her bench into the rose-bushes. After a silence there appeared a dazzling young creature with a gardenia skin and scarlet mouth, who started to search lazily for the gems. Lydia offered her services and they recovered the pearls, whereupon the extraordinary girl invited her to have a cocktail and to celebrate.

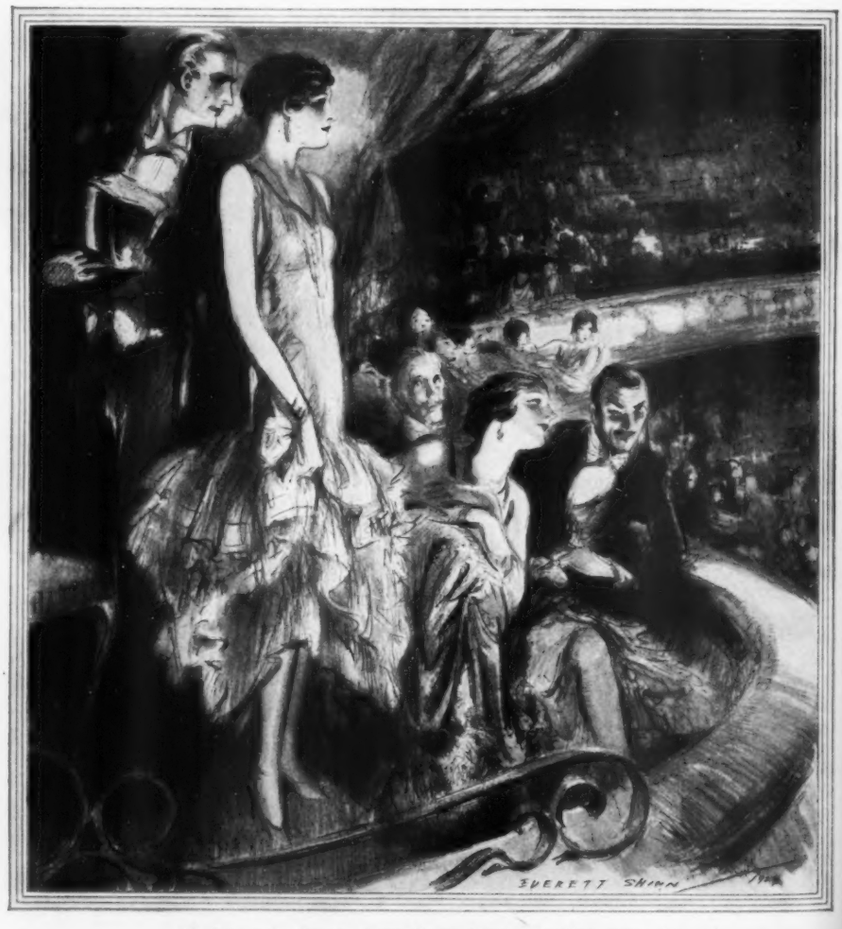
Camellia Tarleton and two Martinis amused Grandpapa. So keen was his enjoyment that when this strangely exciting favorite of the London theatre, vaguely sensing Lydia's stage ambitions, invited both of them to come up to town for her next opening, he unexpectedly gave Lydia permission to go.

The following week, arriving in London, Lydia flung down her bags and rushed for the theatre, past the sign "No Admittance" at the stage door, and only halted at the dressing-room marked "one". Within, surrounded by her dresser, Mrs. Keyes, two young men in gray flannels, and a Pekingese, sat Camellia in a blaze of electricity before her mirror. She was neither very glad nor very sorry to see Lydia, but remembering her promise of the other week she became more cordial. While Camellia was going through the final rehearsal, Lydia, chatting with Mrs. Keyes, realized that at last opportunity was sitting here before her and if she could not make the grade this time, it was her own fault.

The opening was a tremendous success. Camellia took a flimsy drama and breathed life and fire into it. Lydia and George Haversham, who had been told off as her escort, found standing room in the back of Lady Honor Fane's box, where, over a view of that lady's spine, they could see the house and stage. George, fulfilling some idea of his duty, threw her an occasional name as a celebrity swept into her place. As the play progressed, Lydia, trying to laugh at herself for the tear in her eye, realized that whether Camellia could act or not was a dry question for the critics. She knew that the actress had just succeeded in making her show signs of feeling over a play which any taste, brains, or humor she possessed revolted against.

"Isn't Cami too marvelous?" asked George, as, at the close of the performance, he and Lydia made their way back-stage.

They were the first visitors in the dressing-room. Then followed a stream of actors, managers, great ladies, boys with telegrams and cables, boxes of flowers, frantic young men and elaborate maidens. It was almost an hour before the tumult died, leaving the actress with a carefully picked bodyguard to escort her to the fête given in her honor.



"Lydia and George Haversham found standing room in Lady Fane's box, where they could see the house and stage."

Copyright, 1929, by Nancy Hoyt

PART TWO

A LONG slim bullet nosed its way toward Chelsea, swooping up and down the switchback railway of empty Piccadilly, humping its back in waves like a sleek snake, coasting down Constitution Hill, whistling through the decorum of Belgravia and Eaton Place to the bright patch of Sloane Square, and on, past the barracks, to the River. Lydia, squealing with delight, sat in the center of a huge pool of moonlight which was her silver frock, and clung to anything which offered, indiscriminately grabbing the side of the door, Camellia's shoulder or the curls of Camellia's young man, the beautiful harlequin who, slumped low down in the red leather seat, smiled indulgently at such youthful enthusiasm.

"Ooo-oe," she cried, "we must have touched seventy."

Which made George call back, "Seventy-eight, as a m'a'fact," over his right shoulder.

What a life! Driving across London in a silver streak at nearly eighty miles an hour. Certainly the height of worldly joy.

A tumbled golliwog, with wild black hair, dressed strangely for a ball at the Tuileries, clambered out of the back seat into a group who at last found the child amusing—(this, though she was nearly as old as they). Even George, the cool and weary, thought that at least the new kid appreciated a decent car.

The car had stopped, still throbbing, before a narrow house, slimly elegant in the style of the eighteenth century. It was the loveliest of a lovely row, quiet, unassuming, but conscious of its superior distinction even in Cheyne Row. A fan of golden light spilled from the arch over the front door onto the brick path which led to it through a dark rectangle of clipped grass and flowers. Lydia stopped for a moment, charmed by the quiet façade where three French windows, open onto a narrow iron balcony, seemed the bright spots of a stage setting, hinting of the party within.

"They danced together with the perfect precision of long custom and did not notice that the room was gradually filling with restless couples."

She wanted to stay and admire, but was hurried in by the others.

Ronald Grant met them at the door. He was a formal, rather elaborate young man, faintly old-fashioned in his manners, which were too good for the present day and only understandable when close inspection proved him to be not the thirty he looked but nearer fifty. There was something uncanny in the youthfulness of this tall, middle-aged man who preserved all the attributes of a boy except the eyes.

He was as polite to Lydia, the obscure tagger-on, as to his adored Camellia who fell limply into his arms like an enormous Perroquet presentation doll and a minute later left them to plunge into the greetings of the supper room.

Here ecstatic cries at her appearance and praise of her performance were less hysteric than in the theatre, but almost as automatic. One or two elderly beauties sulked slightly, but most hastened to greet the younger star with effusive affection.

It might almost have been a party at Elizabeth Arbuthnot's, Lydia thought. The long table, beautifully decorated by silver bowls of grapes and the charm of the people who were seated around it, was very nearly any other attractive supper table. But not entirely. Peopled by faces familiar from the pages of magazines, well-known features long cherished by some impressionable room-mate or instantly recognizable as the materialization of some youthful dream, the room seemed haunted by the ghosts of forgotten enthusiasms. Peter Pan and Mary, Duchess of Towers, chatted together over a plate of gray caviar which they sampled with gusto from time to time. Paula Tanqueray and Eliza, fatter than in her flower-girl days, teased a self-consciously fascinating Dear Brutus and petted the darkly romantic idol of a sixteen-year-old's passion.

It seemed almost blasphemy. Lydia was relieved to find the fair-haired giantess still beautifully cold and coldly beautiful in the winking incandescence of her tiara, the only thing about her she deemed decent to allow to sparkle. Other ladies, physically less great but equally high-born, were present, each with an admirer and, occasionally, a husband. A picked lot from the-young-men-about-town who-were-probably-in-the-guards flaunted the perfection of their white ties before the marble mantel or congregated at one end of the supper table where champagne, for those who would not sit down and be served, was instantly available.

Ronald, the perfect host, who could gauge any unrest on the part of his guests as accurately as he could tell just which of his famous set of chairs were really the work of the Heppelwhites, had in some way insinuated Lydia into a place between the only two people in the room who did not make her feel slightly uncomfortable. On one side the enormous bulk of the kindest woman on the American stage received her with warm welcome, and on the other she turned to meet the sherry-brown eyes and hurt smile of her one venture into Romance.

Meeting Lawrence Prescott knocked the wind out of her momentarily. She scrabbled blindly for a defense and took gratefully the glass of champagne pushed toward her by Prescott, who was grinning unsympathetically.

"I'm not upset by seeing you, idiot!" she protested.

"Then why are you pink in the cheeks and slightly weepy?"

Lydia looked at him thoughtfully. "It's true I was startled, and I admit you've still got swell eyes; they sound like fox-hounds baying or something; I used to say that when I was half-witted about you. Such a brown sort of sound your eyes make, Lawrie. *And* you've got nice ribs and cheek bones, but apart from a purely academic interest in your good points, which I'd feel for a horse or a dog, only I don't care very much for (*Continued on page 134*)

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

A Silhouette that Moulds The Upper Part of the Body Sometimes to the Knees. Longer Skirts but Some Short and Even all Round for Evening. Great Variety in Materials. The Persistence of Black.

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

FELLOW-countrywomen! There is a conspiracy against your sartorial liberty. They want to get you into tight bodices and long skirts, and even to send you back to the tyranny of hairpins. What are you going to do about it?

At the moment, the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand, but let us be prepared: a return to uncomfortable clothing is in the air. "A man's hand" is a particularly apt simile, because the houses directed by women are not nearly so stringent in their proposed reforms. Many of those directed by men, however, are determined to force us into what they call femininity at all costs. I suppose they cannot bear any longer that our clothes should be so much more comfortable and easy to get into than their own.

There is an offensive even against our favorite sports clothes, for there are far fewer modes of this type in the collections than there have been for many seasons. Not that I think there will be any falling off in the number bought and worn. There is a more plausible explanation of their absence from the collections of the great houses. Sports clothes have become so definitely crystalized into a recognized formula, that there is no longer much chance for invention and imagination in them. So the *còuture*, with a big C, has decided to leave their production largely in the hands of the specialists, and to concentrate on types that demand more art in conception and more craft in execution.

The most interesting point in the collections as a whole is the length of skirts. Of course, this is not a point at all in most cases, but a series of them, for uneven points and panels continue to lengthen skirts at the back in the majority of evening dresses. This season, the fronts are sometimes long as well; they touch the ground. You have all heard in head-lines of Patou's long-all-the-way-round evening gowns; Worth has some very long ones, and so has Chantal. Many houses continue and even increase unevenness of hem for formal afternoon gowns, as in the model on page 96 from Drecoll-Beer; but Patou is one of the very few that lengthens skirts several inches for the morning.

The trained evening gown was introduced in the August collections, but exceedingly few women adopted it. They readily accepted a point or a panel that touched the floor, but they drew the line at trains. The mid-season collections therefore abandoned them; but the spring collections do not show skirts with trains exactly; they are merely so lengthened that they sweep the floor. At St. Moritz I was struck by the very long-somewhere evening skirts, though they all had a short place as well. This short place has been left out in some of the spring models. That is the novelty. So, if we adopt these long-all-round evening skirts, we may get a new popular song, "They're wearing them longer on Long Island," and our feet beneath our petticoats may repeat the little mice act, possibly to the renewed joy of the poets.

A new look is given to the long-in-the-back evening skirts by the shortening of the waists and the tightening of the bodices. I do not think evening gowns touching the floor in front will be generally worn; not this spring, at least; but I do think that many women will like the look of the shorter, closer waist, with its added effect of length of limb. Artists have always raved about short-waisted, long-legged women, and they will have an opportunity to do a bit of raving very soon now. I have heard many of them protest bitterly against the continuance of the low waist-line and the short-legged look that it gives to many women. It is devoutly to be wished, however, that only women whose slender suppleness permits, will adopt this silhouette, or that the Junos will not try to wear it by seeking to control their goddess-like proportions with long tight corsets, as they have done so many times in the history of costume.

We had something like this silhouette about 1907. There are snapshots of myself wearing it, but wearing it over a long corset that curved very distinctly at the waist, a garment that was a fertile subject for caricature at the time. The very essence of this revived silhouette is flexibility, the uncorsetted look of the natural figure. If you do not possess it naturally, go to a dressmaker who will allow you straight lines, vague, perhaps slightly bloused bodices, with a tight flat look to the hips which can be adequately controlled by the modern corset, and keep your belt, if you want one, at the top of your hips. The effect will be better, believe me, in spite of all the artists in creation. Such important designers as Chanel insist upon your retaining this silhouette; while Vionnet and other favorite designers give you your choice between the two.

Very interesting is the revival of the short, even-hemmed evening frock, side by side with the long ones. Chanel, Molyneux, Dœuillet-Doucet, are numbered among the houses that are showing many frocks of this type; not only the simple little dinner gown of more or less informal materials, but important looking models, sometimes entirely beaded, spangled, or jeweled. Vionnet does some of them, but hers are mostly very youthful frocks, obviously for young (*Continued on page 93*)

SING, MINSTREL!

By EDWIN MARKHAM

SING, Minstrel, music-mad:
Let the wild chords grow madder:
Make all the glad hearts sad,
The sad hearts gladder.

Sound yet a wilder strain,
Which only a song can capture:
Let glad hearts taste the pain,
Sad hearts the rapture.

for APRIL 1929

White and Chartreuse Faille with Little Jacket to Match

louiseboulanger

Drawing in color by Reynaldo Luza

WHITE MOIRE GOWN WITH LONG SIDE TRAIN AND ORIGINAL DÉCOLLETAGE

Chéruit
(Mme. Wormser)

Drawings in color by Reynaldo Luza

PALEST ROSE CRÊPE ROMAIN
WITH FLAT BANDS
OF MATCHING
TUBE BEADS

Vionnet

Drawing in color by Reynaldo Luza

Bright Brown Crêpe de Chine

Skirt Panels Lined with Yellow and Two Shades of Orange

jenny

girls. Occasionally, the skirts are slightly uneven at one side, or dip a little in the back, according to the way they are cut. Sometimes they are tiered, or have that peplum tunic that must be noted among the season's silhouettes. Sometimes they are on princess lines; sometimes straight and slim. Oddly enough, older women have demanded this line, finding it more youthful in effect than the long skirt. Some of the professional observers were heard to remark during the collections, as the long-all-round evening gowns were passed, "That would look charming on a very young woman." A paradoxical sort of reasoning that allots long skirts to youth, but women who study themselves have found that there is something in the idea.

Besides the short-waisted, trailing in the back evening line, we find another that reminds us of the dress of the Spanish flamenco dancer, when she does the Sevilliana. Perhaps La Argentina, with her sinuous body and her rustling white frills that almost chatter, has inspired it. Close-fitting to the knees, sometimes marking the natural waist, the flare or frills begin suddenly, and lengthen to a point in the back. Do not try it unless you are as supple as a Spanish gypsy, but it is a lovely line for those who can wear it.

It is illustrated from Bernard in a gown of black lace on page 100. Daring souls claim that if this silhouette is generally adopted, it will mean the end of the era of exaggerated slimness. Some go further and declare that this era is finished already. C. B. Cochrane, the English producer, is said to be giving his chorus girls and dancers nourishing luncheons, with the idea of putting flesh on their bones, and he has received hundreds of congratulatory letters on the move—from men. I have not heard of any women's letters as yet. Certain it is, that the very bony flat figure is as unsuited to this type of gown as the heavy one, but it will be difficult to get some of the thin ones to see it. They have had everything their own way for so long, and have become accustomed to making a virtue of their necessity.

We get all kinds of flare in evening dresses, starting from the natural waist-line or far below it, or from the hips; at one side only, at the back, at both sides—anywhere you like. Backs of evening gowns continue to receive attention. Besides their length, all sorts of things are done to make them interesting. Lelong puts long ends from the tip of a décolleté; Madame Wormser (Chéruit) ends a deep V with a big pink rose on a pale blue satin gown, or she puts bows in the curve of the back, with long ends; Vionnet has a new way of drawing together her slim-fronted satin gowns, to a flat knot, a shirred plaque, or a bow with its loops sewn flat right in the small of the back; Premet sets bows low on the skirt; Chanel uses long trails of chiffon from the back of each shoulder, that blend with two others from the hips. Louiseboulanger continues her poufs; her favorite place for them is still in the back, when they are double, or to one side toward the back when they are single. But this season she has done a gown in blurred orange and gray taffeta that has four hanging poufs, two in the front and two in the back, a masterpiece of handling.

One of Lanvin's most striking effects is in a gown of purple faille, cut to the waist in the back, where there is a large strass embroidered ornament, though the front of the ample skirt is plain. Lanvin, it should be mentioned, often makes her full faille skirts longer in the front than anywhere else this season. Poiret, as you see in Baron de Meyer's photograph on page 78, still interprets the 'eighties. But the influence of the bustle, though it dies hard, is dying fast. It is very rudimentary now, and the continuance of "interest in the back" is traced to a desire to make a gown look important in dancing, when one turns one's back on the world.

As to hair-dressing, many men want to induce us to make something of our "crowning glory."

That is a masculine expression; most women refer to long hair as a crowning nuisance. Nevertheless, I greatly fear that the general vogue of hair short in the back of the neck will soon be over. Already it is worn longer, with curls and twists, and even tiny chignons. The small head is still desirable, but if waists shorten and skirts lengthen we shall be able to stand larger heads without looking shorter. Hats will grow larger to correspond; a good many of them are more important in size already. All the hats that Patou showed with his daytime models were bigger; some had distinctly wide brims, others widening bunches over the ear. The dipping brim in the back, the "sou'wester" line, is quite conspicuous in the first spring millinery, probably to take care of growing hair. Talbot has an amusing conceit, illustrated on page 104; little curls added to the hat in the back, which change a blonde into a brunette in a twinkling. Reboux tried this last autumn, but it was a fashion born to blush unseen outside her salons.

After waist-lines and skirt lengths, the thing that interested me most in the collections was the enormous variety of materials. Their motto seems to be "anything goes." I mentioned, in the discussion of fabrics in February, the tendency of woolens to be light and thin, and that of silks for the daytime to be crisper and firmer. This holds true in general, many collections showing daytime frocks of tussore, twill, cravatte silk, silk shirting, and even of taffeta. In woolens, the jerseys take an enormously important place, jerseys of every conceivable type, tweed-jerseys, some of them perfectly imitating real Scotch tweeds, so that you have to look closely at them to see that they are jersey; plain, striped, printed jersey; djersaplume, and many varieties of openwork weave looking like crochet work; silk jersey, often the wide striped sort that Rodier calls Djersasoie; at Chanel's (*Continued on page 95*)

THE NECKLACE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

IN THE Queen's garden were a thousand roses blowing,
She leaned on the low wall to watch the fountains flowing.
She was such a pretty Queen, like a golden feather;
She picked the reddest roses there, she bound them all together,
She made herself a necklace of the red, red roses,
All about her soft throat among the garden closes,
She bent back her white throat, she poised her lovely head.
"Now saw you ever the like before of that, my lord?" she said.
(All about the Queen's throat a necklace all of red.)

Pressed about the scaffold the wild crowd was swaying,
Howling women, snarling men, a mad-man praying.
She was such a little Queen who gained the scaffold's height,
Standing there shoulder-straight, as any soldier might.
Came a sudden silence like a hot, black cloud;
Then a brawny arm that held a white pearl to the crowd.
In the Queen's garden the roses all are dead,
"Now, saw you ever the like before of that, my lord?" she said
(All about the Queen's neck a necklace all of red.)

DŒUILLET-DOUCET DŒUILLET-DOUCET

***From** the house of Dœuillet-Doucet comes a very effective new idea for evening wear, the addition of a perfectly straight coat, heavily beaded and spangled, to a chiffon frock of a matching color. This ensemble may be obtained in black or in bright red. It is another example of the flair for luxury in dress which characterizes the new collections of the spring season.*

Dated 1929 is this charming version of the black chiffon frock, which also is advanced by Dœuillet-Doucet. The soft frills of the skirt mount in the back to the left hip, there meeting the exquisite drapery which falls from the shoulder. The bodice is fitted, and the uneven hem-line is continued in this newest exemplification of chic. The silhouette is animated.

a new jersey for evening that she calls jersey-tulle, as fine and thin as a real tulle, but falling in limp, wispy folds without stiffness. Real tweeds, some colorful, some neutral; speckled, mixed; some hard and firm as a man's material, some soft and open in weave. Some diagonal. Then all sorts of woolens in all sorts of weaves, crêpey, very sheer like étamine or wool voile, basket-worked, soft-surfaced. A good many coats in thin smooth broadcloth. In nearly all collections where there are tailleurs, dark close material with a white speck has been used.

For afternoons quantities of ensembles, with woolen coats and silk frocks, and often all silk. The crêpe de Chine coat will be very good; Jane Régny tailors it exactly as if it were wool. Many houses are making use of the little jacket as a complement to a print frock, instead of a coat. This is a hot weather fashion, of course. Louiseboulanger shows a little jacket with almost every frock of printed crêpe. Sometimes she likes the novel effect of a slim straight jumper, belted at the top of the hip, with a little jacket that stops well above it. Capelets are also seen. Chanel's print frocks in crêpe and chiffon are frequently cut with a frill round the neck, that broadens over the arms into little cap sleeves, and makes a deep pelerine collar in the back. Jackets with evening gowns are everywhere, sometimes matching, sometimes of printed chiffon with a plain gown, or of some quite different material, or beaded or embroidered when the gown is plain. This fashion has entered into the dress scheme of the smart woman, and she would be loath to relinquish it.

There is no getting away from the plain coat lined with print, with a printed frock to match. Prints are rampant, though there are a great many one-color ensembles with frocks of plain crêpe as well. Some houses have used prints very cleverly. Vionnet makes the top part of a blouse and part of the sleeves of print, the rest of the frock and the coat of plain; Goupy has done some charming plain crêpe frocks with little jackets of print that any woman would like to wear. The most amusing use of prints is in Premet's surprise dresses. I am describing them in the "high lights" from individual collections at the end of this article.

AS predicted in Harper's Bazar, most designs in printed crêpes are small, many tiny; while in chiffons—and printed chiffons are used in thousands of meters—the design is apt to be large and showy. Some houses like their printed color schemes very restrained and neutral; others incline to the pastel combinations; others rejoice in the frankly gay colors, and the silk houses have provided liberally for all tastes.

Evening fabrics continue to show the present favorites. You may choose a crisp, firm material, faille, heavy satin, taffeta, sometimes moire; a medium material like crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, georgette, a lace with thick patterns; or the fragile weaves, chiffon, printed or plain, soufflé de soie (the thinnest sort of chiffon), tulle, or the fine laces. Several houses (Chanel, Maggy Rouff, Chéruit, et cetera) have made good use of mousseline apretée, or starched chiffon. During the winter, in Paris, satin certainly diminished in popularity, and the palm went to dull-surfaced materials. However, at St. Moritz I saw satin worn by some of the most distinguished women, in black, white, and pale colors. It fairly rivaled the popular crêpe de Chine. In the collections, some of the most famous houses have used it for evening, though to a lesser extent than last year.

SUZANNE TALBOT

This lovely gown in black crêpe satin was made by Suzanne Talbot for Madame Henri Labourdette, who wears it with her lovely Cartier necklace of coral, turquoise, onyx, and diamond points, worn with the pendant in the back. The lines of the dress, cascading in tiers all the way to the floor in the back, are extremely graceful, and regal in effect. The drapery across the shoulders gives an added smartness.

The only material that is missing in evening gowns seems to be velvet, and that is well represented in evening wraps, but seldom in the stiff varieties. I am glad to see that the lovely lamé chiffons and gauzes are slowly coming into their own. Many designers have used that charming one from Bianchini which shows a tiny silver or gold lily-of-the-valley blossom on black, dark blue, or white voile, ciré to make it as shiny as the spangles that it was designed to imitate. Worth, for one, has used Coudurier's miracle of weaving, a chiffon lamé showing large brilliantly colored printed flowers, each blossom outlined in a gold lamé line, as if it had been traced round with a brush. Stiff materials are also touched with gold, gold dots of different sizes sprinkled on black taffeta for example, shown in the model from Lenief on page 99.

The all-over beaded, spangled, or jeweled evening gown is not neglected. Augusta-bernard shows several; one in crow-blue, the chiffon surface almost covered with iridescent tube beads, leaving a zigzag line of the plain running down the back and front of the slender gown; another in allover jet tubes used horizontally. Lelong has a gown entirely jetted with tubes, sewn on by one end, so that the effect is like jet fur. Molyneux puts diamenté tracery all over white satin.

MANY houses use embroidered tulle. Vionnet has a lovely gown in black tulle, with fitted bodice and full, long skirt, embroidered with green silk leaves scattered haphazard over it. Worth beads coral tulle with massed coral beads in circular design, and shows a darkest blue chiffon, the skirt striped with long lines of silver crystal tubes, like slanting rain. Everyone must have heard of the Chanel spangled evening costumes, exactly like sports clothes. Imagine a short skirt, belted blouse, and cardigan of massed shiny black spangles, with a fan to match. Or a straight sports coat of scarlet spangles, with a skirt and blouse. She has others entirely spangled, gowns with tiered skirts, one in spiral tiers of brilliant Irish green. All have scarfs to match. Chéruit has a straight short skirt and sleeveless jumper of black spangles, with a chiffon jacket bordered with spangles over it.

Lanvin does an entire gown in diamonds of black and white spangles, with a long black chiffon end on one side of the skirt and a long white one on the other. She also uses strass on black taffeta in a design like broken spider webs. On the opposite page there is an ensemble from Dœuillet-Doucet of which the chiffon coat, straight and simple as a sports model, is entirely covered with spangles and beads in the same color. This coat is worn over a chiffon frock, and the effect of the heavily hanging, glittering coat over the soft, plain, frilled gown is novel and charming. I might go on with this list indefinitely.

Many houses have taken advantage of the fact that two materials are often patterned with the same design. There is an example from Lucile Paray on page 101.

Linen and cotton are not neglected. There are linen models from London Trades and Schiaparelli on page 98, and Rodier's printed cottons are shown as used by Mary Nowitzky on page 103. The latter has had a new idea, which she calls "Garden Dresses." Visiting the Riviera, last summer, she was struck by the contrast between the rich

DRECOLL-BEER

formal surroundings of the private swimming pools, and the simplicity and informality of the bathing suits and pyjamas worn by their visitors. So she imagined big full skirts of printed cotton that may be slipped on over a swimming maillot, and taken off just as easily. Charles Martin has illustrated them, with Jane Régny's best bathing suits on the opposite page, some of them with coats of cotton, or of her special white linen printed with masses of yacht pennants in bright scarlet, blue, and yellow. Beach costumes are so important a part of the smart woman's equipment that the greatest houses are paying great attention to them. I shall show you some others in a later issue. Schiaparelli has had the amusing idea of using real tattoo designs, which she collected from a master of this art, on tricot bathing suits. One may have any conceit that one fancies, or choose one of the classic patterns that have been sacred to deep-sea sailors until now. Chantal is showing a special little collection of bathing suits and pyjamas, after her regular collection. Her ideas of color and the use of material are always original.

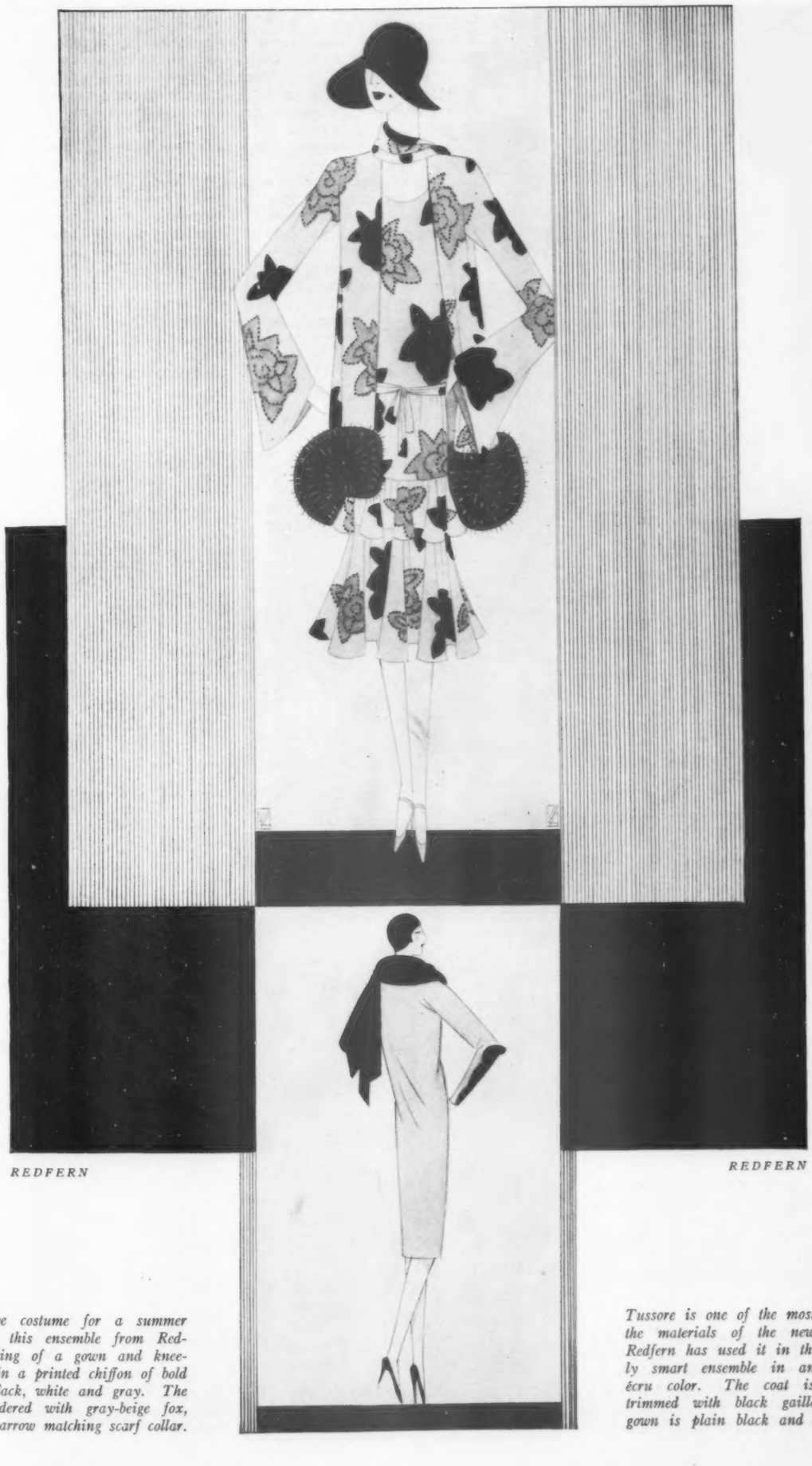
Color is an all-important question at this moment. The first thing to say about it is that black persists in spite of all the dyers' art. Some collections are black from beginning to end, especially Patou's. I noticed at St. Moritz, where one has the opportunity to see many socially important women under the roof of the Palace Hotel, that when women wore their "best" gowns to a big private dinner or a special gala, nine times out of ten they were black. I also remarked that these black gowns had to be real creations, or they looked dowdy. Black can be wonderful, and often is, or it can look like the economical resource of the impoverished, as, alas, it often does also. Black and white combinations are legion. They have even invaded the realm of sports clothes. Lelong, who likes to show his sports ensemble in groups of three in three color schemes, always includes one black and white one in the group.

Navy blue also persists with remarkable tenacity, and combinations of navy and white, navy and grège, navy and another blue are met with everywhere. Beige and brown is still a favorite combination, while some houses keep the light beige, putty and café au lait, well to the fore. Few use browns for evening;

Drecoll-Beer have a lovely afternoon gown of the draped type, soft and feminine, in black crêpe satin. The scarf, an important feature of the dress, is of chartreuse satin on one side, black on the other. The hem-line is uneven, as it often is for afternoon this season.

A novel silhouette, recalling the modes of 1879-80, just before the bustle became enormous, has been evolved by Premet this season. It is done in brown cravatte silk speckled with white. The closely fitted bodice buttons up the back, and the collar and cuffs are white organdie.

PREMET



REDFERN

REDFERN

An attractive costume for a summer reception is this ensemble from Redfern, consisting of a gown and knee-length coat in a printed chiffon of bold design in black, white and gray. The coat is bordered with gray-beige fox, and has a narrow matching scarf collar.

Tussore is one of the most popular of the materials of the new collections. Redfern has used it in this exceedingly smart ensemble in an unbleached écru color. The coat is attractively trimmed with black gaillac, and the gown is plain black and écru tussore.

but Molyneux still likes them. Grays are represented, but nothing like in the same quantity.

Red is important still, more for evening, perhaps, than for the daytime. Red and blue are often combined. Goupy has a red and blue collection. Worth has a clear, fresh color scheme, which he declares he took from yacht pennants. He likes to use red, blue and white, or red, green and white together. Yellow is a comer; some collections make a great deal of it, others neglect it strangely. The greens appear more often in mixed tones than straight. The yellow-greens, with their attractive names, tilleul, absinthe, chartreuse, pistache, Nile, are well represented.

Some collections seem almost entirely blue. Talbot uses many shades; Lelong blends green and blue into colors that you can hardly name. He loves a pale greenish-yellow that is exactly the color of some white Burgundies. You find pink when you look for it. Lanvin's collection is almost all black and white, except when it is purple. Louiseboulanger's daytime models seem, as I recollect them, to be almost all red or beige, or both together. I must not forget Patou's three new nasturtium shades, which he uses for models for all times of day. The combinations of yellows and oranges, which I called "autumnal" in the fabric number, appear quite frequently, especially in printed chiffons.

The list, as you see, is a very full one. White we have always with us, and later on, we shall have quantities of white in the daytime touched with bright color and often with black or brown. Chantal is famous for her odd color combina-

LONDON TRADES

A charming summer sports ensemble has been fashioned by London Trades by the use of rose, white and printed rose and white linen. The pattern is large daisies in two shades of rose on a white ground. The jacket is rose, lined with the print.

For the jacket of this sports costume, Schiaparelli has used white cheviot with a large black line check; for the skirt the same cheviot without the black line. The skirt is mounted over the white jersey blouse with a band of wool tricot.

Also from Schiaparelli is this blouse and skirt in China-blue linen. The blouse is tucked at the neck and wrists to fit. Appliquéd on it is an anchor in white linen. The skirt is stitched at the top to give a slim look, and is plaited below.

SCHIAPARELLI

tions. This year, she has composed evening gowns in chiffon that look like great bouquets of flowers. One is in pinks and reds, flesh, Chantal pink, scarlet, and mulberry, like a bunch of carnations. Another is in all the yellow and orange tones that nasturtiums grow in.

Checks were listed for popularity, to replace polka-dots. They might perhaps have done so, had the polka-dots effaced themselves; but they are still with us, often in several sizes used together. One might expect striped fabrics to be due for a revival after all this time, and Chanel has done all she can to assist their coming. Many of her jerseys are striped diagonally in three colors, and she uses a widely striped café au lait print over and over again, always horizontally. Worth has a series of little striped shirting silk frocks, very trim and simple, in red and white, blue and white, and black and white, like old-fashioned shirt-waist dresses.

As to details of workmanship and trimming, there are few worth noting. We are still of the opinion that too many tricks spoil the cloth. Some houses have used ruches, Lanvin, Redfern, Jenny, et cetera. Chanel has a special way of her own of making ruches out of the flowers of printed chiffon. She cuts them out and masses them together to form edges for tiered skirts and for scarfs. She also likes to cut the blossoms out of a chiffon print and use them in rows on the edges of her printed gowns. Some designers are still strong for applications and incrustations. Lanvin's collection might be labeled "patchwork," for she loves to cut out motifs and apply them to dresses, coats, and jackets.

MAGGY ROUFF

An unusual summer evening ensemble in printed and plain chiffon comes from Maggy Rouff. The print is a bold one, large flowers in shades of pink and green on a dark blue ground. The cape may be worn in several different ways.

LENIEF

Very amusing is this Lenief evening gown in black taffeta broché with golden dots of unequal size. Several houses have used this material. This gown is built on slim lines, with a large pouf at one side, ending in a long pointed drapery.

Lenief makes a lovely evening gown in black crêpe de Chine and black chiffon. The very important girdle is embroidered in strass. On one shoulder is a large flower in black chiffon. The skirt dips all the way to the floor in the back.

Many types of satin appear in the spring collections, particularly for evening wear. The material of this Goupy gown is a very heavy satin, of all silk, and the kind that "stands alone." The unusual color scheme is tilleul green and mulberry. The gown is of the tilleul satin, and the large bow at the side is of mulberry faille. The bodice is closely fitted in the manner which we find in many collections, replacing the vague soft flowing lines of the last few seasons.

Spain, and particularly Andalusia, has inspired many of the new evening gowns, and especially this one, from Bernard et Cie, which is called "Andalouse." Its skirt is made entirely of black lace frills, trailing slightly in the back, like the skirt of the Sevillian Flamenco dancer. The gown is completed by a cape of black tulle, bordered with frills of the same. Red roses are worn pinned to the corsage. The cape is not drawn in order not to confuse the sketch.

GOUPY BERNARD et CIE

Whole models are made of oblong or square patches appliquéd to a thin base, making a fabric.

Another favorite detail is the lingerie collar and cuffs. All the houses use them. Chanel puts starched white linen collars of the Eton variety even on her prints. Schiaparelli adds a huge organdie cravatte, with rounded tucked ends, to print frocks, a gray one on a black and white striped print, for example.

AS TO costume jewelry, it is still interesting the creators. The most striking example of jewelry applied to gowns, however, is found at Ardanse. The gown is photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 75. This is one of the most extraordinary models that ever came out of a Paris house, and the reason is that it is worth two million francs. Eighty thousand dollars is a good price for a gown in any country. It is made of gold lace, and in the front is a most remarkable butterfly, entirely made of real diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, by Ostertag. Mistinguett is the proud possessor of this model, which she will wear on her coming world tour. It vividly recalls the times of the Medici, when Catherine's bridal robes were sewn with stones worth thousands, and the pickings after a ball must have been worth having. Examples of some of the best costume jewelry are shown on pages 104 and 105, drawn by Dynevor Rhys. Louiseboulanger has some delightful necklaces made of twisted strands of wooden beads and exotic seeds, fastened with lumps of gold. Chanel has an endless variety.

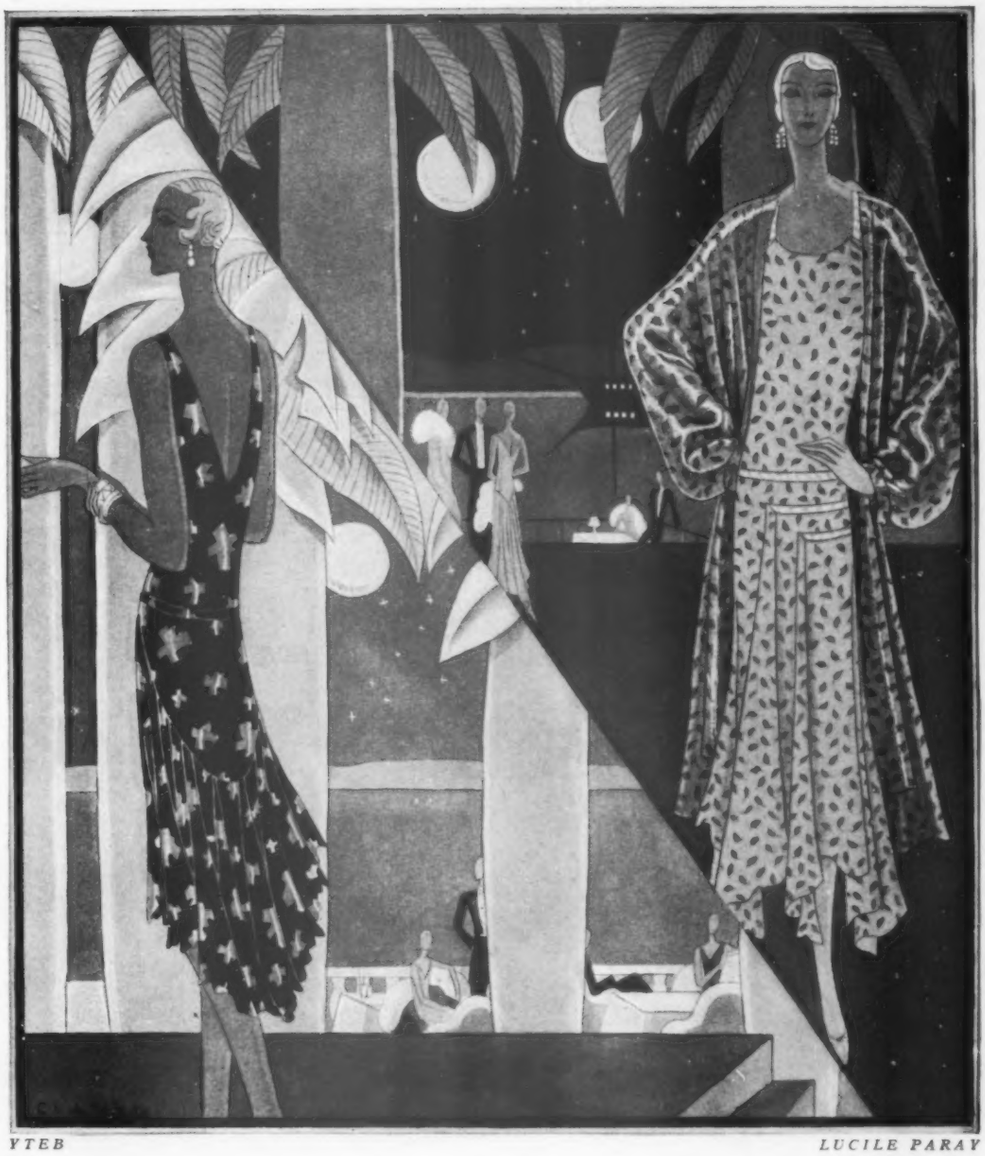
We are going to wear scarfs as much as ever, judging by the collections, some of them examples of bright patchwork in different colors.

It is quite new to show the models with gloves. Worth's mannequins all wore a new glove made of chamois, with a fluted gauntlet, buttoned with pearl buttons up the top side of the cuff. Talbot's entire collection, morning, afternoon and evening, was shown with special gloves, made of heavy antelope, in tones of gray beige and brown for the daytime, and in pale shades, such as leaf green with a yellow frock, for afternoon; while for the evening they appeared in gilded leather and black lace! They were all elbow length, more or less wrinkled on the wrist, and looked extremely smart.

As to furs, fluffy collars have the preference over flat ones. Vionnet trims everything impartially with blue fox, for instance A pretty example of the use of fox with printed chiffon is from Redfern drawn on page 97. But the furless models far outnumber the furred ones. New is a spotted brown and white fur, used by Vionnet, which I was informed was *nuques de vison*, or mink necks. A little black gaillac and caracul find their way into the collections, but not a great deal. Worth has a new and extremely thin and supple fur used for a coat and a short jacket, and called "agneau lisse." It is an unborn lamb, and looks like a satiny moire. Patou has revived black monkey on some black ensembles. New is a printed leather, the designs copied from woolen weaves and jerseys, called "Tannan leather," which is both washable and waterproof. Jenny and Bernard have used it.

THERE are always certain changes to chronicle. This year, the principal one was the installation of Madame Besançon de Wagner in the house of Rouff, under the name of Maggy Rouff. Rouff is an old-established lingerie house which has moved from the rue Royale to the former Drecoll mansion on the Champs Elysées, while

One of the features of the silk collections was the appearance of two different weaves of material with the same design. Many of the designers have taken advantage of this to make delightful summer ensembles, of which this Lucile Paray frock is an excellent example. The wrap is of black and silver thin lamé, and the frock is of chiffon, printed with the same design in black and white. It has the continued trailing panels in the back, which seem as widely popular as ever.



This gown from Yteb is in a broché georgette, a material which is at last coming into its own for summer evenings. For years the silk houses have been making lovely lamé chiffons, gauzes and georgettes, but none of the designers have made great use of them. This year, several houses are using them for evening gowns and ensembles, at the same time rich and light. This one is black, with a gold design, used simply as so bold a pattern demands.

YTEB LUCILE PARAY

Drecoll, of course, has combined with Beer in the Place Vendome. Monsieur Lenief, long the designer at the house that bears his name, has opened a new establishment of his own on the rue d'Astorg, which is charmingly decorated in modern style, forming a neutral background for the models. His premises are small, and the fitting-rooms show an ingenious novelty. They look like flat mirrors, but these mirrors pull out from the wall, bringing curtains of heavy unbleached linen with them, that run on sliding runners, and form a little square fitting-room. The trick reminds one of an accordion. The house of Lenief on the rue St. Honoré continues to be conducted by the Baronne Fouquier, who designs all the models, under the name of Marie-Georgette.

Now for a few high lights on individual collections. Baron de Meyer has described his impressions of a good number of the collections in his usual personal way. Technical summaries of all the most important showings have been furnished to the Trade Service, and those interested will certainly be welcome to information in further detail on any one of them. But this article would spread until it filled the magazine if I tried to describe minutely all the thirty-four collections that I myself have seen. The high lights of many of them are photographed and drawn on these pages.

Worth

A HIGH light on the rich and extraordinarily varied Worth collection is the principle of cutting material "on the straight." Circular sections of all sorts have been replaced by straight hanging materials, the fulness achieved by plaits or gathers. This gives a very new look, even to the stereotyped long paneled evening gowns. Another high light is Monsieur Jean Charles' belief in trousers for women. He shows a long series of pyjamas and culotte dresses of many different types, for the yacht (white flannel trousers, striped sleeveless pull-overs and double breasted jackets of navy blue flannel), pyjamas for the bedroom, for the beach, for tea, for informal dinners, and for the cocktail hour. Some of the latter look at a little distance like very long chiffon dresses with angel sleeves. Baron de Meyer has photographed the prettiest of them. Certainly, wearing these at the cocktail hour, a woman might exploit her infinite variety. The culotte dresses look like afternoon gowns with skirts somewhat longer in the back. They are often made of crêpe and fine lace, or chiffon and lace. The skirt is plaited in the upper part and divided at about the knee, with a deep transparent hem of lace or of tulle, shorter in the front than in the back. The entire collection strikes a note of youth and of the future which is remarkable in a house of such old-established tradition. A lavish use of glittering ornaments is a distinguishing note. Many boleros, as short as a Spanish one, done in jewels or strass on evening dresses is another.

Chéruit

IMPORTANT enveloping evening scarfs that are almost evening wraps, continue to be a feature of Madame Wormser's collection, remarkable for great variety and individuality, as always. A Chéruit gown bears its own signature, and is never to be mistaken for the work of any other designer. These scarfs are made of golden tissue, or of two materials combined, such as velvet and tulle, or (*Continued on page 189*)

JANE RÉGNY

GAY COLORS RIDE THE WAVES

Very striking will be the mermaid who appears on the beach in Jane Régny's new bathing suit of red and yellow crêpe de Chine and wool jersey. The trunks under the top part are of yellow jersey, and so is the lower part of the top. The upper part is crêpe de Chine in red and yellow. The belt is of brown braid.

Jane Régny has followed the lines of a man's dressing gown in this beach coat of yellow fine wool jersey. She even buttons it to one side, using large buttons, and belts it high. The suit underneath the coat is a maillot in blue, yellow and brown. The costume gives its wearer a smartly tailored appearance.

One of the most attractive of the Jane Régny beach costumes is this bathing suit and coat. The suit is in two shades of blue wool jersey, and triangular designs are appliquéd all over it. The coat is in white linen printed with yacht pennants in red, blue and yellow, a special fabric reserved for Jane Régny's use.

MARY NOWITZKY

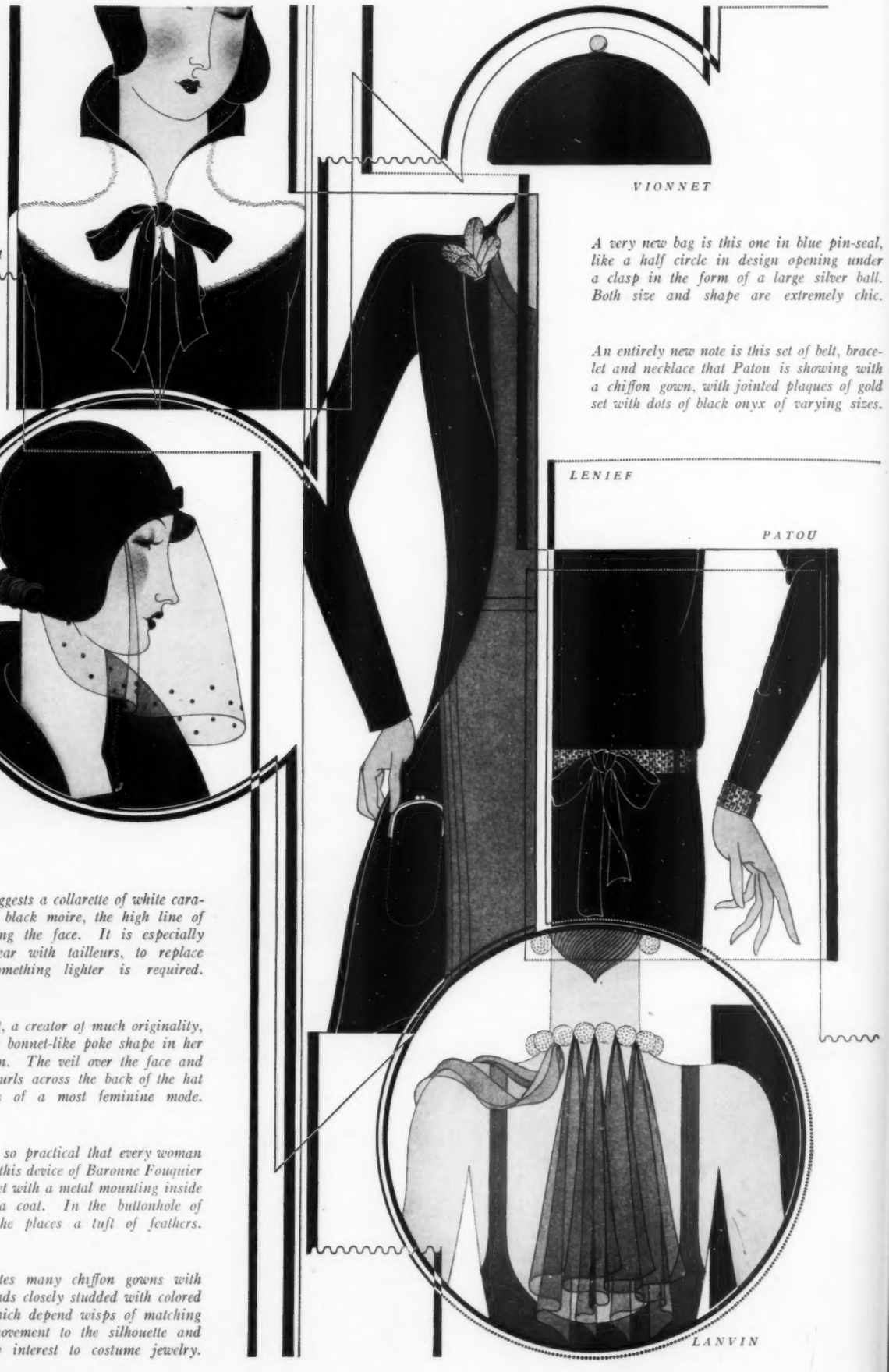
BEACHES YIELD TO THE BIZARRE

Here is one of Mary Nowitzky's new "garden dresses," big skirts of printed linen or cotton from Rodier, worn over maillots. This one has a maillot in pale green wool jersey, and the skirt is in Rodier's linen, white ground, with a design of flowers in red, blue and green. The hat is in white straw with a red ribbon.

Mary Nowitzky makes an amusing pyjama in natural colored tussore. The wide trousers are piped with orange in stripes. The jacket is also piped with orange, matching the waistcoat in orange tussore, which is piped with the natural color, and buttoned up the front. The hat is stitched to make it take a square form.

Typical of Mary Nowitzky is this costume consisting of a maillot in black wool jersey, with wide pyjama trousers of Rodier's printed cotton, an odd red, printed in green, black and mauve. The sash belt is in spinach green, matching the coarse green straw hat. A long-handled cotton parasol goes with the costume.

THE FRENCH COLLECTIONS REVEAL NOVELTIES



VIONNET

A very new bag is this one in blue pin-seal, like a half circle in design opening under a clasp in the form of a large silver ball. Both size and shape are extremely chic.

An entirely new note is this set of belt, bracelet and necklace that Patou is showing with a chiffon gown, with jointed plaques of gold set with dots of black onyx of varying sizes.

SCHIAPARELLI

LENIEF

PATOU

SUZANNE TALBOT

Schiaparelli suggests a collarette of white caracul lined with black moire, the high line of the back framing the face. It is especially designed to wear with tailleurs, to replace the fox if something lighter is required.

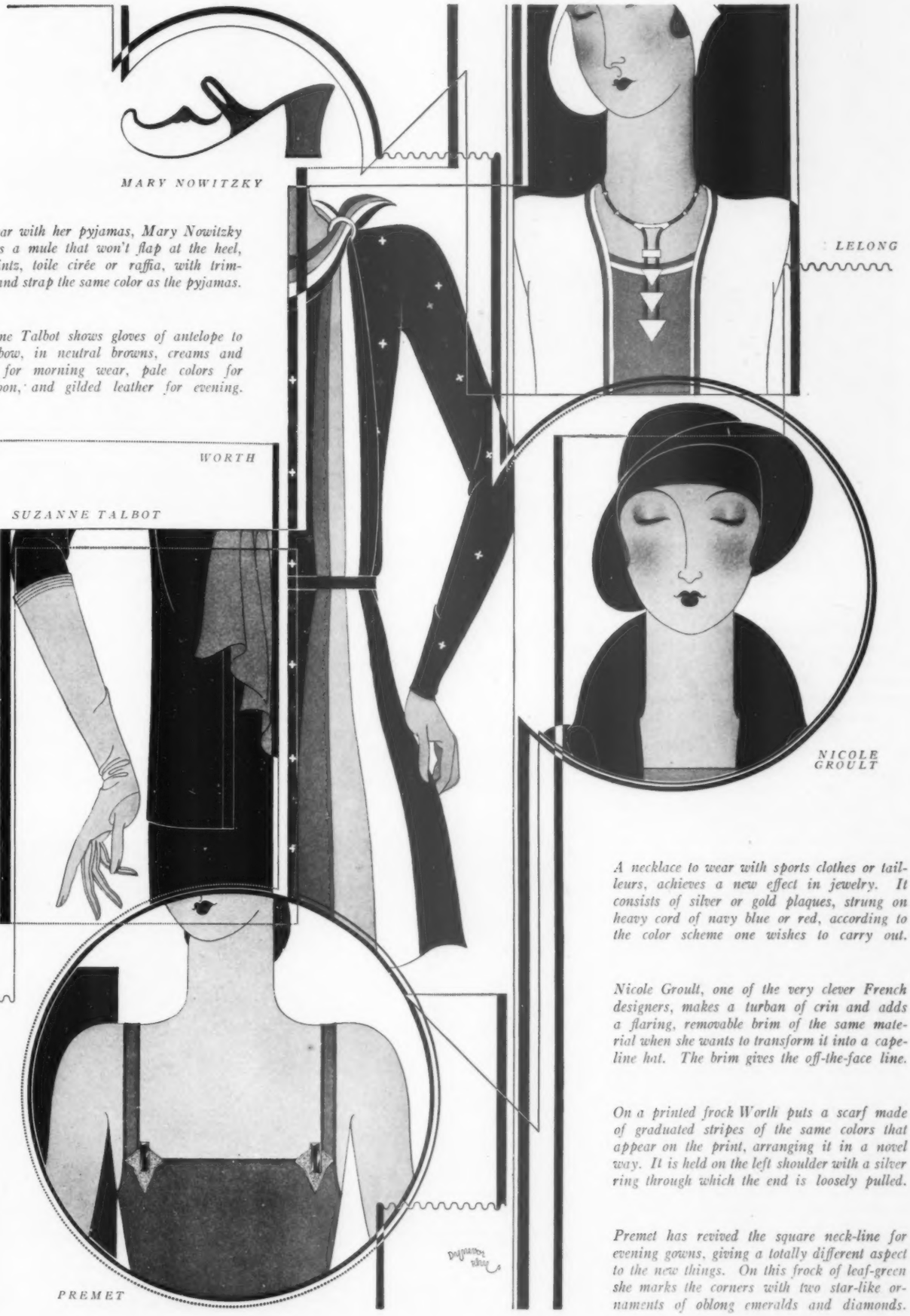
Suzanne Talbot, a creator of much originality, is showing this bonnet-like poke shape in her spring collection. The veil over the face and rows of little curls across the back of the hat are indications of a most feminine mode.

Very new and so practical that every woman will want it, is this device of Baronne Fouquier —a purse-pocket with a metal mounting inside the facing of a coat. In the buttonhole of her tailleurs she places a tuft of feathers.

Lanvin completes many chiffon gowns with necklaces of beads closely studded with colored strass, from which depend wisps of matching tulle, giving movement to the silhouette and lending a new interest to costume jewelry.

LANVIN

VARIOUS TRIFLING DETAILS OF IMPORTANCE



MARY NOWITZKY

To wear with her pyjamas, Mary Nowitzky designs a mule that won't flap at the heel, in chintz, toile cirée or raffia, with trimming and strap the same color as the pyjamas.

Suzanne Talbot shows gloves of antelope to the elbow, in neutral browns, creams and grays for morning wear, pale colors for afternoon, and gilded leather for evening.

LELONG

WORTH

SUZANNE TALBOT

NICOLE GROULT

A necklace to wear with sports clothes or tailleurs, achieves a new effect in jewelry. It consists of silver or gold plaques, strung on heavy cord of navy blue or red, according to the color scheme one wishes to carry out.

Nicole Groult, one of the very clever French designers, makes a turban of crin and adds a flaring, removable brim of the same material when she wants to transform it into a capeline hat. The brim gives the off-the-face line.

On a printed frock Worth puts a scarf made of graduated stripes of the same colors that appear on the print, arranging it in a novel way. It is held on the left shoulder with a silver ring through which the end is loosely pulled.

Premet has revived the square neck-line for evening gowns, giving a totally different aspect to the new things. On this frock of leaf-green she marks the corners with two star-like ornaments of oblong emeralds and diamonds.

PREMET

Sherril Schell

Tin Pan Alley in the old eighteenth-century portion of St. George's, the former capital of Bermuda.

A LAND WHERE IT IS ALWAYS AFTERNOON

A Consideration of Bermuda to Test the Appropriateness of Tennyson's Poetic Phrase

BY HUGH ASHCROFT

THOUGH there is no record that Tennyson ever visited Bermuda, though the terrain of his "The Lotus-Eaters" is as dissimilar to Bermuda as may be, he has immortalized the special appeal of the place in one glittering phrase:

. . . . they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.

Bermuda is the Age of Innocence, on a spring afternoon, with all the rôles filled by moderns.

As the steamer threads its tortuous way—and it is nearly that—through the narrow channel and the pervading hush, from the close adjacent shore comes the kloppity-klop of horses' feet, and the tinkle of bicycle bells. Above the Bermuda silence these ring loud. Old darky drivers, old phaetons, old surreys, old victorias, old deferential manners.

And in Hamilton Harbor a 'plane rehearsing Roy McCardell's famous quatrain:

Then up spake an ancient sailor
Who had sailed the Spanish Main:
"We'll save the child, though the night be wild,
With the hydro-aeroplane."

The Government forbids autos, and violates its own ordinances by having three of them. But the trio is unique. All others walk, drive, ride, or bicycle. The walking is so-so. The driving is good. The bicycling is better.

Bermuda is horse mad and bicycle drunk. Retired British Colonels (the make-up is unmistakable) do a dashing ten miles an hour along Burnaby Street, as emphatic a pair before and as point-device a groom behind as ever Newport or Southampton witnessed in the peaceful 'nineties. Resident dowagers, straight out of Edith Wharton, stare stonily out of resplendent victorias. Even Meadows on the box has a high surface polish.

And the public conveyances. The arms of Bermuda are . . . . I forget what. They should be a semi-dilapidated victoria, with a bicycle strapped behind, supported by two grinning darkies with the motto "Three Shillings a Mile."

Every resident and most visitors have a bicycle. The bicycle rack is as universal as the hitching-block. The Bermuda streets look like a stage-set for a whiskers and bustle melodrama. There is a sign in front of the Public Library warning that no bicycles are to be parked under the stairway. When I last saw the sign three bicycles were leaning against it.

Do you remember when you learned to coast without your hands on the handle-bars? That is a commonplace along Bermuda's coral macadam. Grocery boys wheel along playing harmonicas. Lithe young girls take practice coasts, their air of nonchalance a thought too studied. The more serious generation ride more soberly, everyone from the padre to the policeman.

Bermuda is theatrically colored. The water has the delicious unreal blue of an Urban stage-set. The trees are as green as boiled spinach. The roofs are white and iridescent like a frosted Mazda lamp or a Cooper-Hewitt light.

The roofs rate a paragraph. Built up of thin overlapping slabs of coral, when seen in a landscape they undulate like a wave or the ribbed sea sand. And they are so white they hurt the eye. For which the reason is: There is no

Riding in Bermuda is genuinely a pleasure, as there are no automobiles on the islands except three government-owned trucks.

Bermuda Photograph Service

Bermuda has developed a local type of architecture out of coral limestone with characteristic roofs. Below, house dating from 1680, property of Mrs. George N. Smither. At right a modern bungalow in the Mid-Ocean Club, owned by H. M. Atkinson, of Atlanta, Ga.

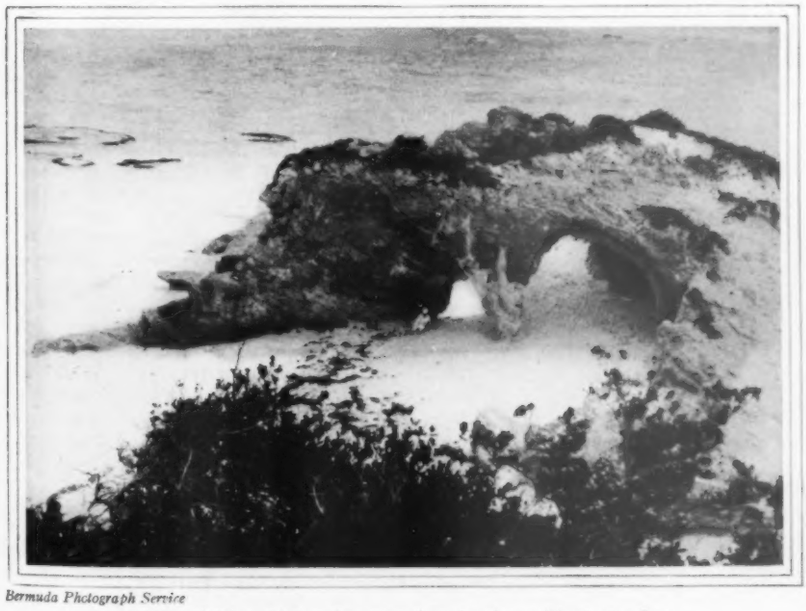
F. L. Hamilton

ground water in Bermuda. All water, potable, kitchen, or bathroom, comes from the clouds and is deflected from roofs into cisterns. The consequent supply is more than ample for Bermuda's needs. The paternal Bermuda Legislature has ordered that all roofs be whitewashed at least twice a year. They are.

Bermuda, generally, is almost ostentatiously clean. Mark Twain in the crude similes of his "Innocents Abroad" expressed the anguish of his tobacco-chewing sea captain who hesitated about expectorating. There was no place dirty enough for him to use. The roads are of a whiteness immaculate as a dinner shirt.

One of Bermuda's undisputed claims to uniqueness is her possession of white policemen. She is the only British colonial possession in American waters not to rely upon native help. The Bermuda bobby is carved out of the same piece of Northumbrian granite as his London cousin, is eight feet tall and four broad, and wears an official expression. But be not alarmed. Under that blue tunic and blue-and-white arm band beats a heart of gold.

If you want to know anything, from the quickest way to get to the Agricultural Experiment Station to where to rent a bicycle, the nearest policeman knows, and tells, and frequently leads you there.



Bermuda Photograph Service

Bermuda's south shore has marvelous beaches, with spectacular rock formations, soft sand, and warm water for bathing.

All of which—horses, bicycles, quietness and politeness may be Victorian, but they are not bad, really. They even have charm.

The tourist "sights" have a distinct antimacassar touch. Consider the pools which are open-air aquaria of native fish. If the late Mr. Wilde was correct, and simple pleasures are the last refuge of the complex, what could be simpler than dangling a bit of meat from a string into the water to watch a maniacal fish come up after it with jaws open back to its tail? One can obtain all the thrill that Mr. Beebe goes to great trouble and great depths to experience. The official fish-namer of The Bermudas has done a rather good job. There is the sergeant major, with a body marked in blue and yellow chevrons, the angel fish whose scale pattern is distinctly contemporary in Matisse pink and Picasso yellow, and the spotted green moray, eight feet of strength and viciousness. One is expected to see the fish in Bermuda.

Consider, next, the Bermuda caves. All caves are much alike. In Kentucky, Italy or New Zealand they look like the interiors of gigantic pipe organs which a tiring creator had first stepped on and then turned into alabaster. They have all the necessary apparatus for comfort in the Bermuda caves including searchlights to help accentuate an alleged profile likeness to George Washington or to shine through a strip of what looks like ten feet of bacon. They are damp and drippy, and robustiously sepulchral and lugubrious, in the best what-not manner.

Finally there is a nice lighthouse which may be climbed, if one feels like one hundred and five feet and nine inches. I am told there is a good view from the top.

The climate is reminiscent, too. The kind one had year before last, decade before last. Jam yesterday, and jam to-morrow; but never jam to-day, is the weather rule. Bermuda weather is the jam of yesterday—a spring afternoon gilded by the memory. Not so hot one feels sleepy, not cold enough to demand woolens. The sort of weather that makes a background for doing Victorian things. Bermuda is not tropical. She is only sub-sub-tropical. Her sun is not the brutal sun over the Equator, where it falls upon the (*Concluded on page 184*)

A Story by May Edginton:

"Then suddenly he sat quiet and his heart stood still, and the sun had set over his garden. Behind him he heard his wife's voice."

FATHER

Does Being a Family Man Mean never Dancing to the Music of Life When it Pipes?

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

HE STOOD upon the wide shallow steps that led to his front door, sunning himself in the charming light of a red, rather frosty autumn day. The ends of his trouser legs, beneath his excellently built tweed overcoat, showed perfectly creased; his brown shoes were a credit to the boot boy; his felt hat was very slightly to one side. He had loose rough gloves, for he meant to drive himself, in preference to talking the kind of talk that would be talked on the way to Folkestone and the Splendid Hotel. His cigar was still in his mouth, but ready to be tossed away when the ladies appeared.

The ladies.

He had offered to take his wife away for a bracing week-end, on his return from Vienna and Paris and other places where business—and perhaps pleasure too, but he kept his own counsel courteously over that—had led him during the last three weeks. He would take his wife away, and, of course, the girls.

It had been his wife who had suggested that the curate's sister would like to come too; so she was there, also, in the house behind him, furthering, in some confused way, her preparations for departure; helping his wife, perhaps. She had arrived with a canvas suitcase half an hour ago, and he had greeted her with *bonhomie*, and yet with the private terror with which certain incorrigibly spotless types of womanhood inspired him.

Like all other citizens of his age—in the early fifties—and manner of life and state of prosperity, he desired that such women should exist in large numbers; in fact, that they should preponderate over frailer and more exciting types; it was a mere platitude that it was for the good of the world that they should do so. But equally, with other men of his age, sophistication, discretion, knowledge, wealth and resources, he could never enjoy himself in their company.

A good cigar. The ladies might possibly linger over those early teacups for a minute or so yet. There was plenty of time. The plan was to be at the Splendid Hotel in comfortable time for dinner.

He would give them champagne, he mused.

The big closed car rolled silently to the steps, to his very feet. Atkinson, the chauffeur, a perfect fellow who knew him in other incarnations and said nothing, had arranged the luggage. All waited for the ladies.

The garden, sloping in terraces to the two hard red tennis courts, looked well. The dahlias were surprising. A last blooming of roses was wonderful and sad like the end of an episode of summer.

But summer came again . . .

It was a beautiful garden; the best in South Winslow, a suburb of beautiful gardens, and rich citizens. He could see the great masses of his Michaelmas daisies; and in his many glasshouses the chrysanthemums were already forcing into flower. And beyond the garden undulated a wide expanse of the gentle hill-and-dale of Surrey countryside. Yes; a delightful home; a home that no one, man or woman, would relinquish without a pang; without a sigh.

His wife was very proud of their home. She never said so; but, of course, he knew it.

He found that he knew to a sad, surprising,

amusing extent the shrewd valuations of women for externals.

Rosamund . . . Did he really think she loved his bald head; his wise pink face; his portly figure? The whole elderly-gentlemanliness of him? No. He knew better. He could have wished that she had loved him for himself alone. But he knew better.

He was satisfied that she had pretended nicely.

It had been pleasurable, buying her that superbly extravagant *tailleur* in Vienna; it had looked marvelous on her lithe figure. They said that Viennese tailors, for women, were the best in the world, and begor, they were!

The butler passed him, carrying one or two ladies' umbrellas.

"Father!"

His wife's voice had a pleasant, bustling quality. She managed him beautifully, her demeanor indicated to her daughters and Miss Light, as they followed her down the steps.

The cigar went.

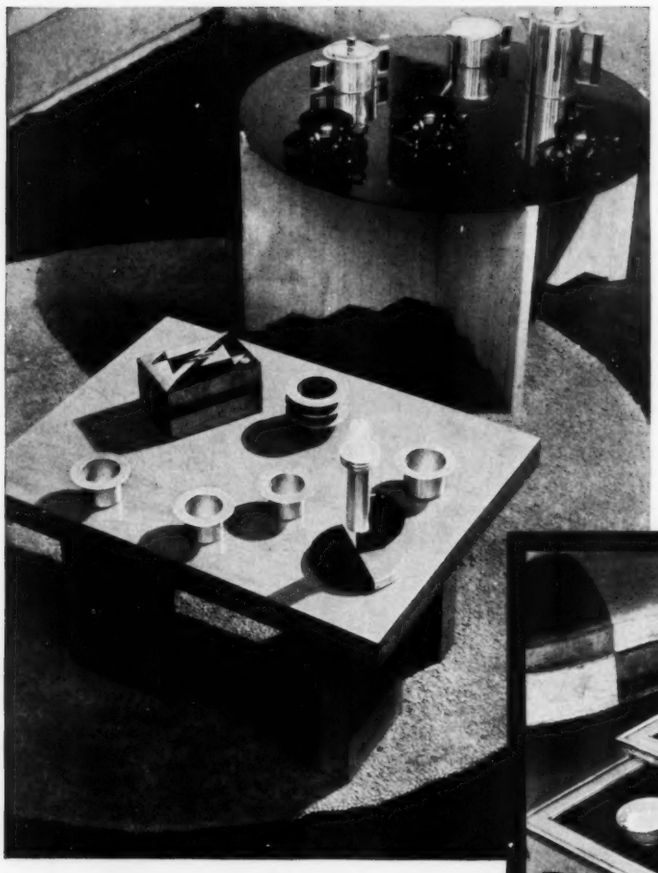
He smiled; courteous, engaging, fat, pink gentleman.

They were all in, packed there carefully by himself and Mann, the butler, who, unlike Atkinson, knew nothing of his other incarnations, his occupation being of a more static nature. Rugs were spread upon and about them; they were dissatisfied with the arrangements; and then satisfied; they had forgotten several essentials, and Mann went in to fetch them; one of the girls went in to fetch them; Miss Light opined that it would be very nice for him to have a quiet week-end after all his Continental business travels. He had a vague impression of their clothes as being all the same. Of course they were not all the same, but they might as well have been; his wife's, the girls', and Miss Light's. And yet, the thought passed through his mind as it had passed before, he seemed to have heard recently something that he had heard on other similar occasions, that the girls must have new things for this week-end in an hotel. Well, where were the new things? Were those the ones, just like the old things as far as he could see? "Oh, well," his mind said placidly, "what matter?" The bill would come in, in course of time, over and above their allowances, no doubt, and he would pay it gladly. He didn't mind. He liked giving ladies pleasure. He hoped his ladies were pleased. One couldn't tell from their faces, bearing or clothes, as one could from the Rosamunds of life.

No matter—get going. This was just one of those week-ends that one had to get over. There was a day, after all, called Monday.

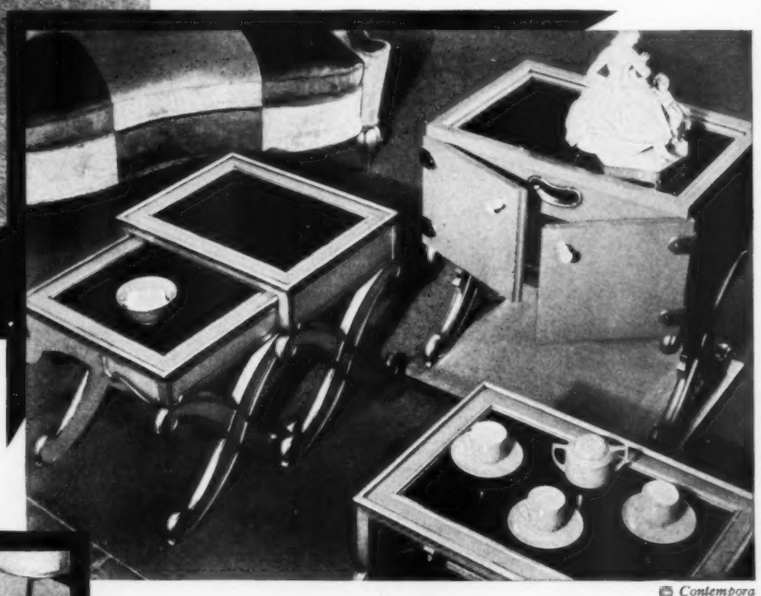
"I'll drive, Atkinson." (*Continued on page 157*)

"His wife turned and looked at him. She had a letter, a portrait, in her hand. 'Father, who is this girl?' "



Unforced simplicity and strength were the aims of Ilonka Karasz in this coffee table and smoker's table of South American mahogany, left the natural light brown. The round coffee table has a mirror top of amber glass, the other has edges striped in blue and red. The Karasz silverware is combined with bakelite, the cups are blue glass, the nested ash receivers of copper and nickel. Both tables are close to the floor, sturdy and practical.

Lucian Bernhard has developed compression into a fine art. To him it is the controlling factor in problems of interior design for the city apartment which is rented by the cubic foot. Below is his newest tea-table ensemble. Three separate tables nest into one cabinet, which also contains ample drawer space for a porcelain breakfast or tea service. The wood is painted black and light blue, with silvered edges. The whole is light enough to be easily moved.



Below, at left, a smoking table in American walnut by Wolfgang Hoffman with a lamp in silvered wood by Pola Hoffman. At right, a high, two-tier black wood table with a polished nickel lamp and Viennese ornaments imported by Rena Rosenthal.

© Contempora

TABLES IN THE NEW MANNER

Standard industrial materials, especially the metals, are turned by Donald Deskey into tables, lamps, and smoker's stands. The ends of the table are segments of rustless monel metal piping, the lining and shelving are sheet copper, the top is bakelite. The lamp is brass tubing fitted into a larger tube of monel metal. The small smoker's stand for glasses and cigarettes is a half section of monel metal piping. Deskey designed the rug. Glasses from Benello.

Lescaze also believes in the frank use of standard metals and in stern uncompromising ruggedness of outline. In the group below is one of two end tables designed for Maison Bertie, through whose courtesy it is shown. It is made of figured gumwood, and is appropriate for use beside any sizable couch or divan. The cigarette holder and ash receiver are of polished sheet brass, and the rather exciting floor lamp is of polished nickel with steel arch feet.

At the right, a French side table in white sycamore and mahogany, imported by Frances T. Miller. Macassar ebony forms the top of the other table, the shelves are laurel, and the door French walnut. The coffee set is thin white Nymphenburg china. From Schoen.

On this and on page 186 are shown the table ensembles of thirteen leading creators and assemblers of the contemporary mode in interior decoration. Each was invited to submit his or her most characteristic piece, with appropriate decorative or utilitarian objects. The photographs constitute a fairly accurate cross section of the accomplished result of modernism in occasional tables, from the use of "standard industrial materials" to the modifications of accepted forms in new profiles and proportions. The modern rugs in several photographs are from Frances T. Miller, and are manufactured by Pearson.

Photographed by Ralph Steiner in the Harper's Bazar Galleries

A Story by Charles Hanson Towne:

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

In which a Lionized English Lecturer learns a New Lesson in American Etiquette

Illustrated by R. M. Crosby

MRS. CARSTERS looked again at the big yellow chrysanthemums banked before the fireplace. She clasped her hands in a sort of ecstasy.

"Just right, Winterbottom," she said to the butler. "That will do nicely."

"Thank you, madam," answered the imperturbable Winterbottom. "Meadows an' I did our best, madam." And he went away.

Mrs. Carsters turned to her daughter.

"It's too lovely!" she exclaimed. "He can stand there; and he will look so distinguished with that background. I'm sure his blond hair will melt into the yellow flowers beautifully, and his lecture will be all the more wonderful."

"Why, mother, how you do go on!" the perfectly normal and healthy Muriel couldn't help saying.

"It isn't every day we corral such a real celebrity," her mother continued, touching a chrysanthemum with the reverence of an altar-boy lighting a taper. "To think that Harcourt Anstruthers is really to be under our roof! It's too glorious!"

Muriel had heard her mother rave many a time, but never quite like this. After all, who couldn't be induced to come to this Long Island magnificence and speak for a half-hour or so, among an adoring crowd of females—mostly—when he was certain that a crisp check would be placed delicately in his hands afterwards, and a smart motor would whirl him to the station the next morning?

"It's not so hard to get him, mother dear," Muriel tried to tell her excited parent. "He's doing it only for the money, and—"

"My dear child, you are entirely wrong. He is coming at my personal request. I heard him speak before the Woman's Forum last Monday, and he was so marvelous that I went up and shook hands with him afterward, and—told him about you. Never say again that your mother isn't clever!" And again her jeweled fingers lost themselves in the riot of chrysanthemums.

"Mother! Have you quite lost your reason?" Muriel cried. Her face was crimson. "You can't be serious."

"I am perfectly serious, my child."

"Please don't call me 'my child.' I'm twenty-two, you know."

"Muriel, you are forgetting yourself in this foolish exhibition of anger. I want you to look your best this afternoon."

"Mother!" She could not trust herself to say more, and left the room, her very back expressing the rage she felt.

"Strange," ruminated Mrs. Carsters, as her daughter disappeared upon the marble terrace and looked down at the sunken gardens, where a snow-white swan preened its feathers on the pool. "The young to-day are so unmindful of their opportunities. They are as exasperating as the freight train that gets in the way when one is looking at beautiful scenery." And she gave a last fond touch to the lavish chrysanthemums, decided everything was as artistic as it could be made, and went up to her room, to rest.

Of course Mrs. Carsters did not know it; but Muriel had a note from Jack Tolliver concealed in her bosom all the time she had been with her in the drawing-room. And even the name of the brilliant and handsome English essayist fell flat upon her ears, with Jack's words burning at her heart. She always kept this particular letter of his—it had been written a month ago—because it seemed to her the very nicest letter any girl in the world had ever received from any man. But—and this also her mother did not guess—she and Jack had had a little falling out since that note was written, and with less and less frequency he had driven over in his big yellow racing-car, and the telephone had not jangled as it used to. However, Muriel was not worrying. She knew he still cared for her; and she knew how to manage young men who chafed at the bit; and she

"'What a heavenly life you must have here,' said Anstruthers. 'It's almost better than Surrey.'"

"'Now, sit up and take my medicine, not the lady doctor's,' she said. 'I'm not in the least alarmed at your condition.'"

was too proud to send the kind of message to Jack that would have fetched him to the Carsters' postern-gate.

Like all young lovers' misunderstandings, it was the most foolish conceivable; but for either one to admit a wrong would be equally foolish. And so they had remained coolly apart, though warmly yearning for each other, aching to patch matters up and loiter down those primrose paths which only happy youth seems able clairvoyantly to discover. And there were, literally, many primrose paths on the Carsters' vast estate. Hedges were everywhere; and all through an opulent summer Jack and Muriel had found, beyond the marble statues that infested the garden, little by-paths made for lovers, fragrant lanes that dripped with roses and made a heaven of earth in the clean moonlight.

Now, as Muriel leaned over the terrace and watched the placid swan on the equally placid pool, and envied it its peace, she thought of those halcyon evenings. Jack wasn't particularly clever; but he was manly and high-minded, a corking polo-player, and normally interested in his father's banking business in the Street. He couldn't talk art and literature—Muriel loved books; but he could make love delightfully, and he was good to look at, with blond hair that curled tightly and vigorously on a head set just right on a pair of broad American shoulders. And when he looked at her out of those blue eyes — well, she felt the healthy charm of him, just as he gloried in her quiet, appealing personality, and liked to see the sunlight drench her brown hair with gold, and a rebellious lock toss in the breeze when, hatless, she would jump into the machine with him and watch the polo at Meadowbrook.

He was probably over there now, astride his favorite pony, forgetting her—everything—in the excitement of the best game ever invented. What an easy time men had of it! How many outlets they had for their emotions, and no wonder they thought of love as a thing apart, leaving poor forlorn women to measure it as their whole existence.

HIS train was nine minutes late; and though Harcourt Anstruthers pretended never to think about time, he fussed and fumed, for he was hungry, and something told him that the Carsters would serve a luncheon fit for Lucullus. What fools these rich Americans were, to make so much over second-rate British poets and essayists! One could get anything for a brief lecture—anything, literally, that one asked; and if one were questioned on the necessary detail of money and "rates," one could so conveniently, despite one's secret personal interest, refer the matter to one's agent.

He had made Mrs. Carsters feel that she had captured him very cheaply; then, later, he had forced Deemer, his agent, to write that of course traveling expenses would be extra, and there must be a car to meet the essayist at the station. Everything must be done for his creature comfort; and, naturally, he would expect to stay the night, perhaps longer, for he would be somewhat exhausted after his talk.

Harcourt Anstruthers, rather well-known for his series of essays called "The Stars in Their Courses," (first and second series in limp leather; only fifty-two copies in pigskin, numbered, and autographed by the author) was exceedingly good-looking, and was by no means unconscious of the fact. His deep-set gray eyes gave him the look of a seer (which he was not), and his romantic nose and chin were exquisitely moulded. Only the mouth betrayed him, that single feature which we ourselves make. His hair was of a curiously yellowish tone, quite abundant and tossed carelessly back from a high forehead that was as white as marble and caused the world to think he was of the intellectuals. As a matter of fact, he had a strangely commonplace mind; and though he loved music, he did not understand it. Emotionally, he responded to Wagner and Liszt and Debussy, and he often left his sheltered Surrey home, where he lived in quiet seclusion alone, to visit the Continent and hear the best symphony orchestras. But for the great part of the year, his green hedges and hawthorn lanes held him in England. The enchantment of "that dear, that blessed isle" never failed him; and it was a wrench to have to leave it in mid-summer to undertake a lecture tour in the States. The acclaim he received quite took his breath away. It must be said to his credit that he had had no idea of his popularity.

The interviewers liked him and were responsible in large measure for his popularity here. He had a way of smiling which won him friends; and he could talk easily and naturally when he wished. He had a point of view that seemed normal, and his appearance was wholesome. He looked romantic, yet robust; and there is nothing Americans like more than sanity in their celebrities.

After a brief preliminary tour through New England, Anstruthers came back to New York. Boston had fallen hard (*Continued on page 174*)

TRAVEL, YE TOURISTS, WHILE YE MAY

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

THESE pages are planned to show the type of clothes necessary for a small wardrobe for a European trip. Given the types, one may adapt each garment to one's particular taste. All have been chosen with an eye to packing and pressing, those inevitable p's of traveling.

Your lingerie, also, which there has been no space to draw, should be chosen with these ends in view and with a reminder that it must wash well, for laundries wage war on beautiful undies when one rushes from country to country. Milanese silk is excellent for travel lingerie for this reason, tailored, and with a minimum of trimming. Personally, I always wear crêpe de Chine nightgowns en route; they seem to stand so much wear and they do not crush as much as some materials do.

Then the negligée: The chartreuse one of chiffon has been chosen because it packs into nothing, because you may receive, in it, the

Exquisite in color is this pyjama ensemble from Vera Sanville. The trousers and sleeveless blouse are a pale Nile green and the coat a green and gray print.

Saks-Fifth Avenue makes a smart bathing ensemble with shorts and jacket of navy blue jersey. The top and jacket lining are lace jersey in navy, beige and white.

A gray lizard shoe from Delman has gray kid trimming and heel. A good passport bag is made in beige calf by Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A pale blue silk ensemble from Bergdorf Goodman has a scarf and blouse design in navy and oyster.

bell boy, the waiter and all those chance males of that ilk with whom you deal in hotels. A satin one, perhaps black, or wine red, is better for boat wear, because unless you have a private bath on shipboard, a long draughty hall has usually to be negotiated before you get to that refreshing salt water tub in the ladies' room.

When you are worn out in the evening, and dine in your hotel room, a silk pyjama, such as the Nile green one shown, refreshes you by its beauty and the sense of ease it brings you.

The Chanel suit from Helen Morrison is practical for daily wear because it is neither too heavy nor too light, the color being almost dust and dirt defying. If you come to a warmer climate and don't want your arms to be covered by woolen material, the Chantal suit from Chez Ninon, shown at the right on this page, will let the cooling breezes blow in gratefully, but you will still maintain the trig, tailored appearance every well-dressed woman craves when clamboring endlessly in and out of trains.

If you make a dash to a fashionable beach the sports dress from Bergdorf Goodman will look well under all summer conditions. The thin wool is uncrushable and you will not appear as though you had just been unpacked, bodily.

The tweed coat by Chanel will serve as an excellent extra wrap to wear over any of these suits, or you may slip it over the dark red silk frock from Bendel and be suitably dressed for almost any purpose. The red dress is also good for tea at smart restaurants, those delectable moments of every European trip.

If you are going to Italy and it proves to be a warm summer, a printed silk frock of small, bright design on a black background will stand you in good stead for daily wear.

Silk suits are excellent compromises between elegance and utility. The blue one from Bergdorf Goodman would be admirable in black satin, made of the dull and shiny sides combined. You could vary it with a soft lingerie blouse if you wanted to be very smart.

Chanel makes a good travel suit in soft gray kasha with a white satin blouse. From Helen Morrison.

A useful addition to any travel wardrobe is this Chantal suit from Chez Ninon, made in covert cloth with sleeveless cape coat, and white satin tuck-in blouse.

From Bergdorf Goodman comes a sports ensemble with jacket and circular skirt of cream-colored thin wool jersey. The cream silk blouse has green and red stripes.

A real comfort on the steamer is the plaid wool Snuggle Rug with zipper fastening. From B. Altman.

For evening I have chosen a material that travels and presses well—satin. It may be had in any shade you prefer and folds well in your trunk. The lamé coat is excellent because evenings may be chilly in Paris or Berlin and the little sable neckpiece will snuggle up warmly to protect you at the slightest coaxing. Lamé travels well, and is better than crushable velvet because of this.

Now for swimming! I have chosen jersey because it is by far the most useful, whether you wade into the ocean at Deauville or dive into the turquoise Mediterranean at Antibes. Have a matching jersey beach coat or cape, if you will. The linen espadrilles are charming and if these wear out you may buy them in quantities in France, for a song.

If you are a tennis woman, you might take some sleeveless frocks of silk piqué in yellow or off-white, and a sweater or two. Dark, rich brown, or navy blue go with everything and always look well.

Endless variations of these suggestions will, of course, occur to you.

The new rug, if you care to travel with your own, is draught defying and not bulky.

Jute, for sandals, is new and the surface is excellent for resisting sand, if you like to walk on beaches but prefer not to wear an out-and-out sports model.

A smart tweed coat is one of the most essential parts of a good travel wardrobe. An excellent one is made by Vionnet in a rough brown and tan zigzag tweed. It is beautifully tailored with a diagonal yoke, both front and back, and has a high standing collar. From Bonwit Teller.

From Saks-Fifth Avenue comes a good walking pump in brown antelope, with silk kid toe and quarter and the new built up all-leather heel.

A charming evening ensemble is made by Hawes-Harden in cactus green and gold. The green satin gown has a diagonal neck-line, fits closely around the hips, and the skirt hangs longer at one side. The wrap is green and gold lamé with a sable fur piece drawn through the collar.

Hats I leave to you. Discretion is advisable, and felt and the softer, easily packed exotic straws so prominent this summer will wear the best.

A gob hat of basque linen will command admiration on foreign beaches—they were beginning to be the rage last summer. A wider hat of black baku is useful to have with you. It goes with almost everything and if you are in hot countries the back of your neck will be protected by its adequate brim. The sun sou'wester shape is blessed for this reason. One's eyes grow very tired gazing at blazing façades of buildings and looking into endless shop windows or at distant mountains, and many a time you will be glad of a hat's brim to soften the glare.

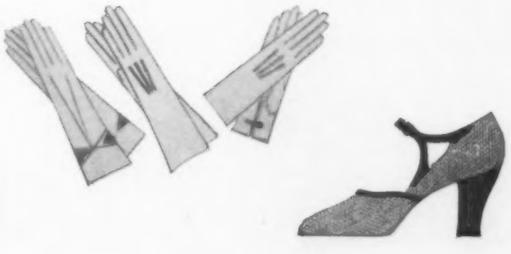
A little turban of metal cloth or something light and suitable for evening is also a good thing to have, for one has little time for hair-dressing, and its chic, close contour will take care of that hair you had no time to have waved en route.

You should look with care to your shoes. The most beautiful cathedral or da Vinci will not make you forget aching feet. Lizard is excellent, as its surface sheds the dust, requires little cleaning and keeps in shape. Brown antelope is grateful to the foot and a little dusting off with a metal wire brush will keep it in order.

Take plenty of stockings with you; there is no time for the annoyance of mending and they are hard to replace.

Vionnet makes a stunning two-piece afternoon frock in a deep red faille. It has the regular Vionnet shoulder-line with a long tie attached to the collar which crosses in the back and ties in front in a soft bow. There is fine fagoting on both the blouse and skirt. Henri Bendel.

Chartreuse, gray and gold are used to make an exquisite chiffon negligée which has gracefully flowing sleeves and a long train, hung from the shoulders and caught at the waist. The material is used on the diagonal, making an interesting wide V-shaped design. From Hawes-Harden.



Exclusive with Saks-Fifth Avenue are these three different types of Alexandrine gloves. Shoecraft makes a jute sandal with beige kid trim.

THIN BLACK ...IS... ALWAYS DISTINGUISHED

Divinely youthful, with its high waist-line and huge taffeta bow, is this evening frock from Bergdorf Goodman. Deep flounces of black lace combine with diaphanous black chiffon in the bouffant skirt, which dips in graceful points.

A very wearable evening ensemble from Lord and Taylor. Of black crêpe Elizabeth, the coat is faced with beige crêpe; the frock's shoulder straps tie and are adjustable. A jeweled ornament is pinned at the point of the flesh vestee.

A gaily flowered chiffon makes this negligée from Jay Thorpe. The dolman sleeves are tight from elbow to wrist. The short flesh crêpe slip is scalloped and allows the train to fall in soft transparent lines.

Ciel blue crêpe is used for this pyjama ensemble from Goupy, imported by Jay Thorpe. One coat is short and sleeveless, the other to the knees. All three pieces are quilted in an elaborate design of tiny circles.

A charming example of the more formal hostess gown, suitable for dining at home, is one from Herman Patrick Tappé. Made on a foundation of egg-shell satin, there is an overdress and jacket of silver-run Alençon lace, with bandings of mink on the coatee.

THREE VERSIONS OF THE ROBE D'INTÉRIEUR

A hat of royal blue baku from Nat Clarke. Nasturtium petals of velvet hide under the brim, in rich navy blue. Grosgrain ribbon of two contrasting shades of blue forms the band and ties in a large bow.

BRIMS ARE LARGE OR THEY DISAPPEAR ALTOGETHER

Reboux has made a hat in black balibuntl. It is brimless in front with the cutaway parts turned back over the ears in deep points. Small white gardenias with their green leaves band the points. From Best.

From Madame Rollee comes a hat of exotic straw. Corn-colored belting bands it in a charming line. Flanges of the straw frame the face in winglike curves, and the hat is worn high on the forehead. Made by Suzy.

Charles James knows how lovely an exotic straw may look against the sun when it frames a youthful face. In creamy white, he leaves it in its simplicity and places a tuft of ribbon just where it should be.

STRAW IS EXOTIC AND GRATEFULLY SOFT TO THE HEAD

If you like to look out from under a hat brim, wear this Bergdorf Goodman importation from Patou. It is of very fine black baku in dull finish, and has a band of white kid pulled through slashes in the crown.

Black cellophane forms this hat by Madame Georgette, imported by Bergdorf Goodman. Black felt turns back from the face, dips low over the ears, and is laid in beautifully worked folds across the front.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IS SUPREME

Here is a particularly charming example of the dressmaker suit from Stein and Blaine, designed for those to whom the soft feminine treatment is more becoming. The bordered material is blue and white pin-check with the darker blue band used to edge both coat and skirt. The belt is placed to suggest the higher waist-line. The white crêpe blouse is sleeveless, with soft scarf collar and faggotted shoulders.

The suit of light-weight woolen has a definite place in fashion to-day. The soft line and supple effect of this material flatters some women more than the mannish fabrics. This smart suit of brown ondemoussa is on the sports type. The unlined coat has a stitched standing collar and edges. The skirt is box-plaited across the front, with a yoke. The tuck-in blouse of yellow crêpe de Chine buttons down the front. B. Altman.

A suit from Henri Bendel which effects a clever compromise between the conventional tailleur and the more feminine type. It is made of heavy gray covert cloth with regulation collar and revers. Stitched bands are used to trim both skirt and jacket, and vertical pin-tucks above the hip-line furnish a modicum of fulness and soften the lines. The lapel flower, in matching tone, is a distinct gesture toward femininity.

IN A TAILORED SUIT AND BLOUSE

The sleeveless blouse at the left, from Best, a copy of Chanel, has such good details as a collarless neck, twin pockets, deep hip band and glass buttons which effect a center closing. It may be had in different colors. The hat shown on the figure is a Florence Walton model from Best, of black and white cellophane straw, very long on one side, with loops of black grosgrain ribbon pulled through little slashes. The blouse in the center is from Best, a copy of one of O'Rossen's, made of white handkerchief linen with finely hand-tucked chemisette and black monogram on the mannish tab. At the top, a blouse from Franklin Simon, a copy from Paquin. Of peach-colored crêpe, it has two revers on either side, shaped like butterfly wings and held at the top by a double pearl pin which simulates the eyes of the insect. Milgrim makes this suit of mountain green cheviot, an excellent example of the severe tailleur, very mannish of line. The Tuxedo type coat closes with two buttons. The blouse at the left is from Altman, of gray faille crêpe with fringed plaitings. The diamond shaped scarf from Marie Alphonsine is of yellow and white crêpe with a slash through which to pull its corner. Bergdorf Goodman.

YOUR SUIT MAY NOW BE MANNISH

From Paris comes this O'Rossen interpretation of the spring tailleur. Of man's suiting in the smart shade of steel gray, the stripe is used in a contrary direction, to achieve ornamentation in bands around the pockets and in a narrow belt which does not quite span the back of the coat. A tailored blouse of satin-striped white crêpe has little tabs which button across the front. Eldridge Manning.

The blouse at the left, a Paquin copy, is from Bonwit Teller. Of mauve crêpe, with interesting groups of shirring placed at the waist-line, the neck and on the sleeves. The tailored blouse of China blue in the center, from Abercrombie and Fitch, is a useful type for the sportswoman. The narrow stitched collar may be worn standing or turned down. Lord and Taylor imports the smart tweed bag with two handles.

The right-hand blouse of beige crêpe roma is a Patou model, ornamented with fine hand-tucking and a soft jabot which falls on either side of the vestee. Below is a shaped scarf from Jane Régny which ties very much like a man's ascot tie. It comes in various three-color combinations. The round bag is of pigskin, lined with red morocco and closes with a zipper. Blouse, scarf and bag are from Lord and Taylor.

OR SOFTLY FEMININE IN DESIGN

Here is an entirely new note in the tailleur, introducing the use of the delightful lightweight woolens featuring unlined coats. Black wool in a diagonal weave makes this copy of an O'Rossen suit. The smart cardigan jacket closes with four buttons and is trimmed with a shawl collar and cuffs of white piqué. The trimly tailored blouse of white linen with V neck and linen belt is also O'Rossen's. Bonwit Teller.

For the woman who prefers the strictly tailored type of suit, there is this extremely chic one from Dobbs, fashioned of heavy mannish material in an indistinct brownish stripe. Conventional in every detail with finger-length coat and straight-line skirt, it features the jacket slightly nipped in at the waist which is both slenderizing and youthful in its effect. The tailored blouse of crêpe or linen complements the suit.

Bonwit Teller imports this suit of heavy mannish weave in a grayish neutral plaid with a red hair-line, a model from Beer. The double-breasted coat closes with two buttons. The bands which finish the top of the pockets extend almost across the back of the coat. The neck-line is edged with a white grosgrain ribbon. The sleeveless blouse will undoubtedly share honors with the long sleeved type.

A Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:

"The man spoke excitedly in Spanish. He had news—great news."

HIGH WALLS

Continuing the Adventure of a Girl who Suddenly Found Her Smug Little World Swept Away

Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead

A Résumé of the Story:

MRS. CASS-EVANS and her daughter, Greta, a combination nurse and companion, who never had an opportunity to go about with people her own age, decided to take a West Indies cruise.

In the hope of furthering the suit of Charles Winbridge, a smug young man of the world, whom Mrs. Cass-Evans favored for Greta's hand, she invited him and May Tenby, Greta's cousin, to accompany them. Greta, in desperation, prevailed upon Alexander Todd, a bachelor friend of fifty-four, to come along. At Panama City, Greta was saved from a precarious situation with some natives by a mysterious dark man. The next afternoon, as they were lazily stretched out in deck chairs, their acquaintance of the night before suddenly bowed before them. He presented himself to Mrs. Cass-Evans as Ramon O'Reilly, American Vice-Consul of Natividad, the next port of call. For fifteen years, he said, he had lived there, trying to better the unhappy condition of the natives and keep them from actual starvation.

Greta was strangely stirred by the stranger and from then on manifested a new independence. She was rarely with her party, but spent long hours up on the afterdeck amid the lifeboats in earnest conversation with Ramon O'Reilly.

They went ashore at Natividad for a motor trip and on the way back to the town the accident happened which hopelessly crippled the car and left them stranded.

They had been at Natividad six hot, monotonous days, when Ramon O'Reilly's invitation to dinner at the consulate arrived. As host they found him a shade graver, more punctilious than ever. His position was a difficult one, for the military party were jealous of his ability and his friendship with the President of the Republic, whom they hoped to overthrow.

The next afternoon Greta started for the post-office. While she was waiting at the hotel entrance for Alexander to join her, the earth began to tremble beneath her feet. Then came the terrible roar of falling things and through a haze she saw houses everywhere folding in upon themselves and collapsing with fantastic deliberation. Something impelled her to look back toward the hotel. It was no longer there. And all the time she was thinking: Mother's there and May and Toddy and Charles. No human being could have survived under that deluge of plaster and iron. Alexander had been near another entrance when the earthquake occurred, and had also escaped. After searching frantically for Greta and the others, he found himself under arrest and held for deportation.

Suddenly a craving for someone to talk to, to comfort her, sent Greta running toward the consulate. In this section of town the shock had been milder. From Ramon she learned that the salvaging party could find no survivals at the hotel; the president had been murdered; Alquila, his mortal enemy, was in control of the city; and he was an outlaw and must escape at once.

Greta changed into the sturdy clothes he had procured and quickly they mounted the horses a peon had waiting outside. They rode all night and the next day, and pitched camp for the night on a little island, the peon remaining on the shore of the mainland with the horses. After supper Greta wandered along the shore and, returning, found a note from Ramon on the lantern saying he was going to the other end of the island and would return in the morning. She extinguished the lantern and in the darkness, in an excess of loneliness, she found herself reaching out her arms toward a blessed vision of him.

FIFTH PART:

HOW long Greta slept she did not know; but she was awakened abruptly by the storm. It was one of those violent tropical deluges. The tent was in blackness. Water was pouring down on her through the thin, rotted canvas. Outside, the rain was falling in a dense, opaque sheet that rattled upon the earth with a noise like beating drums. A low, moaning wind lashed through the thick foliage about the tent. Every moment or so, the lake, the whole valley, lighted up in a blinding violet flash; and then the thunder—terrible, giant thunder—would hurl itself against the wall of the mountains, away across the valley, with a crash that was deafening, staggering. It was incessant; without respite. She felt that her head would split asunder . . .

She sat there in total darkness, huddled in her blankets, and terror seized her. She called again and again for Ramon, but no answer came. She sat there shaking, crying. Strange flights of fancy seized her. She saw eyes in the darkness. And once she heard something moving about in the tent. Perhaps only some poor little animal which had taken refuge there from the storm. But she screamed and screamed . . . How long she sat there, she could not guess. The downpour increased to an obliterating roar. And then, miraculously, it ceased—as if, she thought, God had suddenly come along and turned off a tap.

She grew calmer. Through the flap of the tent she saw a gray patch of light spreading slowly across the sky, brightening to silver, until it looked like the blade of a sword. Huddled in her blanket she waited for the dawn; and prayed for Ramon's safety.

Just as the sun burst over the dark tops of the mountains, he walked into the tent. She rose; clung to him, murmuring incoherently. In the thin, pale sunlight that came seeping timidly into the tent, she saw that he was white and haggard. The expression upon his face terrified her. He looked suddenly old . . . And she saw that he was soaked to the skin. In a hoarse, strange voice he said: "The horses are gone. The peon took them."

"He may have gone somewhere to take refuge from the storm," she suggested. She was still clinging to him; looking up into his eyes. He shook his head slowly, in a dazed fashion.

"The man is a traitor. I have found proofs. Before he left he destroyed the rowboat; sank it to the bottom of the lake."

"How did you find that out?" she asked.

In that same strange faraway voice, he answered: "I swam over there, as soon as the storm lessened. *Dios!* I was worried—when his light disappeared from the edge of the mainland. We had agreed that he should burn it, all night, to reassure me."

He swam over two miles in that cold, black dawn, he told her.

"It is clear," he added, "that the man was an employee of Alquila. He means to keep us prisoners upon the island. Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Not as far as that."

A chill was gradually creeping over him. He was trembling now from head to foot. Greta, in despair, went out into the dawn, and tried to collect the cooking utensils which had been scattered in every direction by the storm. She succeeded at last in lighting a small fire, and made coffee for him. He drank it hurriedly, giving her a silent, *(Continued on page 165)*

"As Greta sat there through the long, lonely hours, she knew clearly and concisely what he had become to her."

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Heim

Black and white ensemble. Coat of black broadcloth, with satin encrustations. Scarf of white caracul with black caracul triangles.

Mirande

Light beige tweed of cheviot weave, with collar and cuffs of black Persian lamb and black leather belt.

Mirande

Jacket and blouse in yellow tussore and skirt in black wool jersey, cut circular.

Heim

Frock of black and white satin, which completes above ensemble. Black leather belt with steel buckle.

Nicole Groult

Princess line frock in light gray-blue wooten material. White linen collar and cuffs with gray and blue piping.

Tollmann

Black faille with collarette of black tulle embroidered in scallops of jet tubes.

Champcommunal

Printed chiffon, black ground with pink roses and green leaves. The train is cut in one with the looped panel

Champcommunal

Cream satin evening gown with skirt of satin petals edged with cream tulle.

Irene Dana

Bright chestnut satin blouse and skirt with jacket of écru lace belted with brown leather.

Blanche Lebouvier

Evening coat in gray chiffon velvet, trimmed with velvet and silver lamé. Gray fox.

Irene Dana

Coat of grège tweed. Two-piece frock of tuslikasha with brown encrustations.

BY *Rebecca Stickney:*

MAKE YOURSELF OVER FOR SPRING

Ten Conscientious Days Will Do It

Illustrations by Ottmar Gaul

NINE EAST SIXTY-FOURTH STREET

PERDITA DARLING:

You'll never know how glad I am to be home again. We landed two weeks ago yesterday and, hardened globe trotter that I am, I was positively bubbling with excitement. After two months of simply lolling through long, lazy days, watching the turquoise Mediterranean sparkle in the hot sunshine, New York with all its racket is immensely stimulating and thrilling. I've stored up enough surplus energy to run any of you hard Westerners ragged, and that's both a threat and a promise. How about coming and trying me out?

But, angel, along with all this stored-up sunshine in my system, came the little demon FAT. Remember how divine the food was on the Cosulich Line when we took this same cruise together five years ago? Well, it's better to-day, if possible, and, including the wine-card, proved my absolute undoing. Why is it that all Italian specialties have so many calories? That is one custom of the country which should be changed. How it changed me! Just fifteen extra pounds and a few odd ounces. 'Dita, stop purring and stretching your claws, sweet cat that you are. You are two weeks too late for such unkind rejoicing. For, my dear, after the first day of trying to struggle into adorable new frocks, which my soul yearned for, just when I was becoming too depressed for words, I happened to run into Frances W., who took one look at me and gasped, "Don't be an utter fool. Before any more of your friends see you in this disgusting condition, do something about it. March over to Marjorie Dork's, 10 East 49th. She'll fix you up for fair. Her slogan is, 'Make your figure fit your clothes'—not 'your clothes fit your figure.'"

Though it was three in the afternoon and I was weary, I couldn't get there quickly enough. Well, 'Dita, this is one long story that I sha'n't cut short, though I'll give you the ending first, lest the suspense be too terrible. I've *lost* ten pounds in *two* weeks, and more important than that mere fact—in exactly the spots I wished to. Listen carefully, my pet, for I noticed at Christmas time that the comfortable state of matrimony is fast rounding you out, and giving you almost a premature matronly appearance. Meow!

Marjorie Dork is a marvelous woman. First of all, she is full of plain horse sense. After she had listened to my confessions, looking me over with a coldly critical eye, she remarked that my case wasn't hopeless and added, "Taking weight off is entirely a question of telling yourself mentally that you want to. It's a gradual, natural process, not one to be done in a day. Simply start cutting down on your accustomed diet. In other words, if you are used to taking four slices of bread with meals, take one or two; if you drink six cups of coffee a day, try two—not that coffee is fattening, but it upsets the metabolism of the system. If you've been over-exercising by sitting about all day the way you have, consciously try not to sit, but stand when there's a choice and you're not really fatigued. Give up cocktails, late suppers before going to bed, and three heavy meals a day—though don't make the mistake of starving for breakfast and luncheon, and then eating a tremendous dinner. Eat moderately at all three meals, as much fruit and vegetables as you want, and then really keep it up. That's what I mean by selling yourself mentally the desire to reduce."

With this sound advice, she sent me in to see the doctor, a graduate of Johns Hopkins, who gave me a thorough medical exam. to determine my general physical condition. It seems that if one has a low blood pressure, for example, one's condition must be built up by diet, and improving the circulation by massage and sunlight treatment; (*Concluded on page 182*)

ASPARAGUS SOUP

Tender young asparagus shoots blended by skilled French soup chefs!

Asparagus! Famed delicacy of the garden! What appetite is not charmed by it? How welcome it is when it comes to you in a soup that captures all of its first, fine freshness.

Every spoonful of Campbell's Asparagus Soup is a smooth, ingratiating invitation to your sense for rare flavor.

This tempting blend of choice asparagus and nourishing creamery butter is garnished with dainty asparagus tips and seasoned to a nicety. A soup for the most carefully chosen menus.

And as aids to the variety you so cherish, make frequent selections from the 20 other Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

MONSIEUR · LUCIEN · LELONG

Internationally famed Paris creator now designs six cases for

THE ELGIN PARISIENNE...$35.00

Red and Blue or Black and Ivory Enamel
New angles on that old subject, timekeeping
The round dial much seen 'round Paris
Red and Blue or Black and Ivory Enamel

Elgin Watches Are American Made
Watches Shown 9/10 Actual Size

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Now Lelong puts into watches that same chic you find in a frock that bears his noted label. The same flair for style, the same air of worldly charm. And the vast, efficient ELGIN factory makes a stylist's dream a reality to gleam upon your wrist.

And such versatile watches, these Lelong models. Harmoniously in the picture, whether the golf course, or the tea table is your background. Then, too . . . it's so simple to have extra ribbons to match the colors of your evening gowns and your Parisienne watch will give a true Parisian flair to your formal hours.

Three are plain, three are inlaid with lustrous hard enamel. And all are brilliantly smart. Ask any jeweler to show you his sparkling tray of ELGIN Parisiennes. And not only Lucien Lelong, but Agnes, Jenny, Premet, and a group of equally prominent leaders of the Paris Grande Couture are represented.

A Parisienne costs but $35 . . . there is no duty on *designs*. Style genius pays no fees at the customs house. All the style of Paris . . . at a truly American price!

PACKARD

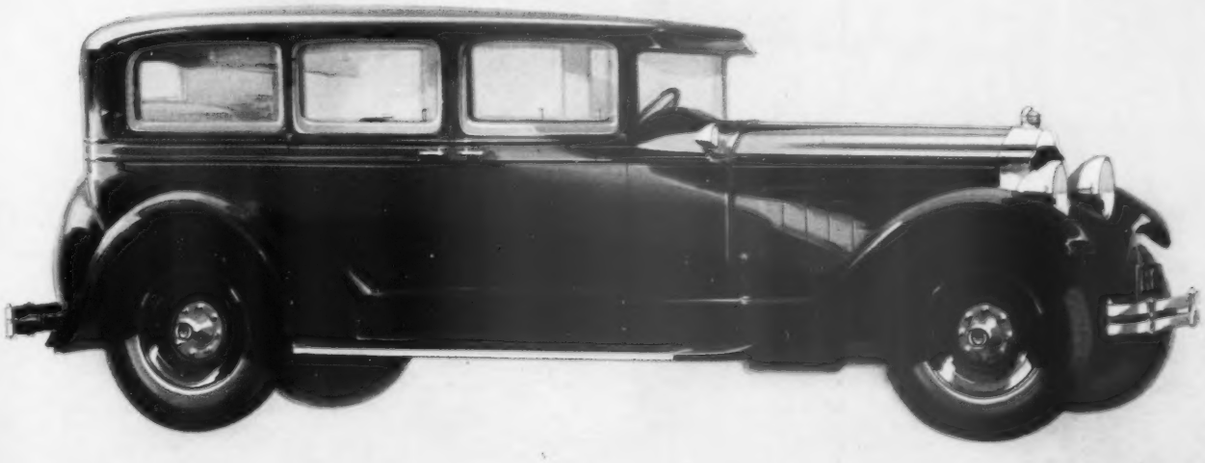
The pure beauty of classic Greek architecture will endure forever. The principles of sound design are changeless

Real beauty is unchanging. Classic forms still delight the eye after twenty-four centuries. A thing of true beauty, grace and charm need pander to no passing fad or changing mode.

The Packard has long been distinctive—and distinguished. Its beauty has been acclaimed by the motoring world at large—flattered by imitation. Through ever-varying trends in motor car styles Packard design has persisted unaffected in basic essentials, supreme in its original conception—refined only as time goes on.

To owners, the stability of Packard lines means more than a satisfaction of the artistic sense. It signifies, too, that no frequent and radical changes in appearance will depreciate their investments—that their cars will be Packards in looks as well as in name, through long years of luxurious service.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



compacte le Début

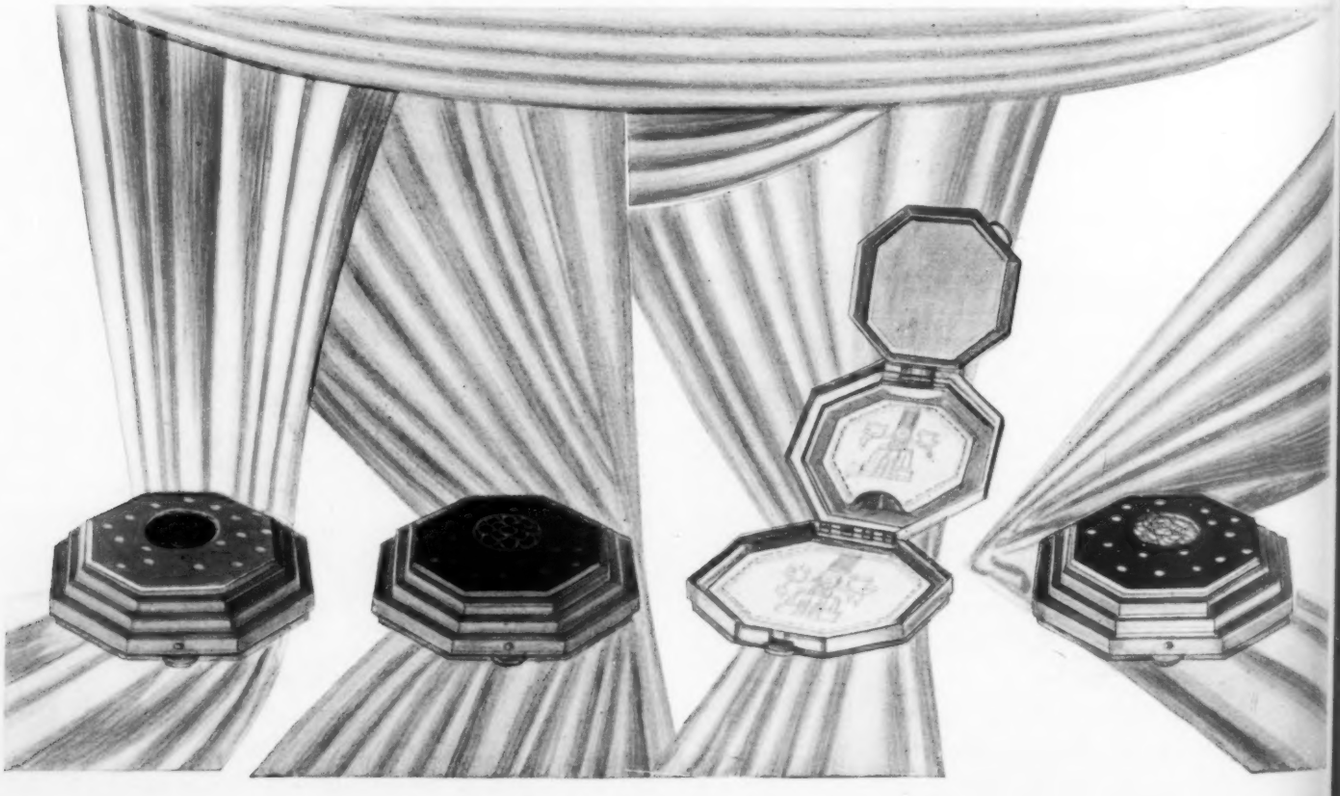
Spring in Paris . . . and Fashion sets the pace! Every couturier stresses the importance of harmonious detail and a meticulous concern for appointments. So, *Compacte le Début* —which has been designed to carry out the costume ensemble idea—is distinctly in and of the mode.

And a smart little octagon *compacte* it is . . . topped with genuine *cloisonné* in four colors—blue, green, ivory white, or jet black . . . so that you may match or accent your every frock.

And the rouge and powder within—both refillable—are scented with the true *le Début odeur* . . . a delicately combined fragrance of French origin that expresses the woman of Today—her smartness and her femininity.

RICHARD HUDNUT

At all the better shops, Compacte le Début $5.00. (Also comes in simple dotted enamel top, $2.50).



POEMS FOR SPRING READING

THE POET'S BRIDAL GIFTS

LOVE me—and hearken what treasures I shall bring
To you, belovèd, O surpassing far
The dower of any queen from any king!
I will slip the moon on your finger for our betrothal ring,
And buckle your shoes with the morning and evening star,
And hang about your throat the Milky Way.
Your handmaidens shall be the Lady April and the Lady May.
And from the rainbow armoires of the skies,
Spun on the looms of softest summer winds,
They shall clothe you in silken webs of nameless dyes,
Or gossamers such as the young dawn binds
About her breasts, or twilight, fireflies dancing in her hair.

Yours shall be planets for your palaces,
Ringed with strange moons, and in the gardens there
The flowers of dreams and unimagined trees,
Born in the magic brain of some god-gardener,
Shall bloom only for you, and only once be fair.
Each day shall be a season new and strange,
And there shall be peace for ever, and always change.

You shall be lady of all the hidden treasure
In all the caves of all the summer clouds,
Of all the pearls the secret sea enshrouds,
Hidden for you in vaults of shimmering azure.
Love me—and I will bring you without measure
All that your heart aches for, dreams and desires;
No dream too deep or no desire too high
But I will dive for it through nether fires,
Or pluck it from the summits of the sky;
And whatso simple thing you shall find fair,
Be it but a daisy, you shall find it there.

Richard Le Gallienne

RESOLUTION

(In a Time of Defeat)

AS RARE as spring in winter men confess
Their dreams of greatness bartered for the less
While in their secret hearts the clarion swells
Of conscience that no outward hearing tells . . .
Yet brave can be defeat, and failure, gold!
There is no greater captain of renown
Than resolution, baffled, surging, bold,
Whose swift, returning armies take the town.
The brave man probes the fault, resumes the strife,
The coward, surrendering, decries his fate:
But half the ills her children lay on life
Their folly, haste, and wantonness create:
The craven blames his fears on life; the fool,
His self-invited shafts of ridicule;
The spendthrift, the sick waste of his estate
His madness scatters; there's the lover, too,
Who keeps no unripe hour inviolate,
Or cannot guard his heart one full day true! . . .
I lied, then, when I wished that I was dead.
It was my fault, when I seized stones for bread.
Still, still contending through her midmost strife,
Let me not blame my dearest loss on life—
Good Life! Brave Life! in your starred banquet room
Long may I pledge you, lifting heart and head
Where sun, moon, planets serve to break the gloom,
Where nations are the guests, and for the least,
If his soul dare, is spread your purple feast!

Harry Kemp

HERE ARE DRAGONS

I SEND you word to break upon your rest.
To rouse you, shining sword in hand again . . .
For here are dragons needing to be slain.
Set out, Sir Knight, again upon your quest.
The sun is almost set, but in the west
The glow will guide you for the path is plain . . .
Barring your way the cruel beasts remain . . .
And one who waits cries low and beats her breast.

Oh, has your ease so eaten to your heart
That you can hear and sink again to sleep?
When danger lurks can peace with you abide?
Is it so long ago you played your part?
Flung such gay promise for our hearts to keep?
Forgotten all? . . . Or do you rise and ride?

Mary Kennedy

k u r z m a n

fur scarfs

a connoisseur's collection

The Kurzman collection of fur scarfs stands high among the five or six really important showings of the country; it is chosen, mounted and presented by practising furriers who have spent a lifetime in handling furs as rare and important as jewels.

silver foxes . . . $195 to $850

natural russian sables $100 to $500

natural black foxes . $150 to $350
(1-16 to 1-5 silver)

Kurzman

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Mc Cutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 17, NEW YORK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Cool and Smart FABRICS *for Summer frocks*

Tub Silks — Chanel sponsored striped tub silks in her last presentation of sports' dresses. These washable silks are cool and charming for the warmest Summer day. In stripes, checks and solid colors. 32 inches wide. *$1.95* a yard.

Printed Silks — Lovelier than ever before are the new spaced floral and tiny all-over designs. In two-tone or polychrome effects on light or dark grounds. 36 to 40 inches wide.
$2.50, *$3.50* up to *$7.50* a yard.

Chinese Drawnwork Brocade — A new silk with intricate hand-drawn designs. Cool, washable and very smart for summer frocks. 27 inches wide. *$4.95* a yard.

Handkerchief Linen — Sheer and fine with distinctive leaf, modernized floral or foliage effects. 36 inches wide.
$1.50 and *$1.95* a yard.
Solid colors. *$1.25* a yard.

Printed Linens — Large striking or smaller designs in two-tones or multicolors. All fast colors. Non-crushable. 36 inches wide.
$1.50 to *$1.95* a yard.
Solid colors. *$1.25* a yard.

Liberty's Tana Lawn — Exquisite designs printed on the softest and finest of English lawns. Small quaint patterns for children's dresses and larger effects for women's cool Summer dresses. Washes perfectly. 38 inches wide.
$1.25 a yard.

Printed Piqué — One of this season's favorite Cottons printed in fresh, clear colors. 36 inches wide. *$1.25* a yard.
Solid colors. *$1.00* a yard.

Write for samples to Dept. 17

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 87*)

animals, you might just as well be a prime sirloin for all I care."

This speech ended in a breathless, triumphant rush of words which left her panting.

The young man smiled again and shifted one leg over the other, where it swung lazily.

"Funny, am I? Yeah, you thought it was funny when I stuck to the punt pole and you and the punt slid down the river without me! And I'm glad I stuck to the pole, even if it was rather damp."

"I'm married now, Lydia," he said, and was mildly nettled to perceive that, instead of this statement hitting her in the midriff, as it most certainly should have, her eyes immediately searched the room for a possible mate, coming to rest so unmistakably upon the right one that he was surprised by the accuracy of her instinct. She was interested and amused where she should have been broken. A lingering softness for her disappeared.

"Ooe, Lawrie, she *is* pretty! What a tasty piece it is!"

Feeling that some show of offense was needed, he asked her sternly just what she meant by the term.

"A tasty piece is small, shapely, coy and quarrelsome. They have feet so incredibly tiny that all men feel weak and helpless with love at the sight, breasts which are high and firm and rather on the large side, and they dance with a sort of sway-backed daintiness, difficult for their partners to follow. Also they have brains of a shrewd and cool variety. Oh, and orchids, I forgot, they seem to corner the orchid market."

He was so annoyed and made such invidious remarks about foolish generalizations from foolish flappers that she did her best for the next five minutes to honey him back to amiability.

"Is Camellia Tarleton what you call a tasty piece?" he asked suddenly.

"Camellia's an act of God."

SOMEBODY up-stairs was starting the accompaniment to a spiritual.

"I'd like to hear that," Lydia murmured. Lawrence did not move.

"Go on up. People wander around at these crazy parties wherever they please. I've a friend somewhere you might try and vamp. Useless for you, as a matter of fact. He's not having any."

She was delighted to find Ronald Grant standing behind them, suggesting that she come up with him. He looked slightly put out by Prescott's obvious disinclination to rise at Lydia's departure; his black eyebrows wrinkled impatiently at this mark of an uncouth generation.

"People go mad about these niggers for a few months and then forget about them. There's hardly a soul there now, which must be hard for the boys to understand. They haven't changed."

He was even worried by the discomfort felt by his entertainers and longed to give them a good time.

"That's a very lovely frock Miss Stephanyi," he said.

"It couldn't be nice enough for your house. I think it's the most perfect house I've ever seen."

"I like it myself. It's rather small, though. Tell me what you think of this drawing-room where they are playing. If I leave you for a few moments, it is because a young lady is having hysterics in one of the bedrooms over an imagined insult, and I must pacify her."

If she was never able to tell him what she thought of the drawing-room, it was through no fault in its beauty. Long, slim, elegant, almost empty of furniture, it rested the eye by its exact harmony. Blue curtains, brocaded with flowers of a faded Chinese pink, bellied out from the tall open windows where the cool black river flowed by. Over a chaste, classic mantel, the delicate riot of the flower-piece, and the chintz covers on the long couch and deep chairs served only as a nosegay to lighten the smooth severity of the room's dress, the panelled walls of dusty biscuit, the polished floor of clear gold parquetry.

In the room, as pleasantly artificial and worldly as a Georgian court beauty, the two negroes at a grand piano, whose exotic, purplish-brown faces shone with their singing, seemed the bedizened African pages every woman of fashion once owned.

They were beginning "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." She wished they might never finish. A knot of emotion was pulled tighter and tighter in her breast. Back of the musicians was a little powdering closet lined with pale walnut walls where an abandoned card table might have been left by players a century dead. The negroes, so abnormally sensitive to sympathetic appreciation that they could measure her passionate approval, sang to her, standing alone in the center of the shining floor. A quick, ecstatic bulb of feeling pumped in her heart and the cord tightened ever more sharply around it.

HE STEPPED in from the balcony and she whirled to face him. As if he had put out a hand and untied her bonds, the pressure relaxed, and she found herself in tears, trembling a little between his thin, strong hands.

The musicians sang on very softly, with a fluid art which recognized no boundaries, into songs of Russian serfs and nomads, low, melancholy, piercingly sweet.

With a practicality which claimed her dazed admiration, he took out a large clean handkerchief and handed it to her, still folded. It smelt of verbena, cool and pleasant. She forgot to dry her eyes in order to sniff it.

They were both very grave, he intent on learning by heart every feature and freckle of her disarming face, she concentrating an unnecessary interest in the second pearl stud of his dress shirt, delaying to look again into eyes so blue that she feared to drown therein.

They would have remained almost motionless had not the pianist decided it was time to cheer them up. Obedient as puppets to the commands of his fingers, they danced together with the perfect precision of long custom and did not notice that the room, first empty, was gradually filling with restless couples. Half-an-hour they danced.

"What's your name?" she whispered fiercely, clutching at reality.

"Bill," he answered, staring down at her black forelock, "yours?"

"Lydia. Most of those people call me Stephanyi, but it's only my middle name." "Those people," seemed remote. She would have gone on to tell her last name, but he said "Stephanie" several times in a voice which seemed to her heart-breakingly attractive. And she forgot.

They were sleep-walkers for all they saw of the dancers around them. A sense of infinite gratitude filled Lydia, and as if he felt it, the young man danced toward the piano to thank the two negroes.

"Let's go and eat something," he suggested, taking her by the hand like a small child. It would be easy to span both her wrists with thumb and forefinger, he thought. They looked breakable as fine china but were really supple, ductile; she used them like a foreigner, with unconscious gestures which were not English.

Flame-colored shavings of smoked salmon and the prickle of cold champagne only occupied their attention for a few moments. Both let their forks fall and stared at each other with secret smiles of reassurance. It was all right, it was a mutual madness, a madness so synchronized and reciprocal that only when chance led their eyes apart, were they filled with sudden terror and had to look back quickly to make sure.

RONALD GRANT, passing them, felt a relief that both Prescott's good-looking American friend and the girl in white were amusing themselves and crossed them off the list with which he burdened himself as an anxious host.

She seemed so terribly young and vulnerable to the man opposite her. In the white and silver dress she was like a snowy landscape with no footsteps, a frosted cake as yet not mauled by anyone's greedy hands. Quite unconsciously he wanted to be the person, just as he had

(*Continued on page 136*)

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

LADY QUEENSBERRY *adds Pond's two new products to her daily régime*

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY
is one of the smartest women in London, a favorite hostess there and at her father's country estate in Buckinghamshire.

"ONE must look to one's complexion these days of perfect simplicity, perfect chic."

So says Lady Queensberry, herself one of the smartest women in London.

"Everyone I know gives her skin a complete treatment every day.

"I am delighted that Pond's have added to their famous Two Creams their enchanting Freshener to tone and firm the skin, and dainty Tissues to remove cold cream.

"Thanks to this beauty foursome I never miss my daily régime."

Lady Queensberry's charming appreciation explains why Pond's two new products are having such success.

Everywhere chic women stress the importance of regular treatment of the skin. Formerly the daily facial was a luxury restricted to the few. Now Pond's delicious Freshener and exquisite Tissues with the famous Two Creams complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

Have you, too, added these two chic new products to your daily régime?

THE Cleansing Tissues, for removing cold cream, are such an economy of towels and laundering! Marvelously absorbent, they wipe away all dirt and oil. And they are generously large and firm, yet silken-soft for sensitive skin.

The fragrant Freshener is a tonic and mild astringent for use after each cold cream cleansing. It is the most exhilarating thing that ever touched your cheeks! It closes the pores and banishes any lingering trace of oil. A faithful use is magic to clear and brighten faded, sallow skin.

Add these two exquisite new preparations to your daily régime as follows: First, the pore-deep cleansing with Cold Cream; Second, wipe away with the dainty Tissues. Third, close pores and tone with Skin Freshener. Next, for powder base, a breath of Vanishing Cream.

Follow Pond's Method faithfully! Chic and beauty will be your reward!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 134*)

cried at his fourth birthday party until they let him rummage around in the cake for the dime, the ring and the thimble. And as Lydia would have produced her last treasure for him their desires were united.

She tried to tell him everything about herself in ten minutes, branching off on side issues, tumbling every fact, particularly those that were derogatory, into his lap like an apronful of toys to amuse him. It was a disjointed story with many swear words, for the more sure she was that she loved him (and she had been quite sure from the first moment up-stairs) the more her unfortunate tongue tripped blithely through unaccustomed cursings. He sat and listened with her hand lying lightly in one of his own, nodding occasionally, making few comments and playing with her pointed finger-tips. She stopped several times to ask him if he was bored, but his eyes, even more than the negative he spoke, assured her.

In return she discovered that he had come over with a friend to drive a racing car in the Ulster trials, that their motor had burst into flames (he indicated a seared mauve streak on his hand), and that he was staying on a few weeks to re-visit his youth—Trinity College, Cambridge, and the sector where his squadron had been stationed, then possibly Paris. She drew from him no hint of his people or his profession, but a faint aptitude for phonetics told her that his voice was New England, though neither Maine nor Boston; she judged his age to be thirty-two or three and with the awed eye of a collector, blinking a little before an unimaginably perfect specimen, saw by his bones that here was the product of a couple of centuries' careful breeding.

When she made a rather silly joke which he capped by a still worse pun, she felt dizzy. When Camellia tripped across her extended foot, she said "Perdon me, Miss Terleton," and, used to finding her mispronunciations painstakingly corrected or politely ignored, nearly fainted at his "Dern't mention it."

His eye, turned on Mrs. Lawrence Prescott, tastier and more feminine every moment, was a chill blue-gray, cold as the lake on the top of Sargent's Mountain, and this when nearly every other male eye in the room smoldered at the sight. Curious and pleasant to find those same eyes were chunks of vivid sapphire when she stared into his brown face. As she was beginning to experience again some difficulty in breathing, she accepted gratefully his suggestion that they return to the drawing-room.

HER hoops whispered on the stairs and when, tripping over the silver cloth, she cursed as the tulle gave way, he laughed and held it in place while she pinned it.

They leaned on the sooty black iron railing and watched a barge move with tranced statelidess up the black river. A soft summer rain had sleeked the streets and scented the garden below, where the perfume of stocks and heliotrope was thick enough to eat. Like too much vanilla, she told him. And elaborated this by showing him streets that were wet and shining like ripe olives and the lamp-posts along the Embankment, blobs of honey each imprisoning a tiny sun.

"Greedy kid, all your similes are food."

They were dragged back to reality by loud mockers inside. Camellia wanted to go on. It had been a lovely party, a perfectly lovely party, but she was getting restless and could do with change. Besides, she had been upset by her beloved, the exquisite harlequin, being found sleeping in the attitude of a disheveled but distinguished Regency Rake, beside a small empty bottle which smelt abominably of ether. These little contretemps upset Camellia. She wanted suddenly to go down to Maidenhead and bathe. Someone foolishly pointed out that it was after two o'clock which confirmed her in her whim.

THEY were hauled in off the balcony, blinking a little. The dancers stopped, amused at Camellia's plan.

"Clicked with the Man of Mystery, did you? Either bring your Arrow-Collar boy along or come without him." She was slightly drunk, but then so were most of the others. Lydia paid no attention to their teasing, her happiness was as tangible and absolutely inviolable as a crystal sphere. But the young man winced and looked unhappy around his temples and angry about his sharply-cut mouth.

"I'm going home," she reassured him in a low voice.

"Wait till I get my hat and tell the guy I'm with and I'll take you. Meet me down-stairs in the garden."

She would have met him in Hades if he'd asked her. Her silver frock swung along the garden path like a larger hollyhock than those against the brick wall.

The persistent honking of an expensive moo-cow motor horn falsely assured her that he was there already, waiting. She stepped out through the gate and all the protests, squeals and struggles in the world did not avail her. Camellia's retinue, lately such charming young men, were now a band of drunken ruffians. The car which had dazzled her was a loathsome prison, bearing her with ever-increasing and hateful speed away from the only person in the world. The merry laughter of the others were taunts and the bathing idea a mad wantonness.

She realized with a sudden pang that apart from thinking she was called "Stephanie" he did not know her name, nor she his. This made her cry so helplessly that the party took pity on her and dropped her at Royal Avenue, where she crept up to bed, anxiously tiptoeing so that Alix might not see a tear-stained face above the lovely frock.

SHE blinked at the ceiling and would have dozed again had she not been surprised out of her sleep by the absence of a familiar crack across the ceiling, a crack which countless mornings had greeted her eyes at the Royal Esplanade Hotel. Delicious snuggles of half-sleep were cut short by the sight of walls which instead of being patterned with livid roses were in whitey-gray wash, a warm sand color, which made her remember that she was in bed in Aunt Alix's Chelsea house. These walls had indeed been a matter of much discussion, Alix having startled and confused the painters by telling them to make the walls bone dust color, to demonstrate which she had brought a small skull, the gift of a forgotten admiring tragedian, and held it against the plaster. Cream and claret toile de Jouey curtains bellied in from the window and a bright panel of sun fell across her face, waking her completely.

She jumped out of bed, shaking with the memory of last night. Remembering that they had made no arrangement, she and the young man, for another meeting, her over-active imagination already embraced the gloomiest possibilities. She would never see him again; the only person she could ever possibly care for was lost forever. But this pall of gloom was too much to bear, and she lifted a corner of it to imagine a scene years hence in some crowded street corner of New York, the surprise, the sudden meeting, the second loss in the swirling cauldron of humanity at 42nd Street. Or she was a widow, without bothering to go into the details of how she had reached this interesting state, a widow with a plume of white hair across the black forehead curl, although miraculously still twenty as to face and figure. They were meeting on the Champs Élysées, but they did not lose each other this time. Dreamily, with a terrific weight of sadness at the thought of the wasted years, Lydia reached for her tooth-brush.

The telephone on the floor below rang insistently. She dropped a tin of tooth-powder and rushed to the landing, barefooted, her heart beneath a childish muslin nightgown half believing in miracles, and missing whole beats.

"Oh, do wake up and take this telephone!" wailed Alix. "Here's someone been ringing you up for the last hour and it's after twelve."

(*Continued on page 138*)

1 Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with outward strokes. The fine oils sink into the pores, softening and loosening dust and dirt.

2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove cold cream, gently, with economy of towels and laundry! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin—the second delightful step.

3 Pond's Skin Freshener is the third step in Pond's Method. Use it after cold cream cleansing. A fragrant tonic and mild astringent, it closes pores; tones, firms the skin.

4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch, the happy ending of Pond's Method. Apply before you powder. It protects your skin, gives it pearly lustre, makes powder cling.

Among many beautiful women who use Pond's four products are:

The Countess Howe
(who was Viscountess Curzon)
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
Lady Louis Mountbatten
La Marquise de Polignac

Pond's 4 delicious Aids to Swift clean Beauty of Skin

SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts, yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps, once fixed in habit, are swift yet scientific in the precision of their effect.

Pond's four delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer.

Light and pure, Pond's Cold Cream cleanses your skin immaculately, and Pond's new Tissues, soft, absorbent, remove the cream with welcome economy of laundry and towels—and so hygienically! Pond's Freshener is a delightful new discovery to keep your skin fresh and young looking, and a touch of Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream makes your powder cling for hours.

Chic and beautiful women everywhere use these famous four products in their daily régime for home treatment of the skin. These famous four steps keep their complexions exquisitely smooth, fine and clear.

FOLLOW POND'S METHOD: *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Now you are fresh, immaculate, lovely. Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Try this swift, sure Method! Mail the coupon and we'll send a generous week's supply.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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Gown, Coat, Hat
Bag, Jewelry, Accessories

for sports, afternoon and evening wear

Bruck-Weiss
20 West 57th Street
New York

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 136*)

Her aunt was in a mauve and blue classic teagown, holding the ear part of the telephone in one hand and a portfolio of sheet music in the other, which she waved hopelessly at Lydia.

"He sounds awfully *grim*," she whispered loudly, forgetting to cover the receiver.

"I want to speak to Miss Lydia Graeme," repeated the voice which Alix had described. It was curt and exasperated.

"This is she—her—I mean, she. This is Lydia."

Her bare toes arched away from the cool floor like a kitten's. Hardly recognizable as the voice of the young man last night, it was transmuted by the telephone into something bleak and business-like, yet surely his.

"When can I see you?"

"How did you find out my name? Where did you—"

"Lawrence Prescott told me. I was furious when I discovered you'd skipped with that gang. However, I'm told you were shanghaied. When can I see you?"

"Any time. I'm coming up-town to Camellia's dressing-room at three. She has to go there for some reason, although there's no matinée."

"Why do you go back to that dreadful creature?" he growled.

"Oh, because I promised and, besides, she's getting me a job." She was gay because he cared where she went, and, being very young indeed, felt no uneasiness at his extreme vehemence of distaste anent the Tarleton.

"Very well, I shall be there at half-past three."

HE RANG off. Lydia longed to have the voice back, cold gray shadow that it was. Then a flood of joy filled her and she ran up-stairs singing "The King of Love my Shepherd is," in a loud, Sunday school manner, full of conviction, and found that all the time she had been clutching the toothbrush in her right hand.

The bath was turned on full tilt. "Whose goodness faileth nev-urr," caroled Lydia, dumping in the tub lots of her aunt's best bath salts, where many of the crystals refused to melt and harassed her later. She bathed with full accompaniment of violet soap, dusting powder, scent spray and then started a systematic rifling of the medicine cabinet which, besides prosaic physics, contained a complete assortment of face creams and lotions, all with a clean smell of orange-flower water and crushed rose-leaves. These she tried in turn, making a glorious conglomeration of messes on her pink and freckled face, with all the gusto of a child making mud-pies.

"I nothing lack if I am his, and he is mine for ev-ev-urr," came *fortissimo* from the bath-room whose tiled walls provided a sympathetic resonance and volume. Alix, who although not as musical as Lissa, yet possessed an ear, winced and opened the door to inquire gently the cause of these sounds.

"Are you in love, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, darling, and isn't it extraordinary, he likes me!"

Lydia started to rub her toe nails with an enormous buffer which Alix snatched to safety.

"I used to fall in love all the time," she mused, but this offended her niece who wished it understood that her own feeling was quite unique and never to be confused with the common plural loves of any other person.

For the first time in a careless life she put all her clothes on with the cherishing attention of a harem favorite preparing for her sultan.

The results in the long mirror, even after all the face stuff and a little lipstick and less rouge and her very best hat pulled on just a teeny bit to one side, were surprisingly like the usual reflection. It was lamentable but true that she looked exactly like herself after a breezy walk along the Esplanade and a touch of anger had tinted her cheeks with coral and made her eyes clear and bright. Disappointed, she stared at herself for a moment and then, restless with excitement, turned to see that these preparations had blessedly advanced the clock more than an hour nearer the time graven like a password in her heart.

"IT DOES spoil the appetite," Alix remarked, when Lydia refused to join her over a cold bird and a particularly good salad. To eat would have been impossible. Slightly irritated by the sight of her aunt calmly enjoying a wing and studying her with enormous gray eyes over this morsel, she flounced out of the house and determined to walk at least part of the way to Panton Street. The sunshine and bustle of the King's Road drew her in merrily; as well ask a small dog not to be interested in rabbit holes as expect her lively curiosity and sensitive nose not to appreciate the George Belcher charwomen, the dark and beery smell of the pubs she passed, and the bright Saturday-Fair aspect of this most vivid thoroughfare. But every minute of the time, part of her brain was reminding her of the delicious existence of the one person she could ever love. She would poke it back and then take it out to gloat over again like a miser with gold pieces; each time she would save the thought of his caring enough to telephone her as a last exquisite pleasure. These emotions would suddenly overwhelm her, starting with a tickling thrill at the top of her spine and ending with a little shiver that brought tears to the eyes.

"The King of Love my Shepherd is," she hummed, not meaning irreverence or blasphemy, but a simple thank-offering to her God. Ah, this new delightful intoxication of being in love! And the wonderful security of knowing one's feeling returned! It was like those woolly suits very small children wore, it covered her from the crown of her head down to her toes and even went softly on over these, like a baby's nightie, tucking her in, enclosing everything but her face, which was left visible because it had had the good luck to please him.

Camellia's dressing-room was timeless. Lydia had small hope of finding any kind of clock there unless one of the attending swains could summon strength to pull out a watch or glance at his wrist.

They had forgotten or forgiven her failure to accompany them to Maidenhead. One picked up the life of this backstage salon as easily as if one had never been away. No one inquired where you had been, or what you had been doing, unless it was something exceptionally funny which would make an amusing story. Camellia, haggard and husky, still had the vitality of twenty dock-hands and was roaring with joy over some pleasantry when Lydia came in.

"Ah, Stef'ny! You're looking well. Fane says he might find you an understudy's part in a couple of weeks. Want it?"

"Oh, gosh, yes, Camellia! You're an angel—" but her brow wrinkled with a sudden fear that this, the fulfilment of her greatest desire yesterday afternoon, might perhaps in some obscure way clash with the new tidal wave which had swept away all other ideas.

SUDDENLY she saw in a blinding flash that Camellia never had let any tidal waves sweep her past the point to which she was swimming; there had been men and women and would always be, but nothing on earth could divert the purpose of the Tarleton's strong jaw, set toward victory, unaffected by criticism, scandal, adverse circumstances, youth or inexperience. She would get there, would Camellia, and stay. Lydia felt herself a weak thing, a soft warm piece of weakness near this determination which, by its very intensity, seemed cold and enduring. Then she thought of the Teddy Bear woollv of love that covered her and was glad to be a creature given wholly to ministering to the sacred flame. She apprehended that a beautiful, clever young Mercury might not like too strong a jaw on his lady love.

"Why do you keep fidgeting so,

(*Continued on page 141*)

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

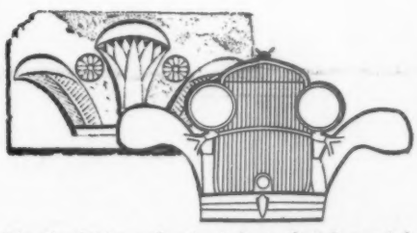
New Chrysler "75" 5-Passenger Sport Phaeton $1795—New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345—New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145. New Chrysler Imperial—Five custom body styles, $2675 to $3855. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CHRYSLER *Leads Not Alone in Style But in Safety, Ease of Handling and Value*

It is not claiming too much to say that a most significant factor in bringing to America the automobile style leadership of the world is the original mode which Chrysler introduced.

Chrysler beauty—no chance creation—but tracing from the origins of classic art, as applied by Chrysler to the modern motor car—is universally conceded to be the most striking new thing in automobile design the world has seen.

This new Chrysler smartness and obvious style authority thus attained have done much to make Chrysler cars so attractive to women, as well as to men.



The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf motif—still found in all its pristine beauty on the ruins of the great temples at Karnak. Modified to its modern application, it is perfectly proportioned and applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility.

It is particularly the natural desire of women that in the appurtenances of their daily life they shall be surrounded with things that reflect the newest of new fashion.

Chrysler cars have not only this striking new style that re-styles all motor cars but a superior ease and safety of performance and handling which makes Chrysler cars in any phase of operation trouble-free and dependable.

Further, due to Chrysler's vast resources and economies in its engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and finance, these cars cost less to buy and less to maintain.

Because of this leadership in style, safety, performance and value, Chrysler motor cars are today inevitably in demand by people everywhere. Chrysler invites your closest inspection and severest test.

Advance Modes

FURS
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GUNTHER

presented in their New Salons

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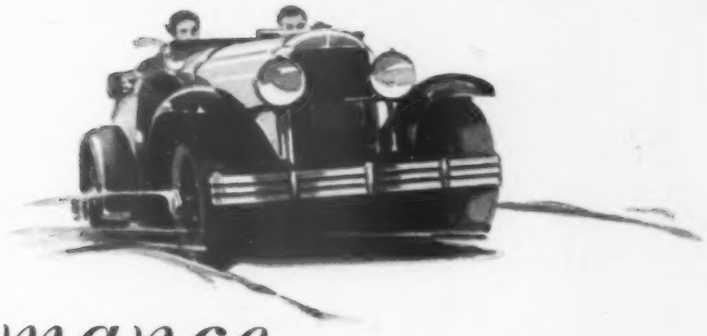


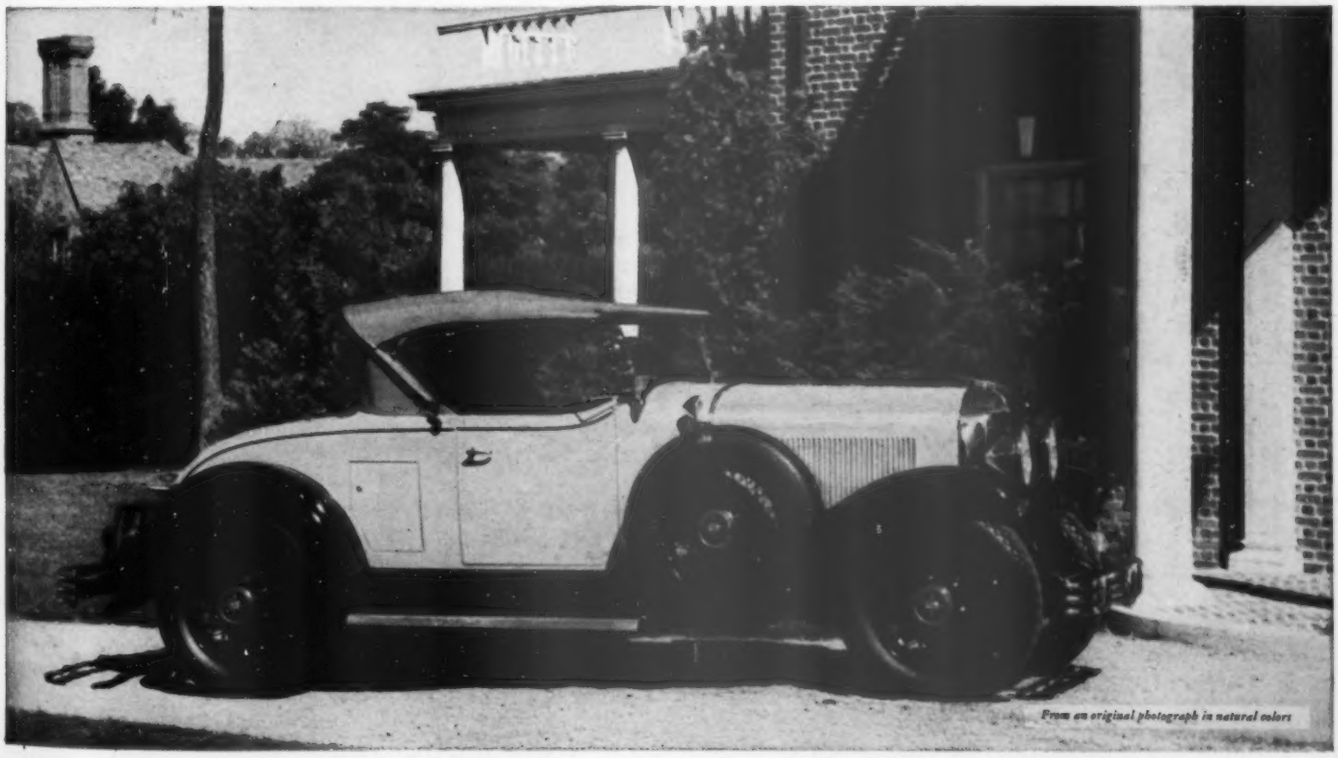
Smart performance and smart appearance . . . . .

you will find *both* in Buick

After all, there are only one or two headliners in every field who "have everything" . . . who *look* and *act* the part . . . it is true in polo . . . in golf . . . in aviation . . . and it is true among motor cars, where the choice is Buick! Beauty *and* ability . . smart, rhythmic, spirited performance and alluring style .. you will find *both* in Buick. That's why it's the car for *you!*

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Mich., Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



From an original photograph in natural colors

The Derelys
Gray genuine watersnake, with quarter of silverwing kid

The Ganna
Patent leather with buckled strap. Side trimming of dark blue, sea blue and gray kid. Pipings of silver kid

The Estella
Smart gored pump of tan linen, embroidered in blue. Small beaded ornament

The Celinda
Cleverly strapped, center buckled. Champagne color kid with Almora "perlustre" kid trim

The Enchantress
Black satin, with beaded black suede tongue

Tru-Poise Shoe

A NEW refinement in footwear is this marvelous Tru-Poise Shoe, with its subtle hidden construction for maintaining the foot in correct position, even in the highest, slimmest heels. This exclusive Tru-Poise feature not only preserves the shapeliness of delicate shoes, but it enables every woman to wear with grace and ease the slenderizing, high-arched styles so flattering to the feminine foot. Tru-Poise Shoes are now available at smart shops almost everywhere. See them, try them on, and you will be enthusiastic about Tru-Poise style and poise.

Write for Folder of Paris Styles and name of nearest dealer

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, 207 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 138*)

Stef'ny? You make me nervous. What's eating you?"

"I've got a date," Lydia announced mysteriously, and after a few more minutes chatting with the recumbent George who regarded one small bone half-way down his spine as the logical point on which to tilt himself—it could hardly be called sitting—and Mrs. Keyes, who was as usual "filling in," while Camellia remained in deep and silent abstraction, she got up to leave.

He was standing at the head of the shiny gray stairs which led to the nether regions, leaning against a wall, worn soapy-smooth by countless waiting shoulders.

She had known he would be there, but the sight of him in the flesh was too perfect a moment not to be prolonged. For an instant she stood looking up at him, studying the long line he made, the carved hollow of the temples, the angry grip of his thin jaws on a pipe, the sensitive, beautifully cut narrow mouth which managed to be humorous as well as grim, the nose which, unlike so many noses, was not regrettable, above all that long line from the smooth helmet of fair hair down a body which narrowed from broad shoulders to slim flanked legs and thin ankles, lazily crossed.

"Darling!"

He turned, looked down at her and was no longer an angry Patience on a monument waiting for a late-comer.

"Hurry up, come on out of this horrible place with me."

She was content to hear her glamourous rabbit-hole so libeled. They blinked a little coming into the strong sunlight where he jammed on a gray felt hat which immediately seemed part of him and not an after-thought, while he pulled Lydia along with his free hand.

"Come *on!* I hate hanging round places like that. They make me feel embarrassed, that doorman gobbling cockney at me!"

"All right, darling, I'm coming!"

THEY walked around in circles, down to Cockspur Street, up the Haymarket, along Panton Street and around again. He began asking her to marry him on the first block and she to accept him, which acceptances he brushed aside and repeated his own proposal. Presently, half-laughing, half-crying and wholly breathless from the mad chase, she stopped on a street corner, while he ran across to a tobacconist's for cigarettes. It was curious that she felt him even more a part of herself when she saw him away from her than when he was by her side; it was as if a strong elastic band fastened them together and in watching him cross the street and disappear into the shop it was only stretched, sure to snap back again with him in an instant. Something quite tangibly a part of herself seemed to follow him and she stood waiting on the pavement marveling that this man returning toward her should belong to such a poor thing as herself.

He would have none of her blithe agreements to his terse proposals until he made quite sure she knew what she was about. As if she would ever again know quite surely what she was about!

"Why, you don't even know my name!" he announced in tones of horror.

His name, it appeared, was John William Norton. She half listened, half studied his face, hoping it wouldn't suddenly disappear like some perfect but transitory dream. He was the son of what Lydia ever afterward unconsciously mis-called a "Congressional" minister, (having once thought of it as that she could never school her tongue to the correct word) a "Congressional" minister undoubtedly of great academic parts, for he was also, curiously, the president of a college whose name was unfamiliar, although Bill obviously expected her to recognize it. She knew of Harvard and Yale and more vaguely had heard of Princeton, but she pretended, lest his feelings be hurt, to nod in instant acquiescence as if hearing of an old friend. As John William Norton would never have pretended to be familiar with something unknown and as he imagined everyone knew of all the better colleges, he went on without investigating her nod. His father was, compared to most scholastic divines, rather well-off.

He had been rather more sophisticated, call it worldly, than his brothers or sister, had gone into the Canadian Flying Corps at eighteen, then transferred to the Americans, and was awfully spoiled from then on and had landed rather a good job from a companion-in-wings after the war, in the Street, "Wall Street," he explained.

"Oh, yes," said Lydia wisely.

He had acquired extravagant tastes and loved racing cars of some extraordinary horse-power, but of course he would give all that up. Lydia, praying fervently that he need never give up anything bright or pleasant in his life on her account, said:

"But what is it you are trying to tell me, dear? Have you got a mistress or someone with a claim on you who'll be nasty about me?"

He looked appalled.

"A mistress? Lydia, don't say such things! I don't have things like that, dearest kid!"

This puzzled her.

"I know a couple of awfully nice people who are mistresses," she started. "People like you or me, really very nice—"

"Do hush, darling. Lord, it was high time I came and found you, little Lydia."

She looked at her thumb which had a narrow waist-line denoting tact, and held her peace. Stubbornly her mind insisted that they *were* nice, but her heart scorned it and ran eagerly to embrace all his tenets. She was delighted with the adjective "little," and felt no incongruity in its application to her five feet, eight inches.

They stopped in front of the cluttered window of an obscure antique jeweler's shop.

"Oooh, I do love those."

They were gold and enamel rings with various mottoes. One she adored of bright sapphire blue read "*Loin des yeux, près du cœur.*"

"Which one?"

"The blue one. See?" She pointed an eager finger. It wore a ticket reading 22. 10. 6., written in spidery, old-fashioned hand.

"You'll never get the chance to be far from my eyes, darling. But we'll get it quickly before you light on some monstrous diamond. My Jewish blood coming to the fore again," at which she stole such a cautious look at his noticeably Nordic nose that he laughed loudly.

"Come on, Mrs. Nerton!"

"Url right, John William."

The name made him protest. He hated it, he said. He was to be Bill to her always. Along with New England, family pews and rhubarb, he hated his name. It sounded priggish.

"I think it's a lovely name and I'm sure I'd like rhubarb," she assured him.

THE shop was a dream to her and the very old man who brought the ring out and let her try it on seemed a kindly goblin.

"Quite a remarkable fit, sir, isn't it? The lady 'as a very small finger, I may say."

He might say anything he pleased. In their trance they almost forgot to pay for it. The old man watched them hail a passing taxi.

After he had explained to her a lot more things about himself and his family he discovered he could no longer speak easily. The tension inside the dingy cab trembled with an intensity which was close to agony. He gathered her into his arms and leaned down to kiss her eyelids gently.

For such a healthy young person she seemed curiously pale, indeed on the verge of a faint. For a moment the prospect of cherishing so emotional a nature made him vaguely uneasy. Then he saw her happily married, fed to bursting with the porridge and cream he would stuff down her himself if necessary, and forgetting all qualms, he kissed her with a loving violence which completely drove away that disquieting pallor.

(*To be continued*)

Heirlooms Perpetuate Family Traditions

Family possessions have rarely become heirlooms because someone wished them to be so. Association with family tradition has imbued them with an intrinsic worth beyond measure. But here is a China service — Present-Day LOWESTOFT—that people *purposely* establish as their family heirloom! For Lowestoft is expressly being made again to fulfill such lofty ambitions.

The original Lowestoft was first brought to these shores from the Orient by 17th Century seamen, as mementos of their travels. What little remains today is jealously held by its possessors. But now Plummer's has made it possible to again acquire a Lowestoft, in partial or complete services. It is being manufactured by one of the oldest potteries in England from a very old china body —*and for Plummer's exclusively!* Purchasers of this service can give it even greater sentimental value by inserting their family crest or monogram. Nowhere else in America can it be obtained. Further details upon request.

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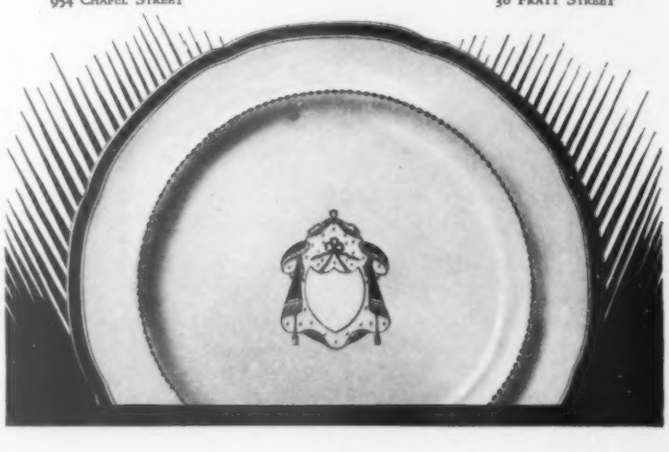


DEL MONTE-HICKEY

Sportwear

New Fabrics - New Colorings "CREW RIDGE" Tweed is lightweight and fine - a Fabric soft as the breath of Spring! Four exquisite shades: Tilleul Yellow, Silver Grey, Lyon Blue, Thrush Tan

Del Monte-Hickey gives the pleasing grace of "dressmaker" softness to this new costume. The sheen of the Satin Blouse, the Coat trimmed with smart Galyak, lend distinction to a lovely mode. At your favorite Shop

DEL MONTE-HICKEY • New York

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 85)

I continued to ride long after she had gone blind; but she cantered gaily all the same; and at the sound of my warning: "Hold up, pretty girl!" would slow up and feel for the obstacle with her hoof.

MERTON HALL itself is a large, rambling, red-brick Elizabethan house, surrounded by a large park and "home woods." In my day it had no bathrooms or electric light. A bevy of neat housemaids carried cans of hot water to the various bedrooms and prepared tubs for all, and two candles in each room were considered sufficient illumination.

The old oak staircase, with the family pictures on the walls and its large stained-glass window, was one of the features of the house. How I loved that old staircase, and indeed every corner of the house. I could find my way about it blindfolded even now after so many weary years.

All the bedrooms had different names, recorded on little brass plates in old-fashioned lettering. There was "Adam and Eve," so called on account of its very curious early ceiling, "Puss in the Corner," "Pheasant," "Partridge" (these were side by side), "France," "Spain" and "Savoy," "California," "San Francisco" and "Oregon." "The Nunnery" was a little suite of rooms on the top of the house. "The Babes in the Wood," "Robin Redbreast" and "The Wicked Uncle" were together at the end of a wing. I considered it peculiarly appropriate that the governess should always have "The Wicked Uncle" allotted to her.

Referring to the names of these last rooms, the famous tragedy of the Babes in the Wood was supposed to have happened close by, in what is now called Wayland Wood, where I have been nutting many a time.

At the top of the house was a long gallery where we played on rainy days and which was a perfect treasure ground for children. It was stacked with old furniture, cases containing every sort of oddity, including fancy costumes—or were they really old period dresses? I remember a white wig, dusty books, a rocking-horse with an arched neck that seemed to us gigantic in those days and must have been at least a hundred years old.

AND so regularly every year we left the old palace in Rome and came to England, where for six months we led the ordinary life of English children.

I have always noticed how other people in their memoirs seem to dwell excessively on their old homes and youthful memories. They now have my sympathy, for I find it a struggle for me not to do the same; particularly so, as those years spent in the blessed British countryside are a chapter in my life now closed forever. All the dear ones are dead, and Merton has now been let since many a long day. I have spent long summers under other skies, without a sight of England to gladden my eyes. I have seen unfamiliar trees turning in the autumn and remembered the russet leaves and golden bracken of Merton, the hoar frost on the hedges and the rooks cawing in the park, and the gray church with the round Saxon tower, and in its shadow a tiny grave:

Stefano Colonna
Born at Oxborough Hall
18th Dec. 1884 Died 2nd Feb. 1885
The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

If my baby brother had lived, what a difference it would have made in all our lives!

When I was still very tiny, we all went up to Walsingham's shooting-box in Yorkshire — Blubber House — for the grouse shooting in August. It was there that on August 30th, 1888, he made the famous bag of 1070 grouse to his gun alone, which has remained a record, I believe, to this day.

But soon, owing to financial difficulties, Blubber House and its famous moor was always let. About the same time Walsingham found it more convenient to let also the Merton shooting, instead of incurring the vast expense of shooting parties.

For several consecutive years he found an excellent tenant in the person of Mr. Shoolbred of Tottenham Court Road fame. I remember hearing the arrangement discussed *en famille*, when I was a child. As Mr. Shoolbred knew nothing of the organization of a shoot, he particularly wished Walsingham to have charge of all arrangements and to shoot daily with the party. All the game was also left to him, except a few brace that Mr. Shoolbred distributed to various friends. This ideal tenant did not wish to occupy the hall, but rented instead an old farmhouse on the estate, Mortimer Farm, so Walsingham and my grandmother were left comfortably in possession of their country home.

The only fly in the ointment existed for us children, for though Mr. Shoolbred himself was a very good and careful shot, the friends he brought down were both inexperienced and wild. They gaily peppered keepers and dogs and, in fact, anyone who had the misfortune to be in their immediate vicinity, so it was decreed unsafe for the children to go out with the shooters. This was a bitter disappointment, for there was nothing we enjoyed more.

But Walsingham often used to go out for a day by himself, either after partridges in September or after pheasants in the early days of October, and liked to take my sister and myself along with him. How I loved being sent into a plantation with a keeper and an odd boy, and do my share of work as a beater! And the tramps through the turnip fields, all big bumps underfoot and huge cuplike leaves full of water that emptied themselves into one's boots at every step! I would have died sooner than admit I was tired, but still remember the relief when we got on to the high road once more and had a mile or so of easy walking before beginning again.

Walsingham was always a delightful companion, and our hurried luncheons, partaken of under the shelter of a hedge, were among the gayest meals I ever had.

We were so accustomed to his marvelous shooting that nothing that he did ever surprised us. I remember a pheasant once got up just as he was climbing a gate, and he threw up his gun with only one hand and shot it dead. He had the quickest eye and hand imaginable. Later on, after my marriage, when I went to shooting parties both in England and Italy, it always seemed to me that everyone shot extremely badly, simply because I was so used to Walsingham's high level.

TO RETURN to winter life in Rome. When I was about fifteen my existence became more cheerful. The latest disagreeable governess of the dynasty was rather less obnoxious than her predecessors, and I began to get glimpses of the outside world. I was stronger in health and full of vitality. My father began to take more interest in us now that we were growing up. All the same, amusements were few and far between; but then in those days the smallest departure from everyday life was an excitement.

On the death of my grandfather, Prince Giovanni Andrea Colonna, my father succeeded to the title, and also to the charge of Prince Assistant to the Holy See. For the benefit of the uninitiated I must explain that the heads of the two great Roman families, Colonna and Orsini, are hereditary "Principi Assistenti al Soglio."

Pope Julius II. in 1503, in the vain hope of putting an end to the fierce feud between the two families, created these posts, but his move hadn't the desired effect and the fighting continued just the same. It was impossible to have the two Princes in attendance on the Pope at the same time, as neither would yield precedence to the other. Endless quarreling took place over this question for over two hundred years, until Benedict XIII, who was an Orsini, hit upon a solution which seems as easy as the famous one for solving the problem of Columbus' egg.

(Continued on page 146)

The new mode as it is revealed for Spring.

Stein & Blaine
INC.

FURS MODES

13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

WE'RE JUST A YOUNG COUPLE

"What pieces in Sterling are the very least we can get along with, at the start?"

"Just what would they cost us?"

"If I give a little informal dinner, and have neither bouillon spoons nor soup spoons, how had I best serve soup?"

"Can my menu include a canape or other hors d'oeuvres or a salad before I've added salad forks to my set?"

"If Uncle Andrew should like the dinner I serve him, and say, 'Bless you, my children, and what pieces in this lovely silver would you like next?' just what pieces ought I mention, to help me on my way to formal entertaining?"

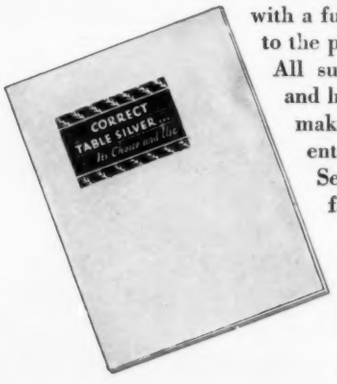
"As my silver set grows, how can I be sure to avoid a mistake so many women make – 'lazy' pieces, forever tucked away in their flannel wrappings, while some other pieces have to be rushed out and washed between courses?"

"And then, about table settings . . . is it the most approved thing nowadays to . . . . . ."

DON'T... DON'T DECIDE UNTIL YOU'VE READ...

"Correct Table Silver

ITS CHOICE AND USE"



THERE never was such a booklet for answering silver questions!

Page after page, to help you determine what sterling selections are best suited to your needs. In all, ten lists are discussed in terms of how many people they will serve, and what sort of menus each will permit. You'll find your own requirements among them—and so avoid the error of too many of this, and not enough of that.

Then there are beautiful and correct table settings—described and pictured so that having this booklet at your elbow is almost the same as having a social secretary to consult.

New silver usage is told about, too—and that's important in these days of changing modes...

And then there's a glorious array of patterns for your admiration, with a full list of pieces and prices on each, so that you can figure, to the penny, just what the silver of your choice will cost.

All supervised by Elsie de Wolfe, famous interior decorator and hostess. All fascinatingly told. All beautifully illustrated, to make this a gem among books for your permanent library on entertaining.

Send 25c, to cover mailing and wrapping costs. Write for this fascinating booklet today.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER Co., Meriden, Conn. H. B., 4-29

Enclosed is 25c. (coin or stamps), for which please send at once my copy of "Correct Table Silver."

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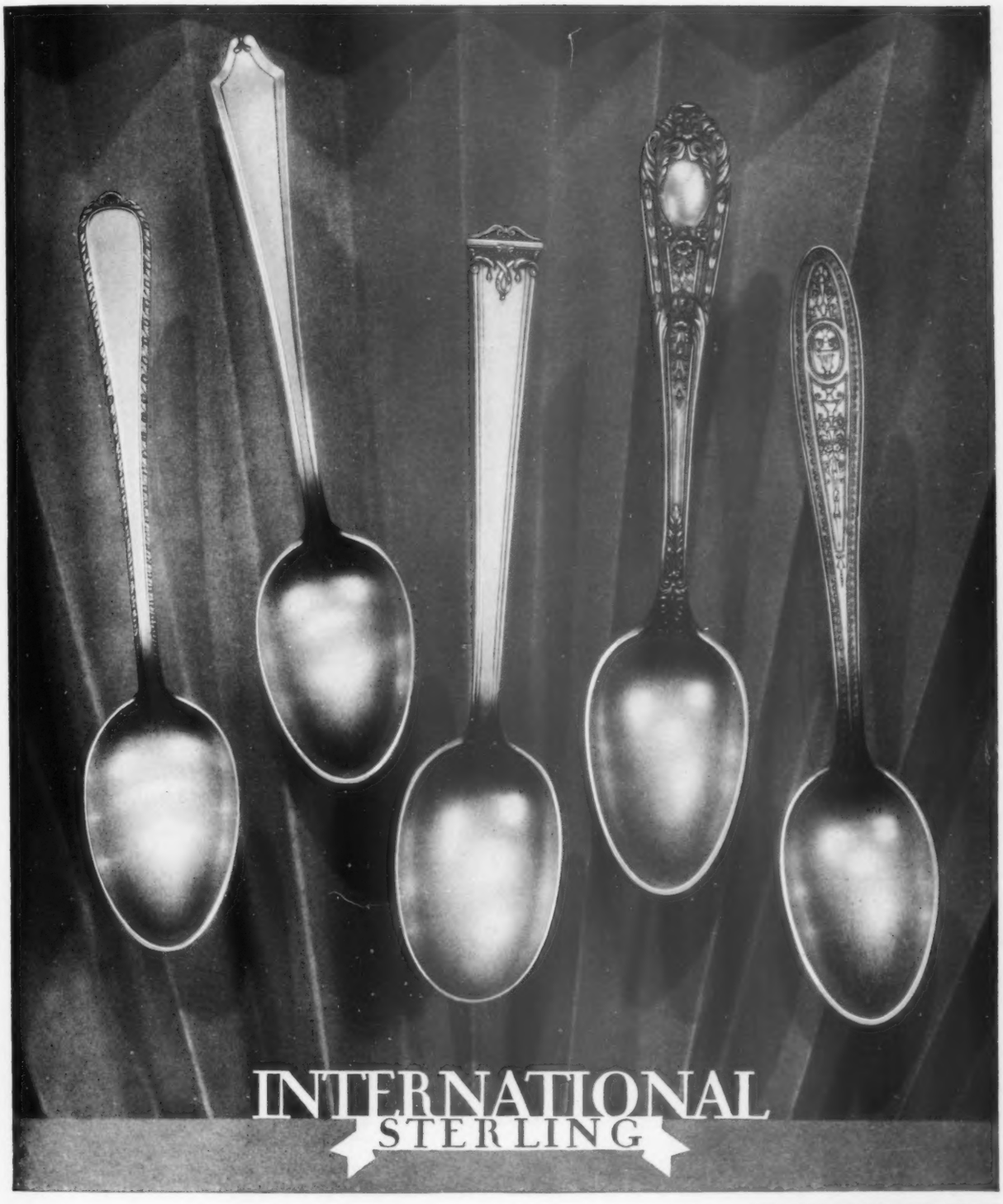


INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
FINE ARTS DIVISION, MERIDEN, CONN.

PINE TREE . . . *the much-discussed modern pattern with American background.*

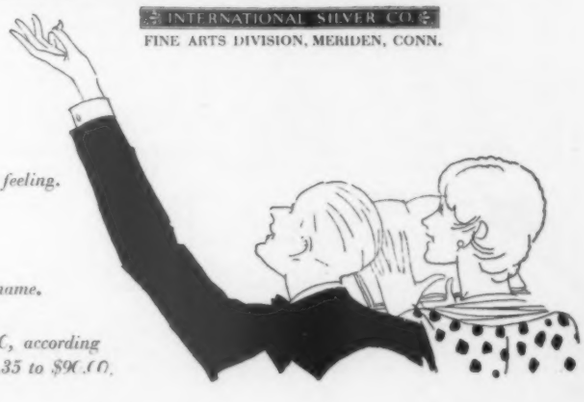
MINUET . . . *as charming as the Colonial life that inspired it.*

TRIANON . . . *French . . . with classic ancestry . . . delightfully restrained in feeling.*

FONTAINE . . . *luxurious, in the manner of the French Renaissance.*

WEDGWOOD . . . *as delicately lovely as the famous pottery of that name.*

Prices are decidedly modest, six teaspoons costing from $11.00 to $12.50, according to pattern, while a twenty-six piece starting set varies from $73.35 to $90.00.



FRENCH CUISINE THAT IS...

FRENCH!

Down the Grand Staircase on the "*Paris*" they come... to show the smartest frocks... to make the most amusing conversation ... to enjoy a dinner that isn't French in name alone, but French in fact. -:- Anybody can sprinkle a few phrases on a menu card... but French Line chefs can *cook*. -:- Yet if madame is on a diet, if monsieur prefers the dishes suggested by his gym instructor ... these will appear to order, so lovingly and artfully prepared that restrictions are glorified and self-denial becomes a pleasure as well as a virtue. -:- Weekly Express Liners... the "*France*", the "*Paris*" and the "*Ile de France*"... call at Plymouth for London and form the quickest route to Paris, via Le Havre. -:- A covered pier, a 3-hour boat-train, then Paris itself... but one has been in Paris ever since crossing "the longest gangplank in the world" at the New York end. -:- Slightly more leisurely and a lot less expensive are those charming cabin steamers, the "*De Grasse*" and the "*Rochambeau*", manned by the same staunch breed of Breton Sailors who have carried the tricoleur for centuries across the Seven Seas!

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(*Continued from page 142*)

Prince Colonna and Prince Orsini would take turns in being in attendance on the Pope, and thus never meet. The custom continues to this day, when at the great ceremonies in St. Peter's or at the Sistine Chapel, it is always either Prince Colonna or Prince Orsini who, in his picturesque black costume, stands beside the Pope's throne.

But all through my girlhood old Prince Orsini was always unable to be present at the Vatican ceremonies, so my father was in constant attendance, and it is only in these last years that the present Prince Orsini and my cousin, Marcantonio Colonna, have resumed the custom of taking regular turns at this duty. Though they are excellent friends, the old ground of contention about precedence has survived throughout the centuries until this day, and it is an understood thing in Rome that Prince Colonna and Prince Orsini can never sit at the same dinner table.

AFTER my grandfather's death my father changed his life very considerably, as he definitely ranged himself on the "Black" side, that is, among the Vatican's adherents. Before doing this he had a last audience with King Humbert, with whom he had been on very friendly terms but whom now, on account of political reasons, he was destined never to see again. The King most tactfully approved of my father's assuming the Colonna hereditary charge, according to tradition, and when he finally shook hands with him he said:

"If everybody understood each other as well as you and I do, there would be no political complications in Italy."

My father, in his picturesque black kilted costume, with silk mantle, used to drive to the Vatican, accompanied by his gentleman-in-waiting and his private chaplain. I think it is one of the last instances of a Roman Prince having a gentleman in attendance on him, and of course it was only on these occasions. In everyday life this *gentiluomo* was one of my father's agents, but he also wore a costume, with a cocked hat and sword, when he went to the Vatican, and was very proud of his rôle.

After my father's last audience with the King, he was received, together with his two daughters, in private audience by Pope Leo XIII. We wore the black frocks and lace mantillas that are still customary at the Vatican. The Pope looked scarcely human in his emaciation and parchment-like coloring and was incredibly ugly. He wore mittens and his shrivelled fingers emerging from them looked like forks. He asked my father whether he destined either of us to be a nun, which prejudiced me against him.

The following year, on account of the fatigue occasioned by giving private audiences to all the "Black" families, it was decided that the Pope should hold a New Year's reception instead, receiving all the *Patriziato Romano* in a body.

I think the first of these receptions was held in 1896 and they were continued every year until his death. They were a curious mixture of religion and society. We all assembled in one of the large drawing-rooms of the Vatican decorated with fine old frescoed ceiling and frieze and hung with crimson brocade. At one end of the room, on some steps, was the Pope's throne, shadowed by a great canopy. While we were waiting for his arrival, the function seemed like an ordinary party: the young people gathered together in the deep-set windows, chattered and chaffed and had a very good time in the unspoiled manner of those days. Of course, all the women wore black with lace mantillas, and the men were in evening dress. There was a great art in arranging the mantilla properly, and the smartest women employed a celebrated hair-dresser, called Lancia, to do so, and fastened the lace with all their most beautiful jewels.

When the Pope arrived and took his place on the throne, all voices were hushed, and then my father, standing near him, would make a little speech, offering good wishes for the New Year in the name of all present and asking for a blessing. The Pope would answer with a few well-chosen words, and then await the *defile* of the Roman nobility.

My sister and I had to be the first to pass, which was shy work, but on an imperceptible nod from my father we would come forward and kneel before the Pope and listen to whatever he found to say to us, after which we moved on and our place was taken by the next family on the list. My father presented each one by name, in case the Pope did not remember them.

ON New Year's Day, I think it must have been in 1897, I had been ill and was not able to accompany my father and my sister to the Vatican. On their return my sister burst into my room in an abject state of despair, holding her head in her hands.

"Oh, Vittoria," she wailed, "I have done something too awful, too dreadful. Never will I get over it!"

I remember sitting straight up in bed in my anxiety.

"Surely you didn't trip over the Pope?" I suggested, awestruck, trying to think of the worst thing that could happen.

"No, but I went up to the throne *directly* after Papa's speech; I forgot the Pope had to answer first, you see! *And they just waved me away!*"

It seemed to my poor sister, who was only eighteen at the time, the worst humiliation that could befall her, and with tears running down her face she kept repeating:

"It was all that old Princess Ruspoli's fault; she pushed me in the back and said, 'Go on!' Now wouldn't you think she was old enough to know better?"

IN FEBRUARY 1897 my father gave a beautiful ball at Palazzo Colonna for my sister's "coming out". In a way it was my "coming out", too, as I was present at it though only sixteen at the time, and I think no one was more truly "débutantes" than we were, for so closely had we been guarded up till then that we had never met any young men, except our cousins, until that evening. I was so shy that I prayed as I danced, for fear of treading on my partner's toes. And my prayers must have been successful, for I was kept at it until dawn! It was on that occasion that the Maria Mancini apartment on the ground floor was thrown open for the first time for many years. It is now inhabited by my cousin, the present Prince Colonna.

I remember the first guest to arrive was Monsignor Stonor, the English Bishop who had christened me in London, and who was to perform my marriage ceremony in Rome twenty years later. He arrived early, according to the custom of Roman prelates, so as to leave before the dancing began, and I accompanied him round the frescoed drawing-rooms that he was very anxious to inspect, as he had never seen them.

In those days the "Black" world was still very large and included, curiously enough, all the prettiest girls in Rome: Maria, Laura and Giacinta Ruspoli, a trio of beautiful sisters in a family famed for its good looks, Nita Lante, Lavinia and Bebetta Bourbon del Monte, Maria and Cristina Lancellotti . . .

The border-line between "Black" and "White" society was very marked, and the "Black" was the aggrieved party, for they considered that the Pope had been unlawfully deprived of his temporal power in 1870 when Italy became a united country, and that he should really be King of Rome. So the "Blacks" would have nothing to do with the "Whites", who remained more serenely indifferent in the matter.

There were three brothers called Macchi who were friends of ours after our début. They belonged to the "Blacks" and had an old uncle who was a Cardinal. All these boys had in turn to do their military service, through no wish of their own, but because it was the law of the country. All the same, the old Cardinal absolutely refused to see them wearing the Italian uniform, and when the moment for his service came the particular Macchi boy in question had to bid a for-

(*Continued on page 140*)

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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(*Continued from page 146*)

mal farewell to his uncle, kiss his hand, and not appear before him until he was out of uniform once more.

I remember hearing the Spanish Ambassadress to the Vatican, Madame Merry del Val (Mother of the Spanish Ambassador now in London, and of the Cardinal), say when organizing a *thé de bienfaisance:*

"I cannot preside over the tea table, for, if a lady of the White World comes up I couldn't possibly offer her a cup of tea."

All this ill-feeling is now a thing of the past and, except on strictly official occasions, the two parties meet and mingle freely, all the best of friends.

Though I did not go to all the social functions that year with my sister, my father now and then relented and took me about with him, in spite of my extreme youth. Though he was very severe, I think my gaiety and love of fun really amused him.

When we went to formal parties to which Cardinals were invited, there were footmen with lighted torches at the foot of the stairs, waiting to escort the Cardinals to the antichamber, according to old custom. The gala liveries of the servants in the old Roman families were very magnificent, but these are still used in present times. My father ranked as a Cardinal according to Vatican etiquette, so when we arrived at a party the order: "Torcie!" was given also for him, and two footmen walked in front of us bearing their torches on high, which looked rather funny, up a staircase already brilliantly lighted with electric light.

This custom dates from the days when Roman staircases were unlit, and servants with torches were provided for the convenience of guests, when these were of sufficient importance.

I USED to delight in getting my father to tell me the story of how he used to stand among the servants in his father's antichamber at Palazzo Colonna when he was a little boy, and watch the guests arriving and departing. With his delightful talent for mimicry he would imitate for my amusement the old *maestro di casas'* (literally "master of the house" but meaning butler) expression, first when an Ambassador was leaving the reception and the old man would call out pompously, "Torcie!" the order being followed by a scurry of footmen and flaming torches, and then when an unimportant lady departed, when he would cast a supercilious glance at her and then study the ceiling disdainfully, while the poor thing stumbled and flopped down the dark stairs as best she could.

We visited the old Duchess Salviati, who was at home every Monday evening. Her drawing-room was furnished with stiff chairs placed round the walls, and on one side a still stiffer sofa on which she sat, surrounded by the guests of honor, usually my father and some Cardinals.

I find that I wrote a description of our first evening in Casa Salviati in my youthful diary:

"It was a real old Roman reception at Salviati's last night: the large dimly lighted staircase, the solemn footmen in the antichamber and the stateliness that reigned in the drawing-room. Three Cardinals sat solemnly on a sofa with their red skull-caps on their heads and their silk mantles falling in correct folds about them. They were surrounded by several hideous old ladies and ugly old gentlemen representing the cream of Black society. I made my lowest curtsey to the mistress of the house . . . and finally found myself seated with several uninteresting damsels on a row of chairs with our backs to the wall, carrying on a most correct society conversation. Presently one of the few young men present came and appropriated the chair next to me. He was Don—, a small youth with widely opened gray eyes, a perpetually scared expression, lanky coal black hair, red nose and the most absurdly squeaky voice I've ever heard . . ."

Such was my vitality that I managed to get enjoyment even out of that sort of evening!

IT WAS during the Carnival of 1897 that we attended the last big dinner and ball ever given by Prince and Princess Lancellotti, now both dead. Prince Lancellotti was one of the staunchest of the Pope's supporters, and after 1870, when Italy became a united Kingdom, he shut his front door in sign of mourning, and it has never been opened again to this day, when his son still continues the same tradition.

In spite of the closed front door, the Lancellottis gave yearly parties, but the only one I saw was the last of the series. The guests went in at a small side entrance. On that occasion the ball was preceded by a dinner of sixty, my first experience of a banquet, and, as usual, I managed to extract a lot of fun from what was really a rather solemn and dull affair. Though the ball that followed was a large one, not one of the guests had been presented at Court, nor was there a single officer in uniform. It would be impossible to give such a party nowadays. *Le combat finit, faute de combatants.*

My rather sad and lonely childhood was now a thing of the past, and until I married in 1901 my Roman seasons were full of *joie de vivre.* All parties were not as stiff as the Salviati one, and I remember the gayest of balls with cotillions that lasted all night.

Though my father was very fond of me, he was excessively severe, but no scoldings could damp my youthful spirits for very long. I loved bicycling, and had discovered a sort of cycling school or track called "Pista Tomei" where people went to learn to ride and which became my happy-hunting-ground. I got up gymkhanas, an unknown thing in Rome, inventing absurd races for which I wheedled nice prizes out of my father, and I often succeeded in winning them. I remember an Orsini having a crashing fall over an obstacle, and my joy was so intense and so openly demonstrated that it was attributed to the spirit of the old family feud.

I also started games of bicycle polo which took place in the middle of the track, to the great worry and confusion of the people who were learning to ride on its outside edge! These games were an importation from Merton where, during the happy summer months, several young friends and I played bicycle polo on the lawn. In Rome this was considered quite a daring innovation, terrific tumbles were the order of the day, and I remember my father's indignation when on inquiring why I had a long scratch on my cheek I explained that it had been caused by somebody else's pedal!

WHEN my sister married Marchese Chigi of Siena in 1899, the last of the disagreeable governesses left, and I had a charming Italian *dame de compagnie,* cultivated and kind, who came every afternoon to accompany me wherever I wished to go, while my darling Sizy went out with me in the morning, for, needless to say, I was not allowed to go about by myself.

One of my dancing partners was a young man who obtained a sad notoriety a few years later. He came to Rome for a couple of seasons and had a mania for giving huge dinner parties, to which he invited indiscriminately everyone he met. He never could remember a name and rarely recognized a face, so he seemed to exist in a perpetual gray fog of confusion. His conversation was fragmentary and disjointed; in fact, it was difficult to understand *what* he was talking about most of the time. My father took a most violent dislike to what he considered the most obnoxious youth he had ever seen, and snubbed him unmercifully. I was rather sorry for the poor thing, as he really seemed rather pathetically bewildered by life. He couldn't understand why we never accepted the invitations to his banquets at the Grand Hotel.

At that time a little old professor, who had been one of my childhood's teachers and who still came to read Dante with me, had fallen on bad days and was urgently in need of pupils. I persuaded my young acquaintance to learn Italian and engage my old master, so he used to have him at

(*Continued on page 150*)

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AND the increasing importance of this new vogue may be ascribed to the utter charm of the little jacket . . . or the necessity for cool sleevelessness on warm days—with proper protection for sudden sea breezes . . . or the graciously feminine variations presented by Dobbs.

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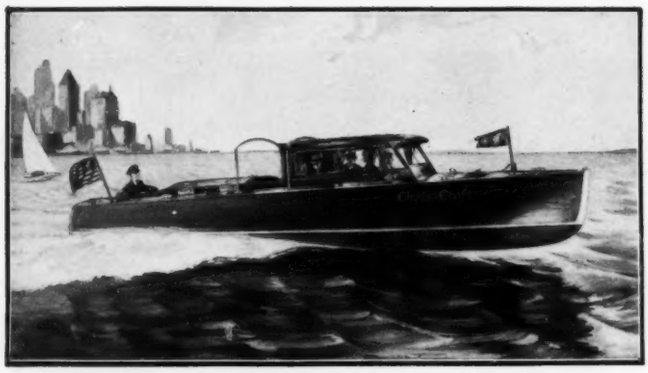

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22 to 38 feet 30 to 45 Miles an Hour
82 to 225 Horsepower 8 to 26 Passengers

$2235 to $15,000

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 149)

the Grand Hotel every day, keeping him the whole morning, and, after giving him a good luncheon, would send him down to me at Palazzo Colonna in his own carriage. The professor told me that the lessons did not really exist; my acquaintance would walk about the room in his dressing-gown, occasionally playing the piano and quite unable to concentrate on a single word of Italian. When I asked the young man what he was learning, he answered that they were reading something about a chap called Ariosto Furioso. But I like to record an act of kindness in one who afterward had so much sorrow.

My acquaintance with this man was nipped in the bud by my father's severity, which perhaps was just as well. It was on our arrival in London in the summer of 1898 that I received a letter:

"Dear Donna Vittoria"—it ran, more or less—

"I am glad you have at last arrived in a country where men can write to girls. Will you come to the Opera in my box on Thursday night?"

My father confiscated the note, and answered it himself.

"Dear Mr. ——," he wrote, "though we are in London, I do not permit you to write to my daughter, so I answer your letter myself to say that she will not go to the Opera with you on Thursday evening . . ."

Undaunted the young man replied:

"Dear Prince Colonna:

"I did not know you were also in London. Won't you come to the Opera on Thursday and bring your daughter?"

My father, growing curter and curter, wrote that he wouldn't come and he wouldn't bring his daughter. And then came a last note:

"Dear Prince Colonna:

"If you don't wish to bring your daughter to the Opera on Thursday night, won't you come alone with me in my box?"

My father was so exasperated that I think he left London!

MY EXISTENCE continued to alternate between happy summers in the depths of Norfolk and winters in Palazzo Colonna, as it had all my life. I made many friends among old and young and loved them all.

In the Spring of 1901 I met my future husband for the first time. His sister, Giovanella, later Baronne Grenier, and his brother, Gelasio, who were much younger than he, I had known as a child, when they used to come with their Kennedy cousins to play with us at Palazzo Colonna. I was very small at the time and the youngest of the lot, so they bullied me unmercifully. One day the faithful Sizy rose like a lioness in defence of her cub and boxed all their ears, after which she made them put on their hats and coats and sit in a row till their governess called for them. They did not come to Palazzo Colonna again, and it was several years later, at one of my first balls, that a good-looking young man came up to me and said:

"Hullo, Vittoria! Don't you remember me? I am Gelasio."

So I laughed and hid my face in the crook of my arm and said:

"Please don't hit me!"

I first met Leone Caetani at Ninfa when I went there with a party of friends on one of the first automobile picnic trips that took place in Rome. Ninfa lies in the Pontine Marshes and belonged to the Duke of Sermoneta. In those days it was deserted and full of romantic charm. The village of Ninfa was abandoned during the Middle Ages, probably on account of the malarious climate, and the ruins of its houses and seven churches were covered with ivy; judas-trees grew among them and violets and cyclamens carpeted the ground. A stream flows through what used to be the village, and on one side rises a picturesque tower from the top of which a Caetani once hurled three priests who happened to disagree with him. Mountains overhang one side of Ninfa, while on the other are the limitless plains of the Pontine Marshes. In the far distance is the Castle of Sermoneta, perched on the summit of a hill like an eagle's nest.

Ninfa now belongs to my brother-in-law, Gelasio Caetani, who has restored the Caetani tower and adjoining house, and turned the whole place into a carefully kept garden. His roses are beautiful, but the charm of the spot, for those who knew Ninfa in the old days, is quite altered.

WHEN I went to Ninfa for the first time Leone Caetani was living near by, at Cisterna, as he did summer and winter, for he managed his father's vast estates. He joined our merry picnic among the ruins and happened to sit near me. When we all left he made up his mind to go to Rome and marry me, and as my father wished it, too, a fortnight later we were engaged.

We were married in June in the picture gallery of Palazzo Colonna. I suppose it was one of the most typically Roman weddings that has ever been, and the wonderful surroundings made a unique setting for it. The Colonna and the Caetani families had always been deadly enemies down to comparatively recent times, and very few marriages have ever taken place between them. Onorato Caetani, Duke of Sermoneta, married Agnese Colonna in 1556, and that was the last union between the two families.

The throne room was transformed into a chapel, and Mass celebrated under the red velvet canopy, on the same spot where bygone Colonnas used to receive the visiting Popes. I had the choice of two beautiful lace wedding-veils, the Colonna and the Caetani one, and chose the latter, hoping it would be the luckier! My train was held by two small pages, my future brother-in-law, Michelangelo Caetani, and my cousin, Piero Colonna.

After the wedding ceremony we received the congratulations of our friends in the great marble gallery. As it was late in the season all foreigners had left Rome and I do not think there was a single guest present who was not Italian. Representatives of all the old names that have made the history of Rome were there: Colonna, Caetani, Orsini, Massimo, Theodoli, Ruspoli, Vitelleschi, Barberini.

The wedding breakfast took place in the famous Maria Mancini apartment, and directly afterward we left for Frascati, where Duke Grazioli, a friend of my father-in-law, had lent us his beautiful villa "Montalto" for our honeymoon. As automobiles were still considered too unreliable, and also undignified, we drove there in a carriage with four horses.

IT IS impossible to imagine two abodes more utterly different than my old home, Palazzo Colonna, so spacious, so full of light and sunshine, with its wonderful old gardens and enormous courtyards, its priceless picture gallery and innumerable frescoed halls, and Palazzo Caetani, in Via delle Botteghe Oscure, that is "the street of the dark shops", one of the narrowest streets in Rome.

Palazzo Caetani is in itself a rather fine building, designed by Ammanati, one of Michelangelo's pupils, but spoiled by an extra story built above its cornice by a practical but inartistic Caetani. Its darkness and melancholy are overwhelming.

On the first floor, the so-called *piano nobile*, where my parents-in-law lived, the electric light was in constant use at luncheon during the winter, and in several of the drawing-rooms it was necessary literally to grope one's way in the perpetual gloom.

When I was taken to call there for the first time, and as a *fiancée* passed the forbidding portals of the palace, my heart sank within me. A tall bearded porter, in appearance rather like a brigand

(Continued on page 152)

One of Philadelphia's Most Important Brides

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PICTURESQUELY beautiful . . . a leader of the smart younger set . . . and by birth one of that most exclusive of inner circles, Philadelphia's oldest families—Mrs. William H. Kingsley, Jr., is known to her friends as a lovely person with a flair for beauty and grace in living.

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MRS. KINGSLEY IN HER WEDDING GOWN OF OLD LACE AND IVORY SATIN

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"Of course, I instinctively knew," she says, "that I would select a Gorham pattern, for as everyone knows, Gorham makes the finest sterling and their designs are always authentic.

"I decided on the new Dolly Madison pattern because I love the graceful sweep of its delicate lines. Somehow you can just see the loving care of the artist who moulded the smooth, gleaming silver into this beautiful, simple form. Truly modern in the best sense, it adds richness to any table setting."

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Varona Cleansing Cream
$1—$1.50—$2.50—$5

Varona Skin Tonic
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Varona Muscle Oil
$1—$2—$4

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$1.50—$2.50

Use this *Varona Treatment* daily—your skin will take on new beauty. This is the first time a *Varona Treatment* has been published.

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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(Continued from page 150)

and as grim as his surroundings, kept watch over the entrance. I remember whispering pleadingly:

"Oh, couldn't we live just by ourselves in a tiny place *anywhere* sooner than here?"

But, unfortunately, parental word was law in Casa Caetani and we were not allowed to choose. My father-in-law gave me some rooms on the second floor and there I spent seventeen consecutive winters.

In those days the Caetani family lived all together, and consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Sermoneta, five sons and a married daughter who spent most of the year with her parents, with her child, and occasionally her husband.

The Duke was a giant, six foot six in his stockings; his eldest son, my husband, was six foot four, and the shortest of them all, Gelasio Caetani, my brother-in-law, who recently became Italian Ambassador at Washington, measured six foot two. The Duke was a remarkably handsome old man, with a long white beard and curly gray locks that he wore long and in artistic disarray.

None of the family had any idea of time or tidiness, and the palace was in a chronic state of confusion and dust. From the day I entered it until the day I left I always saw workmen going about the place, carrying saws, hammers and pots of paint; huge ladders were dragged up and down stairs by perspiring underlings, and loud shouting of directions, chiefly from the upper windows down to the courtyard, went on most of the day. But there was never any perceptible result; the dirt and disorder remained always the same and the family, far from being discouraged, regarded this state of things as a standing joke.

I REMEMBER the evening I arrived at Palazzo Caetani for the first time after my honeymoon at Frascati. Dusk was falling, dinner time approaching, and there was no sign of life anywhere in my part of the house. I sat in the bedroom that had been allotted to me; my husband had been given one on another floor and so far off that I never really learned the quickest way to his room, as there were several staircases and innumerable passages. My dear old English nurse, "Sizy," sat near me. She was very ruffled at having left beautiful Palazzo Colonna with all its luxuries and comforts, and not at all disposed to make the best of things.

Finally, when it had got quite dark I suggested:

"Supposing we ring the bell and ask the housemaid for some hot water?"

"There is no bell, there is no housemaid, there is no hot water in this house," was "Sizy's" gloomy retort, and the funny part of it is that it was absolutely true.

The old Duke was immensely rich and had huge properties in the Pontine Marshes, but he spent very little and his petty economies were proverbial in Rome. In later years he always went out on foot, not to use his automobile, and was horrified at the idea of taking a cab. At the most, for very long distances, he boarded a tramcar. This trait he inherited from his father, the famous Duke Michelangelo, who became blind in his old age because he refused to be operated on for cataract by a first-class surgeon. He preferred the cheap services of a little country village man who contrived to put out both his eyes with clumsily executed operations. Duke Michelangelo always traveled third class, an unheard-of thing in those days, and when asked the reason, would reply: "Because there is no fourth class."

None of my family-in-law ever dressed for dinner and during that first winter, when we lived all together, I think I sat longer at the dining-room table than I ever have since in my life. A bell rang before meals to summon us all, but no one ever dreamed of moving toward the dining-room on hearing it, for the Caetanis merely considered it as a symptom that food might be expected before long. The story ran that the Duchess always said on hearing the luncheon bell: "That's nice, I still have time to go to the stables and see all the horses."

And so it was the Caetani custom to drop in for meals at any old time, and the first arrival (which was always myself) was obliged to wait until the very last had finished. I sometimes used to think my tired back would break in two. The Duchess used to come in one of the last, usually in a violet flannel dressing-gown and waving an enormous paper fan which seemed to me unnecessary as their rooms were bitterly cold.

Each member of the family had a semi-circle of pickle bottles, patent medicines, sardine tins, et cetera, arranged round their plates, and these collections marked the place of each individual.

The food was served by an enormously fat man called Girolamo, who wore an old frock coat of the Duke's, and, owing to an impediment in his speech, spoke a language that no one could understand. He also was a standing joke in the family, and the extraordinarily silly things he did filled them with pure delight.

The Duke had a special Bologna sausage, smelling strongly of garlic, near his plate, and used to pare off thin slices that he presented in turn to members of the family as a great favor. I think he never really liked me after he discovered that I could not bear Bologna sausage. He was very clever and cultivated, and a most agreeable *causeur;* so were all his children, and the conversation at meals was often very pleasant and entertaining.

Twice in the course of the winter the Duke appeared at dinner in evening dress, and this was a signal that he was going to call afterward on the Queen Mother. On these occasions Girolamo invariably served him with a cup of extra strong coffee, with the usual remark:

"If your Excellency is going to-night to visit Her Majesty, he will need something to keep him awake!"

Even this delicate attention of Girolamo was not always efficacious, but the Queen Mother was genuinely attached to the Duke, and never minded his nodding toward the end of the evening.

After several months of bad health, increased by want of comforts and my own ingorance as to what care to take of myself, my son Onorato Caetani was born on April the 24th, 1902, and we both were very ill, indeed. Nursing was still rather a primitive affair in Rome in those days, and in Palazzo Caetani it had always been of the sketchiest description.

The Duchess had a great regard for an old surgeon, Professor Mazzoni, and no one but he was allowed to attend any member of the family, whatever was the matter with them. Professor Mazzoni had the greatest disdain for medicine, and was only interested in broken bones and things that could be put right with a knife, so, as I had a delicate chest and suffered from bronchitis and asthma, I was not the patient of his choice at all.

He used to look me up when I was prostrate with one of my attacks and insist on kissing me and pulling my ear, which I disliked very much indeed. But beyond examining the scent bottles on my dressing-table and using my sprays vigorously on himself, he did nothing else. Fortunately, by just staying in bed and being looked after by my dear old English nurse, I always managed to recover without his help.

ON LOOKING back on that dreadful time I wonder how the baby and I survived at all. We slowly came back to life, somehow, but not enough to assume the appearance of normally healthy human beings. It had been decreed by my husband and his mother that we were to stay on in Rome indefinitely that summer, as Teano was kept there by the fact that he was obliged to manage the family estates for his father. But poor baby drooped so in the heat, and I wept in such dreadful homesickness for England, that they got rather scared and decided that we were to be sent to my grandmother in London, and, incidentally, have the interest of seeing King Edward's coronation.

Never will I forget my joy and relief when I realized that I was to be allowed to leave! In spite of the long, hot and

(Continued on page 154)

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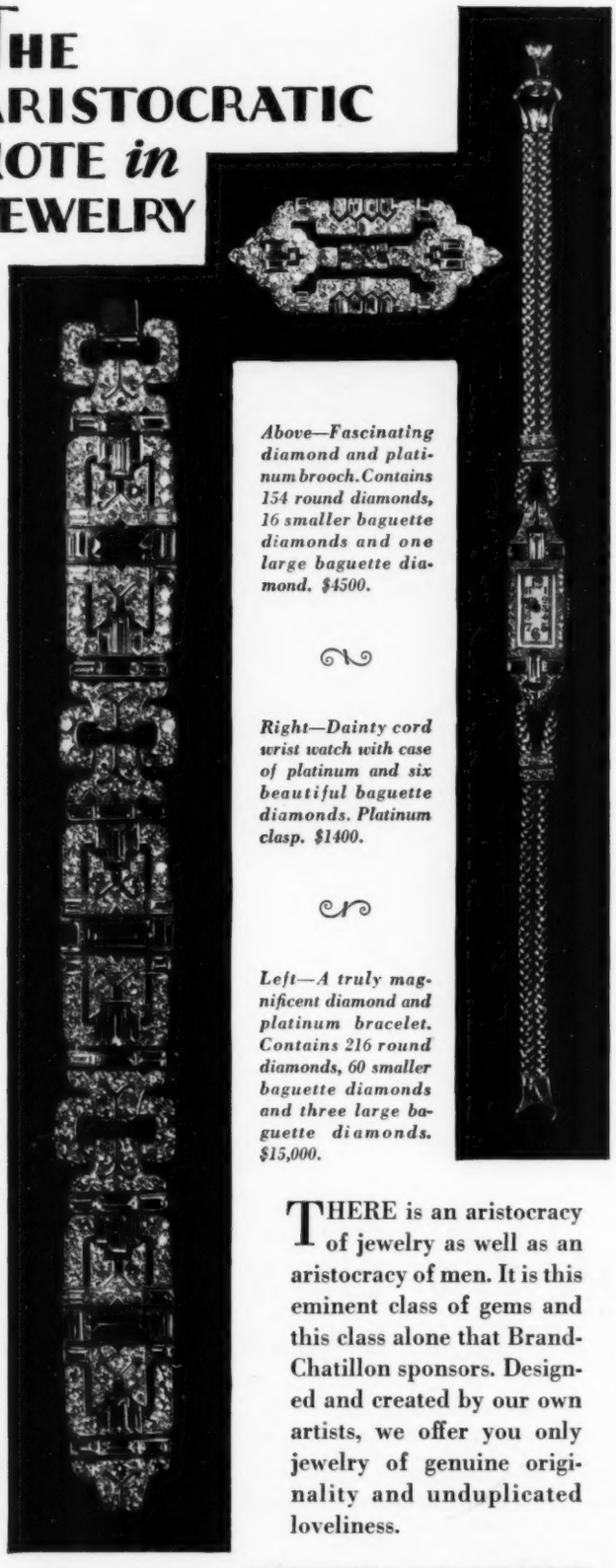

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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

(*Continued from page 152*)

dusty journey, we both revived as soon as we landed on blessed British soil.

At Dover the guard walked alongside the train giving bad news to us all: "The King is very ill," he said; "they have had to operate on him and the coronation is put off indefinitely."

This dramatic announcement was a shock to everyone, and total strangers entered into excited conversation. It seems the King had struggled on pluckily in spite of terrible pain, in hopes of getting through with the ceremony and not disappointing his subjects, and the public had no inkling of what was going on. But finally his life was in danger, and an operation was hurriedly performed at the eleventh hour.

It was strange to arrive in London and see the decorations and flags, the quantities of stands covered with bunting that were erected all along what was to have been the route of the procession, the enormous crowds in the streets. I remember everyone stood about looking stunned, as though not knowing in which direction to turn their footsteps.

But for me—to see my grandmother's barouche waiting at Victoria Station, with the two fat gray horses, the faithful coachman, Carrier, with his curly white wig, and, inside, the little old lady all smiles and waving a diminutive parasol, drove every other thought out of my head. The drive to Eaton Square where tea was served as usual in the big drawing-room, tea with all its attractiveness of old silver and many dainties; the old servants coming in to have a look at the baby—all this was the cure I needed, and in a few days the buoyancy of my twenty-one years reasserted itself and I was myself once more.

In a few days we learned that the King was out of danger, and progressing favorably, and that the coronation would take place in August.

I must not forget Uncle Augustus Tollemache, who was staying with my grandmother at this time, as he did for many months of the year. It was he who wrote the memoir of his sister, Mrs. William Locke, that I have already referred to, and who was, consequently, my grandmother's uncle.

HE WAS born in 1815 and always seemed to me incredibly old with his snow white hair and feeble gait. He was clever and cultivated, loving art and music and writing little poems; he also had a sense of humor and we had many a good laugh together over the little jokes we shared. He outlived all his brothers and sisters and even my grandmother. When she died in 1906 in her house in Eaton Square, Uncle Augustus and I were the only relations present at her bedside, and the poor old man looked at me as it were across the hazy distance of a century and said, so sadly, "I have lived too long." When I arrived in Eaton Square with my baby he was very interested in seeing him and stroked his little head softly, saying: "Now I have known seven generations." And he counted them up for me, beginning with his own grandmother, Lady Aldborough, and his mother, Lady Elizabeth Tollemache.

My grandmother and I decided not to stay in London for the coronation; we all needed country air and I was very anxious to get to the beloved Norfolk of my childhood.

The postponement of the coronation had been a terrible financial blow to Lord Walsingham. He owned the site in Piccadilly now occupied by the Ritz, and had built there a hotel which he called the Walsingham House. It was not a financial success owing to the amateurishness of the whole enterprise, for he ran it with his old butler as manager, but for this occasion Walsingham had built stands on every available space and all the seats had been sold at large prices. He had counted on this to help him over a difficult moment, but when the coronation was put off the ticket holders wanted their money back and Walsingham found himself in rather a bad way, not having insured against this unfortunate contingency. When people were reassured about the King's health the social season went on in the usual way, and I had my first glimpses of London society. I had never done any social life in London and I knew practically no one there, as my father allowed me to go out only in Rome when I was a girl.

I went to an official party given by Lord and Lady Lansdowne, I think in honor of the Indian princes who had come to London for the coronation. It was the first time that I had seen any, and I was much impressed by their brocade coats of exquisite colors, their sunset-like turbans, jeweled brooches and enormous pearl necklaces. Our Duchessa d'Aosta was at that party, in the full splendor of her stately good looks, and it was there I made the acquaintance of the Italian Ambassador, Signor Pansa and his wife Donna Maria, whom I was to see so much of later on.

I wrote next day with youthful enthusiasm:

"Donna Maria is so good looking and charming it is impossible to believe she is an ambassadress! I saw Lady Ashburton with a tiara of emeralds and diamonds of which each individual stone was bigger than her face! . . ."

Mrs. Mackay, mother of Mr. Clarence Mackay, gave a musical party that season at her fine house in Carlton House Terrace, and as I knew her through her sister, Contessa Telfener who was married in Rome, she kindly asked me to it. I remember that the program contained the names of what was best in the musical world at that time: Kubelik, Calvé, Plançon, Kirkby Lunn, and a new Italian tenor who had quite a success. I was told he was *the* coming man. He looked a typical Neapolitan, short and stout, with a little mustache and a rolling eye. His name was Enrico Caruso!

AT ANOTHER party I met the Crown Princess of Rumania, then slim and lovely, and dancing like a fairy.

One day an American, Mrs. Ronalds, an old friend of my father's, took me with a party to the Crystal Palace, which amused me very much, in spite of the fact that we drove there in a landau and that the journey took about two hours. I made a note in my diary that I saw a flying machine, I suppose on the Santos Dumont principle, and that I would very much have liked to try it, but it wasn't working yet! Motors were still a rarity, and of course taxis began a good bit later.

It is curious that the telephone was in general use in Rome far sooner than it was in London. I remember as a child standing on a chair in Palazzo Colonna and talking by the hour to my little friends at the other end of the line; for in those days the mouthpiece was attached with the whole apparatus to the wall, and consequently was always either too high or too low for most people. Subscribers had no numbers, and their names and addresses were given to the exchange girls.

In London the telephone was adopted in private houses many years later; my grandmother never had it at all in Eaton Square, and electric light was almost as slow in coming in. All urgent messages were sent by telegram, and I used to come home to find a row of orange colored envelopes waiting for me on the hall table, and my grandmother in a twitter at the top of the stairs.

"Vittoria dear," she used to call out, "I'm afraid something very dreadful must have happened. Eight telegrams have arrived for you."

I would soothe her by opening them quickly and showing her that they only contained invitations, but she never got rid of the impression that a telegram meant bad news; and the same little scene was enacted every day. She thought it all terribly modern, and when she heard of my driving in a hansom with a man friend it shocked her deeply. But she was more modern than her own mother, my great-grandmother Mrs. Locke, whom I remember as never having been in a hansom, or worn a heel to her shoe, in her life. Both things she considered much too dangerous!

(*To be Continued*)

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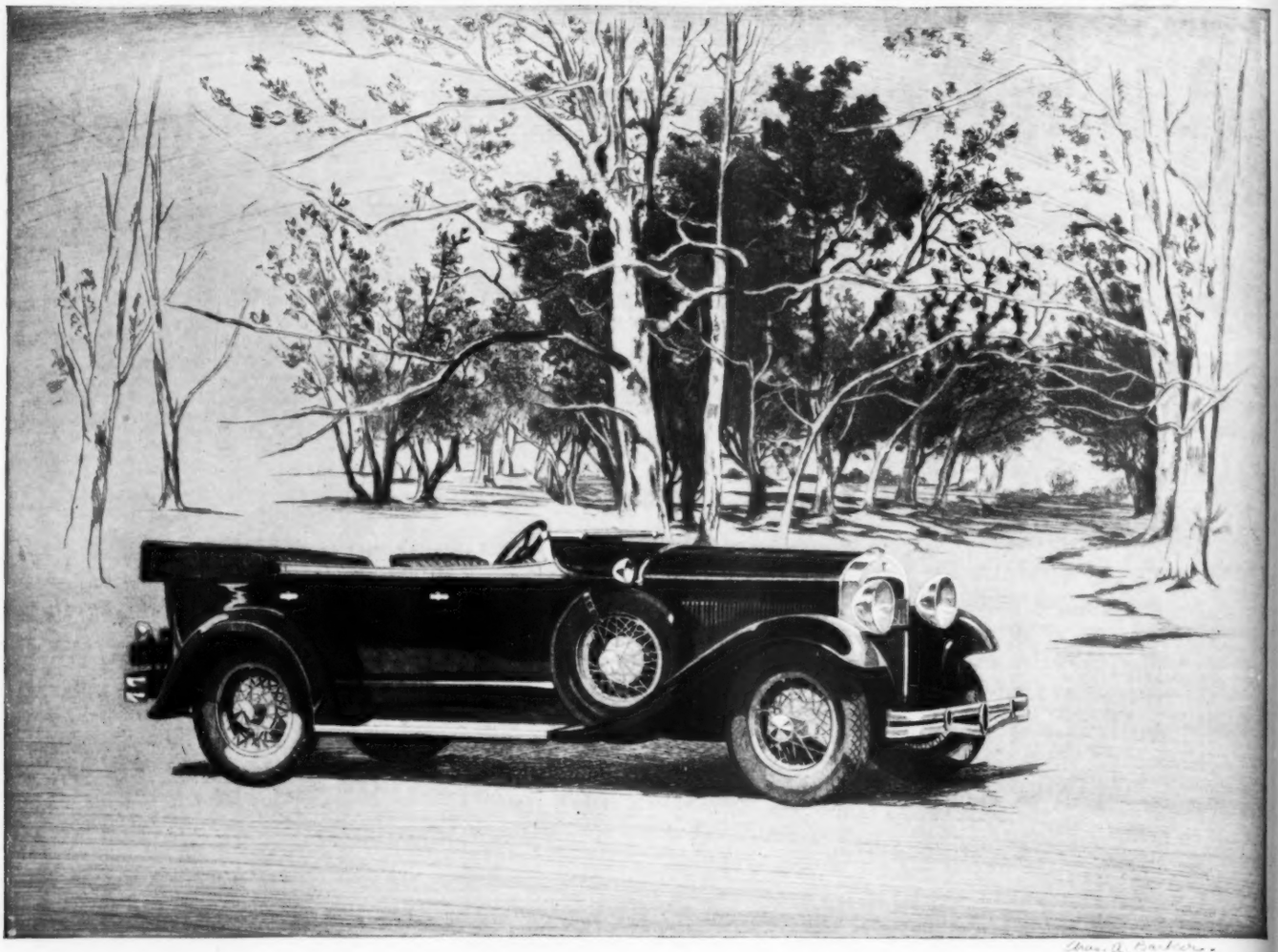

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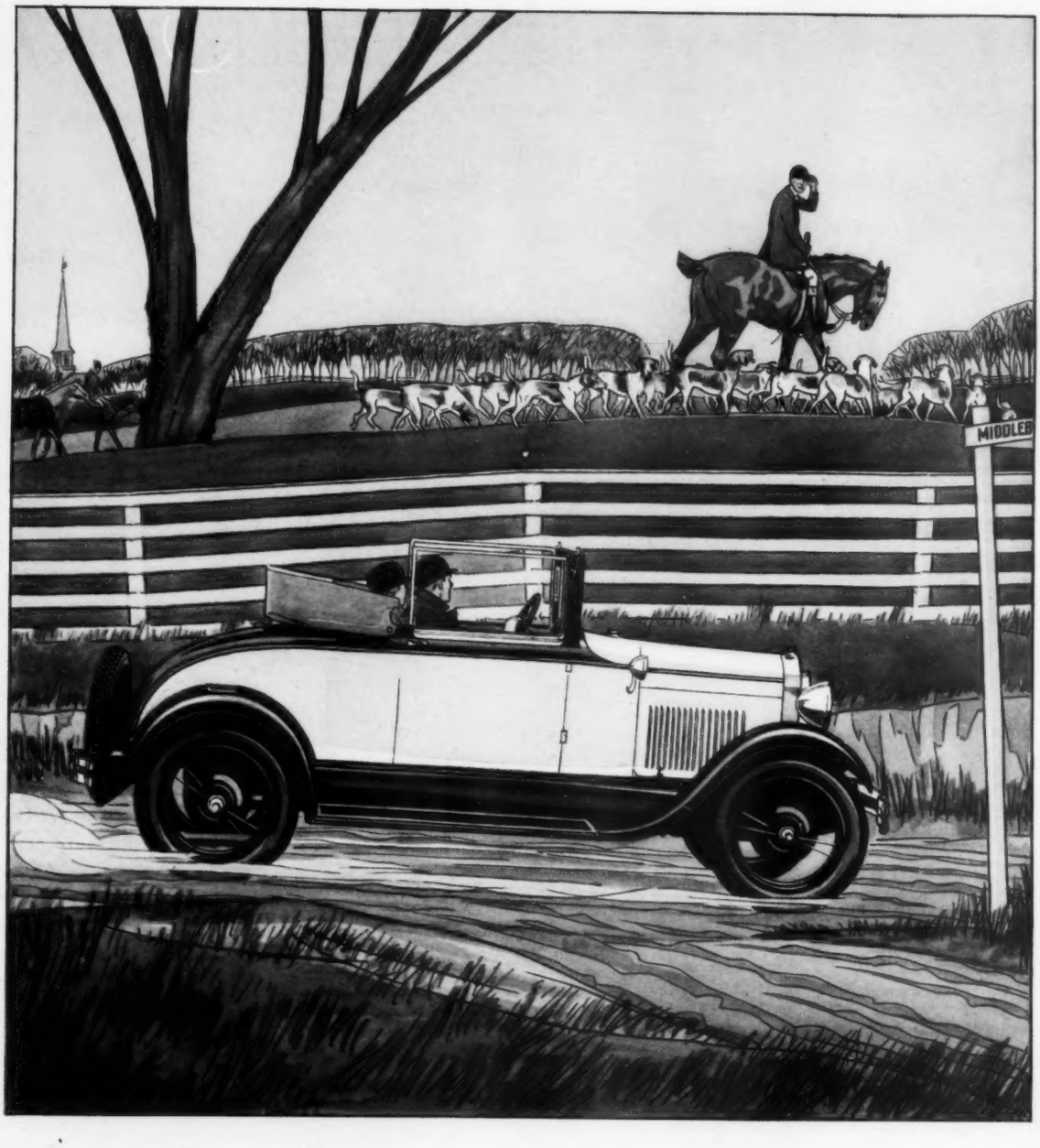

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Other new Ford body types are the Town Car (chauffeur-driven), the Town Sedan, and the Station Wagon. These supplement the Fordor Sedan, Tudor Sedan, Coupe, Sport Coupe, Business Coupe, Phaeton and Roadster.

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Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

FATHER

(*Continued from page 109*)

"If you'd rather sit and talk to us, Father," said his wife—at which Miss Light looked arch; an art forgotten by the Rosamunds—"one of the girls will sit in front."

"Yes, Father. I'll sit in front."

And remake that elaborate arrangement of rugs? "No," he said, smiling cheerfully, "I'll drive and give Atkinson a rest. You've probably been keeping him going day and night while I've been away, all you giddy young things."

He included Miss Light, because, somehow, all women of that shape, size, and smell, dressed like that, seemed like one of his family.

There were smiles at his jest, even from Atkinson. Atkinson managed a look of, "Yes, they *have* been going it!" He and Atkinson knew, of course, that they couldn't go it if they tried, poor dears. Couldn't go a yard; couldn't fly one fence. And then Atkinson, who knew his mind, had got him, before further sallies from his ladies could delay him, behind the wheel.

He and Atkinson presented broad impenetrable backs to the passengers.

A good thing they were impenetrable.

THE country looked lovely. Red autumn. Red. Red. He and Atkinson could both have sung. They didn't.

Behind him: "I got the pattern of the jumper from Mavis, and I'm making it in a soft brown . . . "

. . . "so I said I would give the first of the bridge teas this winter . . . "

. . . "yes, my brother's had dreadful trouble at the vestry meetings . . . "

. . . "girls have jumpers alike. Why don't you, dears? There are society twins who dress exactly alike . . . "

. . . "a brighter color than brown? Not with my indigestion. It makes such a difference if you can depend on your skin, but with my indigestion . . . "

. . . "oh, my husband never grudges money spent on the hothouses. He knows how flowers please me. Father never grudges the money spent on the hothouses, does he, girls?"

. . . "pull your hat a little more forward, dear . . . "

. . . "no, the girls aren't going to the Simpkins' dance. There are never enough men, and they feel it . . . "

. . . "we don't mind at all, mother. It never enters our heads. We're perfectly happy . . . "

. . . "way some girls go about with any young man they can pick up. Thank heaven, mine have never wanted to do it."

Was Atkinson thinking, too: "Couldn't if they did?" Was he? No doubt. Why not?

It went on, in a staccato burble:

. . . "taking up her music more seriously. Yes, she is, aren't you, dear?"

. . . "how nice. How *nice!*"

. . . "everybody seems to do something nowadays. And we gave seventy pounds for her new violin. We're thinking of setting aside one of the top rooms for a music room. A kind of studio. Aren't we, girls?"

. . . "my brother and I thought it would be delightful to get up a sort of little musical society; do madrigals; and old Elizabethan songs to the lute . . . "

. . . "would be a godsend. Did you put plenty of tissue-paper in the folds of your new taffetas, girls?"

. . . "new frocks! . . . "

. . . "oh, their father never grudges them anything; does he, dears?"

"We just buy. He pays."

. . . "wonder sometimes if you darling girls know how happy and fortunate you are . . . "

AUNTS' talk. Aunts' talk in there at the back. That was what he always called it in his own mind. Well, Atkinson and he had heard it scores of times before.

Coming into Folkestone now. Breath from the sharp, salty sea keen on the evening wind. Father thought, as he drove through the pleasant streets: "Give the ladies cocktails or sherry; and then . . . I may get ten minutes in the bar. Might pick up a match for to-morrow." For he had brought his golf clubs, and golf was reasonable excuse for deserting his flock for three or four hours, anyway.

He might, in the bar, meet a young man or two whom, later, he might introduce to the girls. It was improbable, but not impossible; and his wife always expected that sort of thing of him; because, later, there would be dancing.

But it was not likely that he would find such young men. Young men knew. If he had had a son he would have seen to it that he knew too.

They had stopped. The ladies were unwrapped.

They entered through the swing doors.

And a young man or two, making some sort of arrangements about something, in the vestibule, turned to look surreptitiously; and turned instantly away again. Yes. The beggars! They always turned instantly away again. Disappointing, possibly, for the girls; but one couldn't blame the boys, when there was so much joyous femininity drifting about the world.

They went forward.

"The Palm Lounge, I think, don't you?" said Father cheerily, "and a little cocktail before you all go up-stairs to make yourselves even more beautiful than you are now. What?" He ushered his flock into the Palm Lounge overlooking the green lawns above the sea.

The hotel servants—all the pages, and the hotel porter and the lounge waiters and the reception clerks—were frightfully pleased to see Father. They knew the cut of him, although there were not too many of his sort about nowadays. His orders would be generous and his tips would be just. The hotel servants ran smiling to and fro.

"My husband always manages everything so easily," said his wife aside to Miss Light.

"Very different from my brother," said Miss Light.

"Clergymen are so unworldly, though. I always think that you don't expect any more of a clergyman than you would of a woman. Throw off your coats, girls . . . Their new kasha suits."

Father stood beside his party, upright, pink, his portly figure well within bounds. A well-preserved man; and for all his worldliness, so nice and good and thoughtful.

"Sherry for you, my dear? Or a nice orange-blossom? Or a Martini? Miss Light, a Martini? Girls, Martinis?"

"Oh, I couldn't," said Miss Light.

But he knew she could and would; and she did.

THE sea was misty with night; stars were already peeping down from the sky. Nice, before turning indoors for that short drink, to have walked for ten minutes up and down that velvet sward, one's hand tucked intimately into a girl's arm, a girl's arm fur-coated; they had bought the mink coat a year ago; yes, a whole year ago; in Paris—thinking, feeling, the pleasures of the evening to come.

However . . .

"What's the time, Father?"

" 'Pon my word, nearly seven o'clock, my dear."

"Nearly seven o'clock, girls, and you've got to unpack. Fancy, nearly seven o'clock already, Miss Light! We'll go up." Movement. "You're coming up now, Father?"

"In a few moments, my dear. But Atkinson is coming round to speak to me about the car. She wasn't pulling very well, I thought, on that last hill."

"Oh, and we were talking so, we didn't detect anything. We didn't detect anything, did we, girls? I hope Father isn't going to be bothered about the car. Supposing it isn't all right for to-morrow if we want a run . . . supposing . . . "

"Car'll be all right, my dear."

Movements. They were off. "My husband *always* sees that everything is all right." The lift had them. Whew! the lift was welcome to them! He went off, a free man, to the bar.

Cozy. Charming. He knew the barman. "Gin-and-bitters." He nibbled at potato crisps and looked around. Yes, there were the same young men; but they knew him on sight; what they were obviously

(*Continued on page 158*)

DOROTHY HALL LAST SEEN ON BROADWAY in "PRECIOUS"

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SHE who sees this label in the fur you wear for spring will know beyond all question that it was not bought at a cut price or any other form of so-called "sale".

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Dobbs Darwin hat is a perfect choice for the Polo Coat. Of Dobbs lightweight felt in all colors and sizes.

From Dobbs Spring Sports Collections

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

FATHER

(*Continued from page 157*)

saying to themselves was: "The oldish fellow who came in a Daimler with a parcel of women. We know what *he's* after." They remained, therefore, youthfully, completely remote, absorbed in their own reflections, their own prospects—they would have girls, real girls, in for the dancing this evening, no doubt—and their Clover Club cocktails.

There was, also, a man of about his own age in plus fours, who would, however, have women of his own in the hotel, and they drew together after a few reconnoitering movements, and mentioned the weather. Then golf. A match to-morrow? Easy.

Father felt brighter when he went upstairs.

HIS wife was dressing, in the large luxurious bedroom with the bathroom opening out of it. The Rosamunds of his riper and more prosperous years had taught him to engage luxury suites. His wife still said: "Oh, but a private bath . . . we needn't really." However, with the promptings of the Rosamunds in his ears, he always, now, stood firm, and secretly he felt that his wife was pleased. She could say at her feminine bridge parties: "My husband's a most extravagant man; he thinks nothing too good for me."

A nice, good woman. They had to be. Yes, they had to be, or where and how would the world go? That was her new frock she was putting on, no doubt. Now, where had she got it? Where did she buy such clothes? They weren't cheap. It wasn't that. But . . .

Well, she just didn't know. It was, no doubt, well to have women in the world like that. She was smiling into the glass. She liked her new bright blue taffeta that emphasized her full figure, and made the strong rosiness of her arms look rosier.

Well, there were white nymph-arms in the world, too.

She was putting on one of the pieces of jewelry that he always fined himself after . . . well, after Paris, Vienna, or even, he had risked it, Brighton.

"New dress, love?"

"From Drake and Edwins'."

So that was where they got that sort of clothes!

"Fine feathers!"

"Do you think there'll be any young men here for the girls to dance with, Father?"

"Well, love, the prospects looked to me pretty thin."

"It is a shame; two really *nice* girls; girls who'd make any men good wives; and they never seem to have any partners or any attention. Men are blind."

"Ah well, I wasn't blind to you, was I, love; and you're a nice girl and the best of wives."

He went into the bathroom and shaved and tubbed; and presently was even more spruce in his dinner clothes than he had been in his tweed.

Oh, Lord, the girls were in that stiff stuff, too! Pale pink and pale mauve respectively. Thirty they were last birthday, his twin daughters, but how self-consciously they followed their mother into the dining-room! As for Miss Light, she was dressed incredibly; yes, incredibly. A lot of good money gone to no account in these four women's clothes! He beamed upon them affably, and complimented them all.

He took a swift look around. Yes; those two young men were bringing in two slim fairies, with laughing, carmined mouths, with legs made for dancing. He had known they would.

A cold breath passed over his table.

"Do you see those made-up girls?" his wife asked Miss Light.

His wife leaned to him across the table: "Some rather nice people have come in now."

"Have they, dear?"

He looked. The oldish plus-fours man with his party of ladies. Daughters, and aunts and wives and grandmothers . . . no, not as many as that. One mustn't exaggerate. Not as many as that; but still, he, too, must be looking forward longingly to his match and his lunch at the club-house to-morrow.

"Yes, love. Nice people. I met him just now."

"Where did you meet him, dear?"

"Just when I was waiting to speak to Atkinson about the car. We—er—we fixed up a little golf to-morrow, if you ladies can spare us."

"Men must have their recreations," said Miss Light playfully, from her broad mind.

"But the car, Father? We can have Atkinson and the car?"

"Yes, love. Naturally."

A magnum of champagne.

He gave his ladies caviar, and, after the table d'hôte dinner, specially magnificent dessert; luscious grapes; peaches; he chose them a vintage port; he gave them liqueurs of any colors they might fancy. He worked and strove to bring joy and sparkle to his flock; and knew, at least, that he had brought satisfaction.

"Except the girls," he thought. "Are they satisfied?" He saw their eyes, once or twice, flicker across to the party of four young people across the room; the young men who had appraised them in the vestibule; and the dancing partners of these young men.

His girls spoke in voices from which they carefully eliminated any envy, of the other girls' frocks. They liked them, they said. It was wonderful what a good effect could be achieved, temporarily, by these cheap materials nowadays.

When they left the dining-room for the dance floor the two young men and their partners were already dancing; light, eager feet, lissom bodies; agile legs. "They're just nobodies," said his wife in a voice as carefully arranged as the girls' voices. "Shop girls from the town, I expect, picked up by visitors. I expect that's what they are." Father led Miss Light out upon the dancing floor.

He danced very well, indeed, for a man of his age; in fact, his dancing was a source of surprise to his family, who could never imagine how, where and when he had picked up so much; or how, considering his quiet, retiring nature, he had cared for the trouble of retaining what he had picked up.

He always explained it: "I was musical as a boy, they tell me. I just sort of—sort of—dance to the music, you know."

The music of life. Yes. He danced to the music of life whenever it piped.

Miss Light . . .

The less thought about her dancing the better. This dance with her was just one of the things that had to be. His eye wandered to a beautiful body in the arms of a young man, but it did not wander much.

He led out daughter by daughter upon the dancing floor.

He waltzed with his wife.

"All the girls except my girls seem to find young men," said his wife; "but then I daresay they pursue them. I am sure they do. In these days, I am glad I have no son."

Father had a faint ache at his heart. He was not glad he had no son.

"You've got a couple of uncommonly nice daughters, my dear," he said, as they waltzed.

DID his ladies truly enjoy the evening? He had done his best; but he was afraid not. It was always thus. He discussed it with the middle-aged man at lunch at the Golf Club next morning, while they drank Scotch ale and ate some good pie.

They both felt well and lively in their plus fours; in the fresh air; in their hours of emancipation.

"It's always difficult; always unsatisfactory; a holiday with a whole family," said the other middle-aged man. "You pay and you pay; and yet nobody seems really to enjoy anything."

"The young fellows naturally are out after a bit of fun . . . "

"And so are we, when there's a chance of getting it."

Yes. And so were they. Into Father's eye came a little smile as he thought of Rosamund. He had said good-by to her for good; but, back in town on that day of escape called Monday, he was entertaining

(*Continued on page 160*)

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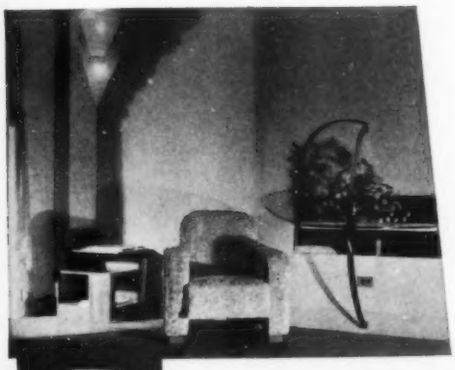

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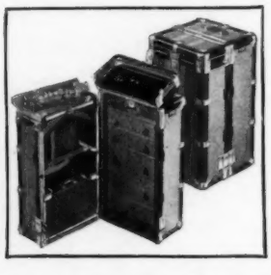

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Trunks

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THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

FATHER

(Continued from page 158)

to lunch at the Berkeley a most charming little widow who needed advice and guidance over a matter of stocks and shares.

However busy one was, however rushed at the office, and absorbed in the City, there was always time for the Rosamunds and the little widows.

There was always time for the essentials.

HE WAS having his bath again, before dinner, preparatory to another evening like the last. He had laid his notecase, his lettercase, his keys, his loose change, down on the ornate dressing-table in the double bedroom, ready for transferring to his dinner clothes. He sang. It was a good world. He wished his ladies knew it. But, no; it was as well they did not. It was definitely necessary to the well-being of the world, men were agreed upon the point, that there should be plenty of women exactly like those he was going to try to brighten presently with another magnum of champagne.

He had won the match; and arranged to meet his opponent next Saturday, when they had both returned to their suburbs, at the Mid Surrey Golf Club.

He was getting into his underwear, and his silk dressing-gown, and tapping on the door between the bath and the bedroom. There was no answer, but he went blithely in. His wife was sitting still as a stone before the ornate dressing-table, her mouth set, her chin doubled.

He knew all, quite suddenly; and with a shocked regret, dismay, that her feelings should be so hurt . . .

She wore a ready-made satin petticoat all trimmed with lace and ribbons. And for the life of him, even at this moment, he could not help his thoughts flying to the infinitesimal undergarment of Rosamund, just as, when he saw his wife getting into bed, he would think of Rosamund's slim pyjamas.

However, cut out all that stuff now! Here was his wife, stricken.

He had married her for being pretty and good; here she was, still nice looking, and still good. His was the fault; the cheating; the failing. He called himself, in that instant's pause, a dirty dog; but knew that he would be a dirty dog many times again; in fact, whenever adventure beckoned endearingly round the corner.

His wife turned and looked at him. His notecase and lettercase were before her on the dressing-table, and she had a letter, a portrait, in her hand.

"*Father!*"

He advanced very quietly and stood beside her, giving her every attention.

"Father, who is this girl?"

He took from her the snapshot of Rosamund taken at Cannes. They had both been bathing, he and she. They had swum. He had been young again. And the latter . . .

"Well, my dear—well—"

No use avoiding the issue. She relinquished the letter to him. Not that he didn't know what it said. It was Rosamund's last little note of farewell, saying what a jolly time they'd had; she had specially enjoyed that night at the Paris Lido . . . cheerio, darling. Be happy, 'cos you'll never be good. And good-by."

"Father." He wished his wife wouldn't call him "father"; it made his culpability all the greater. "You've been *unfaithful to me!*"

FOR quite half a minute, which is a long pause to make before answering a question—he wondered if he could say "No" and get away with it, for his wife's sake. If he could have saved her outraged feelings, he would. He wanted most tenderly to save them. But in the face of that letter—Rosamund had carelessly made it plain that their association was not just of the duration of a few evening hours—a "no" was impossible.

He said: "My dear, I'm so sorry you found this," which was true.

She said from her tight lips: "I bought something to-day; hadn't enough money to pay for it; Miss Light lent me a pound; I was just looking for your notecase; and I got your lettercase by mistake. Oh! Oh!"

He laid a hand on her shoulder. She jerked away.

"After all these years. After my devotion to you, and bringing up the girls, and . . . and . . . the way I've always looked after you! Oh! Oh!"

He cleared his throat.

"What will you do about it, my dear?"

"I shall divorce you."

Now he knew that he should have been frantic, desperate, afraid, remorseful, suppliant. He was none of these things. He ought to have realized, as people put it, all he was throwing away.

He did realize it.

He did realize it; and his heart, which should have been torn with grief and horror at his misdeeds, sang. He was ashamed of his heart, but it went on singing.

"If you imagine I will ever forgive you, you are mistaken. How *can* I forgive you? Oh! my poor girls! my poor girls, who loved you so. We all trusted you so!" Her tight lips quivered, and she began to heave her breast and cry.

"My dear, I'm a brute."

She sobbed out a storm of reproaches; and in between his attempted answers, somehow he found that he got dressed; first one garment, then an expression of sorrow; then another garment, and another expression of sorrow. And she was flung on her bed in her satin petticoat with the ribbons threaded through the innumerable senseless slots; she had drawn the great puffy eiderdown all up over her, and was sobbing, sobbing.

HE STOOD, completely dressed at the bed's foot, saying: "My dear. My dear. I'll send your dinner up. I'll send up some champagne. My dear. My dear. Now don't. Am I worth crying for? My dear! I'll say you aren't very well, and I—I—I'll sleep in another room to-night . . . " Disgraceful that even in such circumstances his mind could fly to technicalities such as condonation and so on, in divorce cases. Really, he was horribly ashamed of his mind. "I'll arrange it."

"I must have time to think—to think—"

"My dear. I'll arrange it. Another room for me to-night; and you can think. I can go up to town by train to-morrow, and you and the girls can have Atkinson and the car to go back in . . . "

"Ah, the girls. Oh, my poor girls!"

"What shall I tell the girls about this evening, my dear?"

She sat up, clutching the eiderdown.

"Nothing. You are to behave as if nothing had happened. We will, as you say, have the car, and go up and stay at Mother's for a day or two while I think what I shall do next. Oh, how could you! Oh, how terrible! . . . You are not to tell my girls. I will tell them myself in a day or two." She fell back and wept.

He put some soft clean handkerchiefs beside her, and a flask of eau de Cologne. He pulled the eiderdown straight over her twitching feet.

"I'm sorry, old girl. I am sorry. Believe me, I'm as sorry as I can be."

"I can believe n—n—nothing now!"

"You know, my dear, if it's any comfort to you, *that's* over. She—she is getting married."

Again his wife came up as if coiled on springs.

"*She!* Getting married! A girl like that! While my daughters, trained to look after a house, to make a man comfortable, to make perfect wives . . . oh, what are men coming to!"

"I know, my dear. I know."

"Oh, go!" wailed his wife. "Go! Go!" And then a malignity, so perfectly primitive and natural that he understood it instantly, came over her face, and into her hands that clutched at the eiderdown. "She won't get married. I'll divorce you. I'll make her co-respondent. Who will be willing to marry her then? The man will never be willing to marry her then."

"Who will marry her then, my dear?"

The vision of Rosamund in the South Winslow house, not loving him, but pretending to love him so beautifully, came. It was good enough.

"Who will marry her then?" cried his

(Concluded on page 162)

The Moods of Spring in Parfums d'Isabey...

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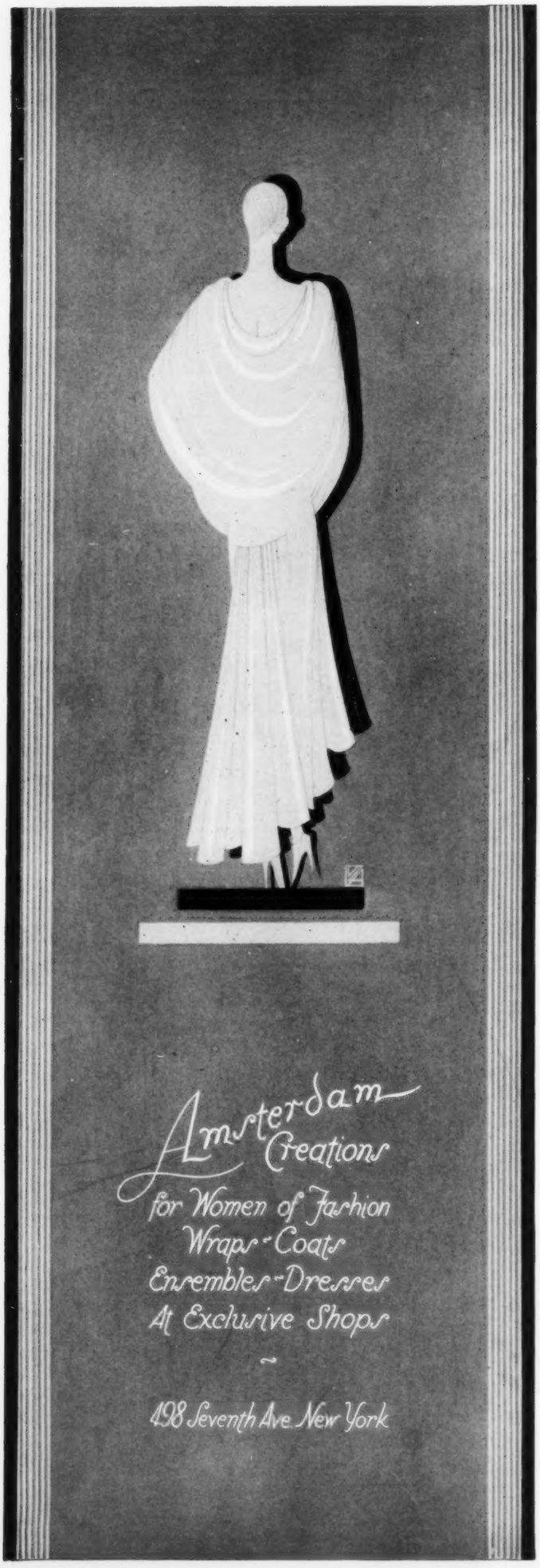


FATHER

(*Concluded from page 160*)

wife; and meeting his tell-tale eyes suddenly she lay down again, and was quite quiet.

He tiptoed out. Ah! he was young again! Yes, he was. It was a shame, and entirely disgraceful, but . . . Rosamund! or, if Rosamund wouldn't, then, Freedom! Freedom! Freedom! And all the little widows and the other Rosamunds! And the long jolly days of golf and fishing without having to scheme for them and feel yourself a swine for taking the time off; and the billiards and the bridge at the Club later than any married man should stay; and no more week-ends like this; and—and—a thousand "ands".

The list was long. He dared not compile it. He wrenched his thoughts away.

His younger ladies were already expectantly in the palm lounge. They wore entirely different frocks from the frocks they wore last night. These were beady or sequinny, and there was a display of scarfs. He approached.

"I'm sorry, girls, Mother's got a touch of neuralgia—got a draught in the car to-day, I expect—and I'm sending her dinner up-stairs."

"I'll run—"

"I'll see how she is."

"No, girls. She specially wanted to lie quiet, and I'll send up champagne. She sent a special message to you not to go up."

The conversation at dinner ran somewhat embarrassingly upon one topic: his wife's indisposition.

THE evening of Monday was fine; balmy; warm. It was a sudden late recurrence of the summer which he felt in himself. The day at the office had been a very full one, all sorts of scintillating private thoughts intruding on a particular press of business. There hadn't been time for a great deal of self-reproach; all seemed to pass so quickly. He had wondered briefly, even while talking with a millionaire client, how his wife and the girls fared with his mother-in-law . . . telling her all about it, of course. His wife would move into a flat or travel or something while the proceedings went on. There would be a preliminary fuss with solicitors and so on; and then a simple settling up and all would be over.

Divorce! A big bridge when you looked at other people crossing it; or read of it in the papers; but a quite easily negotiated bridge when you came to cross it yourself.

Going into his house, he asked the butler: "Has Atkinson come back with the car yet?"

No. Atkinson was not yet home.

They were keeping him in town, no doubt, garaging at the usual place where they left the car on such occasions as an all-night jaunt. But, he thought, Atkinson must come back. I must have Atkinson.

His wife could, would, have another chauffeur and another car.

He went out to the side veranda, and sat looking over the terraces of his beautifully laid out garden. The garden had been one of his home hobbies for years. He had shown photographs of it to Rosamund; had given her a photograph, in color, of the garden when the roses were out, and the flagged walk was an avenue between the blues and purples of lupins, delphiniums, violas, lavender, and all that. His wife would not want to live here again. He would stay. Rosamund had loved the photograph of the garden . . . Of course, it was too late for Rosamund now; or was it not? She was marrying some fellow he had never seen.

"Oh, well, eventually one must marry," Rosamund had explained sighingly. Little devil! What an adventure marriage with her would be!

The unknown man might not wish to marry Rosamund when the facts became known.

Although, it was hardly possible that any man, once promised such luck, should not wish to marry Rosamund.

Whatever they had done, the Rosamunds, they could always score in the end.

Queer how women like his wife and his daughters had no comprehension of the powers, the privileges, the sovereignty, of the Rosamunds!

Yet he would not have wished them for a moment to comprehend. No. Like scores of other men he knew he would not have allowed them to comprehend.

And suppose no Rosamund came to dwell in this garden . . . ?

Ah, well, the bachelor peace of it! The week-end golf; fellows staying in the house and no one saying: "It's not quite convenient this week, dear." No hen parties to hide from. A run over to Deauville or to Monte Carlo whenever one felt in the mood. Again, in a word, freedom. "With a great price obtained I this freedom." Who had said that?

His butler came out and placed whisky and soda at his elbow. "Beautiful afternoon, sir. Warm for five o'clock this time of year. Will the ladies be here for dinner, sir?"

"No, Mann, they will not."

He envisaged, as he sat there sipping his whisky, the calm of the evening before him. Calm; or . . . ?

Change and run up to town again, telephoning first to the pretty woman who had lunched with him at the Berkeley that day, just to see if she were free? Should he do that? Why hadn't he asked her earlier? Was it too late now?

Dinner at Claridge's; then on to the Embassy Club for supper and dancing . . . but he wished Atkinson was back to drive them. And suddenly, on the wish, came the faint purring of the car as it rolled, screened in flowering shrubs, up the drive toward the front door, round the corner.

Atkinson was back. He'd go in, telephone, and see . . .

He looked once more joyfully over his late roses, and the lovely mistiness of Surrey hills beyond, as he tossed off the last of his drink. A great, fine, ravishing world! And then suddenly he sat quiet and his heart stood still, and the sun had set over his garden.

Behind him he heard his wife's voice.

He turned in his wicker chair, conjuring up a grave, sorrowful smile. Gravity and sorrow were befitting, of course. He saw her standing in the French windows just behind him. She must have come very quietly through the room. She wore her brownish motoring coat and hat, and there she stood squarely.

He rose, with a humble gesture.

Humility, also, was fitting in such a culprit.

"Father," she said. "I forgive you."

"You—f—f—forgive me, my dear?"

"I forgive you, Father. Men are men. I am not going to divorce you."

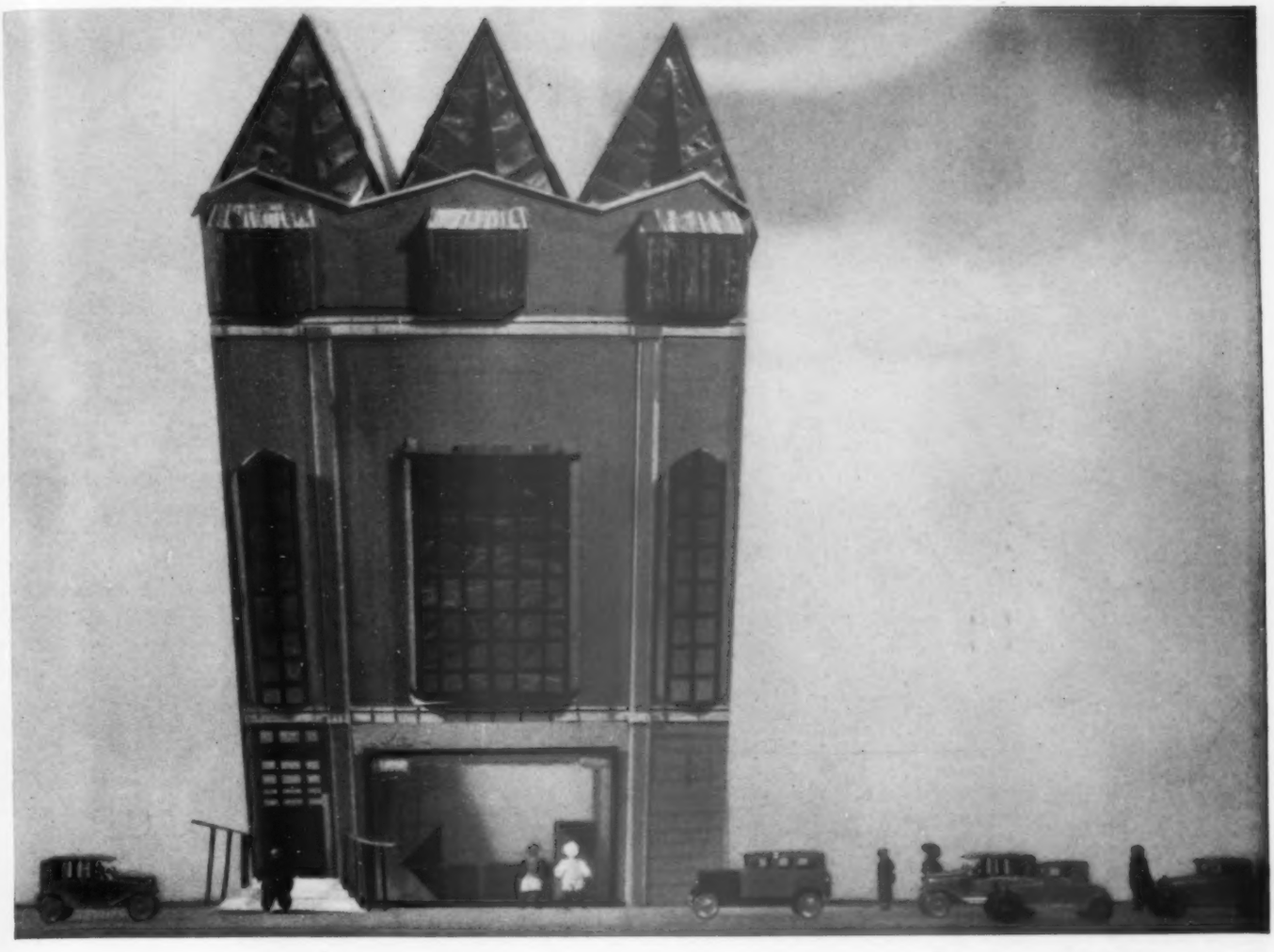
He looked for a moment reflectively over his gardens; over the wide, undulating expanse of Surrey countryside; he turned and looked reflectively at the gracious, spacious, white stone house behind him. Yes, a delightful home. A home that no woman would relinquish without a pang.

"That is very, very good of you, my dear," he said.

SNOW IN APRIL

THIS sudden quilt of diaphanous stuff
On shy grass quickening to April's grace
Is like the sprinkle of a powder puff
Cast needlessly upon a lovely face.

Daniel Henderson



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GRAY DAY COATS.. FOR MEN AND WOMEN

GENUINE Duro Gloss RAINCOAT FABRIC

Raining Again?

That's like April—always starts to shower just as you are wanting to look your best. But the lucky young one who owns a Duro Gloss knows how to be popular in the rain. * * Practical in that they afford perfect protection in the most driving rain. Cleverly finished with the dull, rich look of leather. These trim, rainproof coats come in matching shades to complement the lovely frocks they cover.

Duro Gloss

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY · NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

Here is the Reo "CAR OF THE MONTH" FOR APRIL

Only ONE woman in your community can own this car— a special limited edition of Flying Cloud THE MASTER

The April "Car of the Month", the special limited edition of Flying Cloud *the Master*, is now on display. Created by an artist who knows fashions as well as cars—embodying those blues that figure so prominently in the spring mode—upholstered in a fabric designed by Cheney Brothers for this purpose alone, woven on special Jacquard looms and used on no other car—here is an *ensemble* absolutely new in the automotive world.

Only *one* woman in your community can own this car, for only *one* car will be allotted to your Reo dealer, no matter what the demand—except in the very large cities where a few more may be available.

The woman who is the first to ask for this April "Car of the Month" will get the individuality, the distinction of a custom-built body designed for herself alone. Yet the price she pays is only one hundred dollars more than that of the regular Reo sport sedan, Flying Cloud *the Master!*

If you don't know the name of your local Reo dealer—*wire collect* to the Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Michigan.

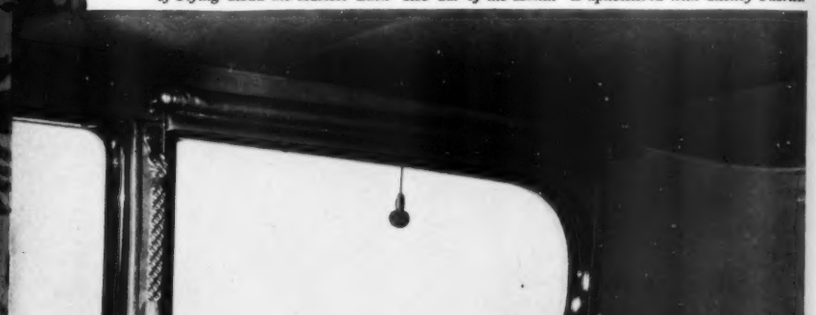
This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers on Jacquard looms, exclusively for the Reo "Car of the Month" for April.

REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY WEAVES

This photograph shows the interior of the second "Reo Car of the Month"— the new de luxe edition of Flying Cloud the Master. Each "Reo Car of the Month" is upholstered with Cheney Fabrics.



The adapting of fine home interior decoration for the automobile interior is a natural development of the "speed age" we live in.

And we believe this demonstrates how accurately Cheney upholstery and drapery fabrics are keyed to the artistic trends of the time.

Whether one desires a brocade that catches the very essence of one of the great decorative periods of the past or the latest creation of modern master designers, it is to be found in Cheney Upholstery Fabrics. Interior Decorators will gladly show them to you.

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 127*)

grateful look. The chill presently left him, and he ceased shivering; but he had grown excessively drowsy. Stretched out upon the blankets he seemed now powerless to move, to speak. She touched his forehead and it was like fire.

"Ramon," she said, "you must get these wet clothes off at once."

He only looked at her sleepily. He did not seem to understand her. It was bewildering to see him, usually so strong and self-reliant, utterly helpless. His eyes closed as he lay there. She knew, then, that she must fight the fever, which was gaining great strides over him. It didn't occur to her at the moment how their respective rôles had become suddenly reversed. She was no longer conscious of herself—of him, as a man. All she knew was that she must help him, as a mother helps a child. So she knelt down, and began to struggle with his clothes; and after a long time, moving his great body about as if it were a log, she managed to remove them. She dried a blanket over the fire, and wrapped it about him, while he dozed fitfully, muttering to himself.

All that day, and most of the following night, she sat beside him. At times he was delirious. He raved. There was nothing for her to do—but watch and pray. She made cold compresses; but these were of little help. It was his own tremendous physical strength that pulled him through, eventually.

AS SHE sat there through the long, lonely hours, holding his hand, trying to cool his burning forehead, she knew clearly and concisely what he had become to her. She would have given her life willingly, then and there, to save his. If he died, she told herself, the world would be a gray void for her . . . She found herself thinking of her mother, of Alexander Todd, and Cousin May, and Charles Winbridge . . . Charles Winbridge! How neatly he symbolized all that her past life had represented. An existence carefully calculated to avoid hardships, unpleasantness, in any form; an existence surrounded by the widest possible margins of safety. She understood now the deep chasm that existed between the polite process of sleeping, eating, moving about among nice people of one's own kind, and that reckless, emotional adventure which Ramon, and others like him, called life. . . .

By four in the morning the fever had run its course. She saw that he was sleeping peacefully. Utterly exhausted, she wrapped herself in a blanket, and fell asleep almost instantly beside him.

When she awoke the stars were shining. She had slept for more than twelve hours. To her surprise, Ramon had left the tent. She could see him standing beside a tall column of fire, throwing wood upon the flames. She arose, straightened her hair, her clothes, as best she could; washed in a small basin he had left in the tent filled with fresh water. And then she went out to him.

At the sight of her a look of the tenderest admiration came into his eyes. Taking her by both hands he said: "You saved me. I know that . . . I have no words . . ."

She turned her head, embarrassed, color surging to her cheeks.

"You're well now?" she asked, awkwardly.

He nodded. "Completely." They stood looking at each other, in silence. The twilight was infinitely soft and warm. They strolled together under the dark trees toward the water's edge. How different from her troubled pilgrimage, alone, down that little path two nights before. . . . The whole universe, it seemed to her, was in a new, gentle mood—after the storm. A languorous peace hovered over the valley, and crept into her heart. There were soft sounds of birds rustling among the tree-tops. Through the fretwork of leaves she could see the evening sky, a clear and pellucid blue. A fish splashed in the lake, suddenly breaking the stillness, creating large concentric rings upon the mirrored water. Her hand was in Ramon's, but she had no desire to remove it. After what she had been through, after the clarity of vision she had gained from those long, lonely, desperate hours, she knew that such a gesture would be absurd, hypocritical. Nor was she any longer in a mood for self-analysis. She wanted only to enjoy the actual living moments, and to breathe gratitude for the tremendous fact that they were both there, alive, side by side.

He was gazing out across the lake, toward the outline of the distant shore, dim and purple in the falling twilight.

"We may be compelled to remain here for some time," he said.

He looked at her, questioningly. Perhaps she was smiling. She did not know. She only knew that—well, she wasn't acting any longer. That sort of thing belonged to the tangled uncertainties, the pretenses and subterfuges of the past. Whatever her expression, it conveyed some splendid truth to his heart, for an instant later she was in his arms—the most natural, inevitable turn her life had ever taken—while he murmured all the lovely, incoherent little things she'd always, always wanted to hear from him. "*Carita . . . que linda! . . . que linda!*" While he stroked her head, kissed her cheeks, her neck. And then, suddenly, his grip upon her seemed to tighten, like bindings of steel. His lips were pressed against hers. Here was the turning-point . . . the brink—of something. . . . The very core of her heart was lifted, swept upward, upward, upward, into a rushing void. . . . She struggled from him, eyes wide, radiant, shining, yet—somehow—hurt, with the frightened look of a captured bird. "Ramon . . . Ramon. Is it—like this?" Dimly she saw him standing there, with that fantastic light in his eyes, the same Ramon—yet different; his features curiously altered, their outlines sharpened, leaner. . . . There were two parts of her now; the one urging her to flee, the other chaining her there. Thoughts, half-thoughts, whirled and raced through her head. So this—at last. . . She went forward to his arms, the poise of her golden head high, even proud. . . .

Once during the night she was awakened by a bright, clear shaft of moonlight shining obliquely through the triangular open flap of the tent. It fell upon Ramon's face. A young, untroubled face, ignorant of the cares of a complicated world. In his sleep he was half-smiling. . . . At that moment her mind was singularly unclouded, free and lifting, like the singing flight of a bird. Life was so beautifully—she paused, drowsily for the word—simple. Why, yes, that was it. Simple. . . .

CARRYING the rod he had made for himself from a sapling, and a half dozen trout hanging like silvery darts from a string, Ramon made his way under the trees on tiptoe, determined to surprise her. Through a break in the undergrowth he could see Greta, standing before the tent. She was arranging a few gay wild-flowers in an empty can—a decoration for their tent, their home. She was bending over them, a slight smile upon her face. Never, he reflected, had he seen her so lovely, so radiantly youthful and strong, in her khaki shirt and breeches, sleeves rolled up to bare the brown roundness of her arms, her golden head rough and tawny with exposure to the sun. His heart was so full that he was unable to call out to her. . . . Her adaptability never failed to astonish him. Already her energies were directed toward infusing some of her personality into the Spartan simplicity of the encampment—that process which women called making a home. . . . In three days he had come to learn something of the rare and beautiful simplicity of her nature; and he recognized that she possessed that gentle compassion and understanding which lonely men throughout the ages have always sought. There was—he tried to express it to himself—a certain eternal quality about her. A durable beauty which would survive long after the first bright bloom of physical youth. She was of that fiber—a lovely woman, with the candor, the inflexible honesty of a good man—than which, as a French philosopher (Bruyère,

(*Continued on page 166*)

HERE is the modern fountain of youth! A trifle added to the water, and your daily tub becomes an occasion of luxurious comfort. The scent is so delicate, so exquisitely dainty, as to excite the ardor of a queen. The water becomes as soft and smooth as the dew of early morn. And as you dress, you feel a new vigor and energy, and you are equal to the most trying of social obligations!

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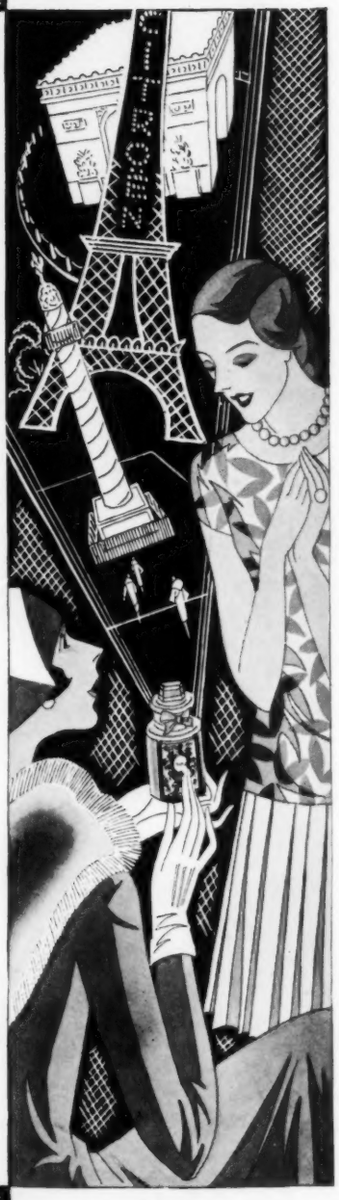
BATH SALTS

but paris came to elinor instead!



"... I *hate* spring! Those March winds roughen my face till you could scratch matches on it. When the sun gets hot, I tan of course—but not that lovely even golden brown ... speckly, like a piece of bad toast! If I had all I've spent on beauty treatments, I could go to Paris—*they'd* know something ...

"You *did*—you brought it back with you—it's *here*? Mary, you're too wonderful! That little jar—just *that*—for *everything*? ... It's liquid—yes, I see—and doesn't it smell divine, and so fresh—almost too grand to work ... You rub it in at night ... and again in the morning ... You take most of it off and you make up right over it ... *and that's all?* ... You've got to say, 'Hope to die, Elinor,' or I won't believe you!

"Your face doesn't roughen or blotch—you tan evenly—you never have to think about a shiny nose? ... Mary, you don't *mean* it keeps away wrinkles, too—and circles under your eyes—and *flabbiness?* I simply can't wait to hear how many millions it costs!

"Only three-fifty—and your jar lasts six months? I'm going to ring up this minute and see if they've got it—*Nina Geranium Cream!* How glad I am my new clothes haven't come! Now, when I burst on the world, I'll look like something besides an expensive mistake!"

COUPON

If you ring up, too, and they haven't got Nina Geranium Cream—order it direct from Produits Nina, 580 Fifth Ave., New York. If you'd like to consult a specialist—free of charge—write Miss Nina Nestor at the same address.

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HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 165*)

wasn't it?) had said, there is nothing in the world more lovable. With the serenity of those deep blue eyes to reassure him, he would always have a refuge, a sure and steady incentive to drive him toward the attainment of his ambitions, his ideals. He went forward, trampling down the undergrowth. At the sound of his footfall she turned her head quickly, and came toward him, with arms outstretched.

"What hours you've been. . . . And, oh, the lovely fish!" She examined them eagerly; looked up at him with shining eyes, proud of his accomplishment. To her this new existence was a revelation. The doubts and misapprehensions concerning her future had vanished. It was as if, she told herself, she had suddenly emerged from darkness to blessed sunlight. The outside world was forgotten. Her horizon, now limited by the edges of the island, contained all that was worth while, dear to her in life.

On the afternoon of the third day, while he prepared the fish for supper, she spoke for the first time of their future. She was sitting on the ground beside him, arms clasped about her knees.

"Sometime," she said, "all this is going to end, Ramon. And we will have to go back to the world. What then?"

He looked at her with quick surprise, mingled with a touch of sadness. As ever, any evidence of the practical on her part upset his preconceived ideas of women. "Ah. You have been thinking that, too? If only the human mind could be adjusted not to look forward. How much that would increase the pleasure of living!"

"Why?" She, now, was the surprised one. "Do you dread the future?"

"N-no." He passed his hand over his brow, as he always did when worried over some matter. "No, my dear. Not dread—with you to help me. It is the responsibility. All my life I have had responsibilities. The troubles of a whole people, a race. I am wondering merely whether they will again claim me. If I had my way, of course, I would remain here—"

"Forever? Ramon, that is not like you. Carving out life, going forward, together, will be so wonderful. Love doesn't mean an end to everything else. It means a beginning. It's firm ground for the planting of new ambitions."

She saw that she had touched upon something irreconcileable in his philosophy. He looked troubled. "Love is everything—or nothing." And he added: "Of course, we will marry—at the first opportunity."

"Oh, that. . ." She made an inconsequential gesture. "Perhaps I took it for granted; but do you know, Ramon, that is the one thing I was not worrying about? A legalization. . . . I couldn't have seen it all in that light before. I've learned so much—about relative values. I'd be glad, naturally. But we can take our time. What I want to know, really, is about our plans. Where shall we live, for instance? We're free agents. I have no ties any longer. You need not consider my aspect of the situation."

"There you are wrong," he replied almost heatedly. "It means a great deal more than you think. All my duties and my responsibilities would point toward my remaining in Natividad. But for you such a thing is absolutely impossible."

"Why?"

"Because it is no place for a northern woman. The society, for instance, is on a par with hygienic conditions—unprogressive."

A dark suspicion entered her mind; blotted out all the brightness and color of the afternoon.

"Ramon, I think I understand. You feel that your duties to the poor of Calagua are the first consideration. Don't apologize. Your motives are very worthy."

"*Carita!* Stop. . . . You must listen! Do not look at me like that. I cannot stand it."

"I'm sorry, Ramon." Her hand went up; sought his; comfortingly. "But you cannot conceal your thoughts. After all, I suppose a man must place his duties toward the world first."

She was leaning over, her face averted from his, pretending to be inordinately interested in the flowers she had gathered.

"*Carita!* My Greta. I did not mean that. I—"

IT WAS then that the unbelievable happened. Something broke in upon the stillness of the afternoon. The sound of plashing oars. Greta rose, hating the blind cruelty of the world—daring to break in upon that private, all-important moment. She saw a boat, a collapsible canvas dory, rounding the sandy point at the head of the island—her island. Nearer and nearer it came, with a slow and maddening relentlessness. A single man was in it. He stood up, his body silhouetted blackly against the golden afternoon sunshine. He waved a hand. She felt that she could have gladly shot him dead, then and there. A splendid target. . . . "*Amigos!*" His voice, faint but reassuring, came drifting over the intervening stretch of placid water. Presently she heard the grating of the boat's keel upon sand.

A few minutes later he approached them, a wiry, parched little man of middle age, his keen, dark eyes alight with pleasure at the sight of Ramon. He bowed ceremoniously, removing his wide-brimmed hat, baring a brown, bald skull.

"An ex-employee of the consulate," Ramon whispered to her hurriedly. "No danger . . . a loyal friend."

The man spoke excitedly in Spanish. He had news—great news. After he had talked steadily for five minutes, Ramon turned to her, and explained. Natividad was free again. Alquila had been assassinated in a brawl. Deprived of his leadership, the soldiers were chicken-hearted, and no longer anxious to bully the people. A Liberal government was again in power; and it was safe to return to the city. "Isn't it splendid?" Ramon said. His eyes were shining.

THE little man stared at Greta curiously while he talked to Ramon. Concluding his report, he said: "The people are asking for you. They recall what you did for them during the famine of 1918. They are without a leader, without food and clothes. A few are sick with plague. And remembering your goodness, *Señor*, they have faith in you, and need you."

Ramon asked him sharply: "By what right do you make these statements? *Bodega* gossip—eh?" It was apparent to Greta that a tremendous struggle was going on within him. The man turned to his knapsack; produced an important-looking document. "This is from the newly-formed cabinet—under young Alberto Martinez, *de facto* president. The boy is really too young to be useful. They put him there temporarily as a compliment to his old father, the dead president. Read the letter. See for yourself."

Frowning, Ramon took the paper; read it slowly. He turned to Greta, an expression of the gravest concern upon his face. The lightness of youth seemed to have departed from him. "Greta. They have appointed me dictator, to get them out of these miseries. And a new American Consul is coming to relieve me of my duties."

She took his hand in hers, and stroking it, fondling it, as if she wanted never to release it, she managed to say: "Your course is clear, Ramon. You must go."

He turned to the man, slowly.

"Very well. They have sent for me. You may tell them that I am coming—within three days. See that horses—two for us and one for the pack—are sent to me—"

"They are here, *Señor*. I brought two with me, and a peon." The man looked at Greta, in a puzzled way. "The *Señora* could use one—and the pack could be brought down later. I will wait for you on the mainland, *Señor*. We could start at dawn to-morrow."

"You need not wait, Elizalde," Ramon said sharply. "Leave the horses with your peon, and go, now, to Natividad. And I thank you—" he paused; added with a touch of bitterness—"for your very kind service."

There was no happiness any longer in

(*Continued on page 168*)

IT IS FOUND WHEREVER NOBLE THINGS ARE VALUED

A Lincoln sport phaeton, with body by Locke, the property of Mrs. Fifi Widener Holden, of New York, photographed upon the estate of her father, Joseph Widener, Esq., at Elkins Park, Pa.

IT IS a notable fact that the owner of a Lincoln comes to feel something of the relationship existing between a man and a finely bred horse . . . a sense of confidence and affection, of loyalty and pride. . . . For here is a motor car with a great tradition behind it. A car so beautiful in appearance that people turn their heads to look at it, so marvelously well constructed that it will not fail. . . . A car that embodies the skill of the foremost coachmakers . . . Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln that you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . A car that is equally at home on a desert trail or at Deauville. . . . In brief, a motor car that will serve you long and faithfully, with credit, in the most exacting usage to which an automobile can be put.

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HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 166*)

his voice. Secretly Greta thanked heaven for that. She compared it to the voice of a soldier who had unexpectedly been ordered upon some stern task. She arose; went into the tent. For a while longer Ramon conversed with the man. And after the latter had rowed away in the twilight, she came out from the tent, and sat arm in arm with him, her back turned to the lake because she could no longer bear to look upon the distant mainland. She momentarily fancied that it was coming nearer, swallowing up the lake. . . . Ramon was quiet; but she noticed a strange, consuming light in his eyes; that same light she had seen, when, dining at the Consulate on that happy evening before the earthquake, he had spoken to her of the Calaguan people, and how near they were to his heart. The eyes of a crusader. . . . And she told herself that men—good men—would always be torn, pulled this way and that between love and duty. . . .

Night came on. The night that she had learned so to love. The stars appeared. She sat there, clinging to him, arms about his neck, dreading the future, dreading the dawn.

FOR some time after she had awakened from her heavy sleep, Greta was unable to place herself, to recognize her surroundings. She found herself in a small, simple bedroom, furnished with an iron washstand, a chair, and the narrow cot on which she was lying. The morning sunlight came filtering in dusty golden bars through half-open green shutters. A bee droned about the ceiling. She could see, through the aperture of the shutters, a narrow panel of blue sky. She became aware of a faint throbbing upon the morning air. Distant music. The tremulous chords of an organ, increasing in volume, then slowly dying away. Sunday. . . . Natividad. Then she remembered. . . .

The journey down from the mountains had been easier, far quicker, than the ascent. Elizalde had left for them, at the edge of the lake, excellent horses and a young, intelligent peon. In the bright dawn of their departure she had been too hurried, too busy helping Ramon to clear the camp, to think of the past or to indulge in regrets. But later, as they picked their way over the mountain trail under the blazing midday sun, each step of her horse had seemed to be taking her, cruelly and relentlessly, away from happiness. A foreboding came upon her, as definite as any she had ever known, that dark troubles lay ahead, marking her return to the world. And at times she found herself fiercely hating mankind for calling upon Ramon and abruptly destroying her fragile paradise. He, riding beside her, was in one of his silent, inscrutable moods. He had at first attempted to be gay in the bustle of their departure, but there had been an emptiness to his laugh, a heaviness in his voice, which she had quickly perceived; and presently they had relapsed into a tacit silence.

By sunset, so swift was their progress, they were riding through the pale green sea of the lowland sugar plantations, with the belfries of Natividad dark against the peach-colored horizon ahead of them. They had then proceeded at a walking pace, following Ramon's suggestion, so as not to enter the town before nightfall. He was anxious to avoid recognition from the populace until his plans were formulated; and until he had seen that she was safely lodged and in good care.

THE drowsy sentry at the gate let them by without questions. They had then carefully picked their way through the dark, deserted streets, over heaps of débris, past ghastly skeletons of houses that were pale under a waning moon. Instead of heading for the Consulate they had turned their horses southward, and near the cathedral had gone up a narrow alley to the back entrance of an old house of apple-green plaster. It was here that she had at last dared to voice what was in her heart.

"So this is really the end, Ramon—" The peon, who had gone ahead of them to ring the doorbell, was out of hearing. Ramon, a muffled figure in the moonlight, dismounting from his weary horse, had replied quickly: "No, my dear. Only the beginning." She recognized, with a sense of irony, the very phrase she had used in the height of her own happiness upon the island. But wasn't he putting an entirely different significance upon the words? Hadn't the island—to face the truth—been a temporary hiatus for him, a mere act of marking time in the steady, purposeful march of his existence, while—to her—it had meant the whole of life? A conviction of her own powerlessness overwhelmed her. She hadn't any fears concerning his loyalty toward her. No. It wasn't that which clutched at her heart. It was, rather, a fear for what that precise loyalty might induce him to do; how he might, by his very devotion, in some quixotic mood of renunciation, destroy the onward progress of his own life. And then, forever afterward, consciously or unconsciously, he would harbor the knowledge in his heart that—but for her—he would have been a man above other men, guided by the shining star of an exalted ambition. She saw it all so clearly now. His capabilities for an intense and unwavering devotion to her would, paradoxically, prove to be his greatest handicap. If he couldn't reconcile those two impelling forces, blend them into harmony, then one of them must go, must be destroyed. He was incapable of half-measures, of compromises with his emotions and desires. So much she had learned of him. And already, in a remote corner of her heart, she knew which of the two forces must be sacrificed. . . .

At the back door of the house Elizalde had come forth to greet them, accompanied by his wife, a sturdy little woman whose pale and undistinguished features were rendered beautiful—like so many of her race—by her gentle, dark eyes. It had been arranged that Greta, until further plans were made, was to stay with the Elizaldes. Exactly what Ramon had told the man concerning her, she was too proud to ask. Evidently it had not been detrimental, for the woman, with many delightful little cries of "*Se bienvenido*," was all curtsies and smiles as she led the way up the narrow stairs to the unpretentious bedroom. On the bed she found something which touched her heart—a dress of muslin, a thing of cheap pink beauty which was, when she tried it on, as the thinnest veil clinging to her big, vital body. Ramon, coming up to the room later, after a brief conversation with the Elizaldes, was amazed anew at the colorful loveliness of her. Never had her hair been so golden, her eyes so deeply blue. He had taken her in his arms, vowing eternal devotion. But their embrace was overshadowed by an imponderable sadness. "I will see you, *Carita*, at noon to-morrow," he had said, with the sudden briskness she had learned to dread. She had turned away, lest he see her eyes. . . .

ORA pro nobis. . . . Voices, intoning deeply, came drifting through the window upon the golden wires of sunlight *Ora pro nobis*. . . . A chant, lifting to a sudden flight of loveliness that pierced the heart. She arose; flung open the shutters, and looked down upon the vast, sunlit space of the plaza. A crowd was gathering at the marble steps, under the old rose-colored walls of the cathedral. They waited expectantly, heads lifted toward the closed doors. Impelled by some obscure force, something which told her not to delay, she washed and dressed hurriedly; ran down the dark steep stairs past the Elizaldes' rooms, and emerged to the bright glare of the plaza.

The cathedral doors, ponderous panels of oak, studded with brass, were swinging open. The crowd at the base of the steps, now increased by several hundreds, shifted tentatively, then divided into two distinct sections, clearing a narrow path down the marble steps between them. The worshippers came drifting out into the sunshine in little groups, bareheaded, talking in subdued, serious voices. And they, too, Greta noticed, presently spread apart and joined the hushed, waiting crowd. She hurried across the plaza, toward the throng, her

(*Continued on page 170*)

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HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 168*)

heart beating violently. . . . Rubbing shoulders there with the dark, sturdy little women under their black mantillas, the tanned peons under their wide hats of plaited straw, the stout little merchants, the ragged, forlorn *mestizos* begging for pennies, it seemed to her that she had all at once lost her own identity. Her personality had become inextricably merged with the crowd. She was a spectator like the rest.

At last he appeared, walking slowly beside an elderly and pompous officer in the red and green uniform of the Calaguan army. The old soldier was talking to him deferentially, smiling. For an instant the crowd was utterly still, hushed with a sudden air of amazement, as if it had been taken unawares. And then a cheer arose.

"*El viene! Viva nuestro Ramon!*" "*Hêle aqui!*" "*Viva!*"

And another. A roar of voices. Such a roar as echoed across the plaza like surf rolling upon a vast beach.

"*Viva Ramon! Viva el Salvador!*"

In that exit from the church she recognized instinctively one of his master strokes. She knew why, some day, he would be honored as a great man. In that single brilliant gesture of accompanying Alquila's successor, the head of the now-discredited army, from his seat in the cathedral he had effected a reconciliation between two violently opposed forces; had proclaimed that reconciliation to the populace. The army was his now. He had made it so.

"*Ramon! Ramon! Nuestro Libertador!*"

A woman with an infant pushed forward through the crowd; seized his hand, kissing it fervently. Little girls threw flowers in his path. He walked down the steps slowly, smiling, nodding his dark, handsome head happily. Even now, in the moment of his triumph, she could detect no trace of swagger or conceit in the man. Only a shining, simple pleasure in his dark eyes as the cheers rolled across the sea of sunlight, reverberated against those ancient rose-petal walls behind him. Greta watched him with a sense of detachment, the unbiassed and objective viewpoint of a spectator. It was, she told herself, as if she were seeing him in the weekly motion pictures of current events. . . . He climbed into a waiting landau, followed by the elderly and decrepit general, whom he had to assist, while the crowd still cheered. The coachman, stiff-backed with pride, in a shining hat of white celluloid, cracked his whip. The carriage rolled away; turned up a side street.

Her heart was like ice. She left the crowd; proceeded blindly up the Calle Bolivar, the principal street of the town. The shops were barred and shuttered. From a hundred balconies the flag of Natividad formed an endless, vivid patchwork of red and green squares. A ragged little boy approached her with a handful of printed sheets—ink-smeared, hastily-prepared photographs of Ramon O'Reilly. Underneath his picture were the words: *Su Patria sobre todo.*

"*Cinco centavos, Senora! Cinco centavos!*"

Su Patria sobre todo. . . . His country first. . . .

She turned away from him; came to a street corner. . . . In her blindness she collided with two people. She looked up, intending to apologize. The whole universe began to revolve, blurred, darkening, as she looked into the face of her own mother. And—beside it—the white, staring face of Charles Winbridge.

SUPPORTED by Charles' arm, she was led to a chair at a *bodega* table under a nearby arcade. Her mother was bending over her. . . . With a desperate effort, she managed to steady herself, to gain a grip upon realities. Yes, they were there, both of them, in the flesh. Alive and unchanged—except, perhaps, that Charles looked paler, and her mother definitely aged. Her face was thinner, sharper, her expression bearing the tangible evidences of suffering.

"Greta, my child. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

Her mother was sobbing now; actually sobbing. A spectacle so rare, so unprecedented, that it obliterated her own sensations of faintness, and brought her swiftly back to life. Charles was standing by, staring at Greta, as if he had been granted some divine revelation. Slowly she marshalled the scattered forces of her faculties; slowly she grasped the beginning, the outline, of a tremendous and overwhelming fact. . . . But this was incredible. People did not return—from death. . . . "I don't understand," she murmured. Her hands were numb, her face was white. "You—and—Charles, alive. . . ."

As soon as they saw that she had recovered, they both began talking at once, telling her in short, excited sentences, what had happened to them. Their voices came drifting, in detached fragments, through the chaos of her mind. . . . Just before the earthquake, while they were sitting in the patio after she and Alexander had left them, Pasqual, the Italian proprietor, had appeared. Annoyed by Charles' reiterated complaints concerning the wine served at luncheon, he had suggested that they visit the wine cellar with him. It would be better, he stated in an injured tone, if they were to choose for themselves out of his stock. . . . They had accompanied him through the kitchen, down a flight of stone steps. And then, while they were in the cellar, the earthquake had happened. There had been a terrible roar, a stunning shock. Showers of plaster had pelted upon them. The steps had been blocked by débris. But the cellar walls, although cracked and gaping, had miraculously held firm.

For three days they had sat there imprisoned until at last a rescuing party had heard their cries, and had cleared the steps to release them. Half-starved, more dead than alive, they had been taken to the small hotel above the *bodega* where they were now sitting.

"Where's Cousin May?" Greta asked.

Her mother gave a sob. Charles said gently: "She's gone, Greta. She was waiting for us in the patio—when the thing happened. They found her—that evening. . . ." A sad little silence descended upon them.

"And Toddy?" she asked presently. "What news have you about him?"

Charles said: "We haven't seen him, but I'm pretty sure he was saved. I made inquiries. It seems that he left, several days ago, on a tramp steamer bound for Panama."

"Oh, I'm glad!" she cried. Here, at any rate, was one bright spot in the dark uncertainty of the future. Then Charles and her mother began plying her with questions.

"And you. We thought you, too, were gone. Who took care of you? You're looking so well—so strong."

A desperate desire to escape from them seized her. She felt trapped. Charles Winbridge's eyes were bright with admiration. She found herself studying him with a detached curiosity, and a slight sensation of astonishment. How had she ever, even for a moment, contemplated. . . . She pulled herself together sharply, and concentrated upon their shower of questions.

"I'll tell you later," she said. "I couldn't discuss—the earthquake, just yet. . . . Charles, do get me a glass of sherry. I feel a little faint, still."

WHEN he had gone into the *bodega* her mother surveyed her with a look of keen curiosity. How cold, how piercing, were those gray eyes of hers. How inscrutable that mask. She had forgotten, long ago, about that familiar look, that searching glance into her very soul. But, somehow, it no longer dominated her. She discovered, to her own surprise, that she was impervious to its power, its unspoken demand that she bare what was in her heart. She was able to ignore it, now, and to guard her secrets.

"Where are you staying?" her mother asked. Not for a single moment did she take her eyes off Greta.

"In the house of a married couple,"

(*Continued on page 172*)

Clogging bits of dust and grime, drying winds and hectic hours —these are the enemies that age us years too soon. Now Science can sweep these needless years away — can turn Time back before our very eyes!

CHEEK dewy fresh as a flower-cup. Silken as a child's. Radiant, adorable, alive with *youth*—

Now we may have it—now we may *keep* it —year after joyful year!

So simply, too! No appalling array of jars and bottles, tubes and boxes. No precious hours wasted in complicated treatments.

Just thirty swift seconds spent each day with *one* tender, silken cream developed by the famous Parisian House of Pinaud!

In the very first instant of its caress, this new cream does three astounding things:

—*cleanses* each tiny pore more exquisitely than ever before (like a magic magnet it "floats" all the stifling accumulations of dust and powder to the surface!)

—*supples* the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

—then, as you wash it away, *tones* the whole underlying fretwork of weary muscles and torpid skin glands into vigorous life!

FOR this amazing Cream has a magnetic attraction for dirt exactly ten times as strong as the attraction which the skin itself has for dirt. Its delicate oils resemble the fine natural oils of the skin itself more closely than any ever prepared for a cream before.

*Most extraordinary of all, this cream triumphantly overcomes the common fault of ordinary preparations—a fault which skin specialists today are stressing with increasing emphasis. Instead of leaving waxy, fatty traces of itself deep down in the pores, as do ordinary creams—to clog and coarsen them slowly but surely—*PINAUD'S CREAM *actually dissolves completely in clear, cool water!*

Washes away with all the aging accumulations—leaving your face smooth as a petal, young and radiant as dew-drenched dawn! Now the busiest woman can laugh at those enemies of her youth—the clogging dirt, drying winds, weary hours! Can keep pores, muscles and circulation in the active health essential to a fresh, radiant skin—with one swift, delightful half-minute each day! . . . You will find PINAUD'S CREAM in sea-green jars and convenient tubes at leading stores. PINAUD, Paris and New York: Makers of French toilet preparations for 150 years.

"Then—in clear, cool water—wash the years away!"

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BENEATH the first layer of dirt and dust that your skin collects is a fine mesh of germs, oil, rouge, powder that must be searched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to keep a lovely complexion.

Germs thrive and multiply unless they are effectively destroyed. Blackheads, pimples, follow. To clean your skin, you must use absolutely hygienic facial tissues.

Kleenex comes in ample handkerchief-size tissues, in a box ready for your bathroom or dressing-room shelf.

Kleenex is so absorbent it rubs the cold cream off, instead of rubbing it further in. It gets down into the pores and rubs away beauty-destroying germs. And—using three sheets twice a day, as you do—it costs about 6c a week. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old pieces of cloth, safer than any other method.

1. ***A lovely clear skin*** . . . when you rub cold cream off instead of rubbing it in.
2. ***No high laundry bills*** that mount when you use one clean towel after another.
3. ***No dirt and germs*** to cause blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores . . . from using grimy "cold cream cloths."

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Cleansing Tissues

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 170*)

she answered quickly. "Some very decent, simple people. Calaguans. They live down near the cathedral."

"We'll take you up to our own rooms," Charles announced, returning with the sherry. "You need a rest, Greta. We're very comfortably settled—just over this *bodega*." Already, she observed, he was actually assuming the old proprietary air over her. She controlled a hysterical desire to laugh in his face. He was as complacent as ever. She believed that he would go to the grave twirling that sleek black mustache of his, smiling that conceited little half-smile. . . .

"I'll go with you," she agreed meekly. "I can tell the others—later, that I've moved." A canny sense of self-protection prompted her to choose each word with infinite care. She would play for time. . . . If they knew. If they only knew. . . .

Her mother was studying her.

"Who has taken care of you, Greta, during all this dreadful period?"

To Greta the disarming gentleness of her tone was like a small red flag.

"Why, Mother, I've taken care of myself, I suppose. And I told you that I was boarding with a couple near the cathedral."

"How have you paid them? You haven't any money, have you?"

"They have asked for nothing—so far."

Mrs. Cass-Evans arose, temporarily satisfied. They walked slowly toward the unpretentious little entrance of the hotel. At the door Charles paused irresolutely, then said: "Oh, we forgot to tell you, Greta. . . . Your mother and I have booked passages on a Dutch mail steamer leaving for the Canal Zone to-night. From there, in a few days, we'll be able to get a ship direct to New York. I'll go down now to the agent at the harbor, and see about getting another ticket for you."

For the second time that morning her heart turned to ice. "To-night?" she repeated. "Oh, no. That's impossible, Charles."

They stared at her.

"Why?"

"I—I'm not ready. I haven't any clothes—except this wretched little muslin dress. I'd have to get—things."

Charles laughed.

"Oh, that's all right, dear. We lost everything, too. But you can attend to your clothes at Colon, or Panama. There are much better shops at those places. Besides, if we miss this steamer we'll be left for days in this God-forsaken hole. And the people don't want us here. We're foreigners—just so many more to take care of; so many more mouths to feed. They've made that pretty clear to us. I hate the whole greasy pack of them."

As she followed her mother up the narrow stairs of the inn, dark despair enveloped Greta. Charles' words echoed through her mind. They don't want us here. . . . We're foreigners. . . . And that printed irony under Ramon's photograph: *Su Patria sobre todo*.

It seemed to her that her heart was about to break. And then, miraculously, the clouds lifted; the way ahead became clear, a straight and shining path before her. Turning to Charles she stated in a calm voice: "Very well. You had better go down to the agent, now, and book a passage for me. I'm sure that I can—get ready in time."

So overjoyed was he that, in his elation, he seized her and attempted to kiss her. She turned her head quickly, so that his kiss fell, absurdly, in the neighborhood of her ear. At the same time she fought down a violent impulse to strike at him. When he had gone, gaily, toward the harbor, she rubbed her cheek with her hand, her whole body atremble.

"Charles is displaying temperament," her mother remarked facetiously. "More than I gave him credit for."

How she hated him. . . . How she loathed his round, sleek face, his pink, inflated cheeks; his rotund, well-fed little body; his prosperous clothes which were as carefully worn as those of a shop-window figure. She clenched her hands; choked back a sob, and followed her mother into a small and primitive bedroom, praying for strength, for a reasonable amount of control.

"Greta," her mother said, making herself comfortable upon her bed, "you're not keeping anything from me?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mother." It seemed to her that her mother could not escape hearing the hammering of her heart.

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering. . . . Have you seen anything of that consul man—what was his name—O'Brien?"

This was unbearable . . . needless torture. . . . How powerful were her mother's eyes. Hateful, cold, boring through her very flesh.

"He has helped me—to find a lodging. Naturally I had to turn to him; the American Vice Consul, and the only living soul I knew in the whole town."

"I didn't like his attitude. And, besides, did you know that he has been dismissed from his post? We were at the Consulate yesterday—about our passports. There is a new and charming Consul there, a Mr. Liddel—one of the Boston Liddels. I gathered that your friend was now in bad repute, a revolutionist, or something. Also there is a story about town that he'd fled with a woman—some native girl, probably. . . . You look pale, dear. Lie down here, beside me, and take a rest."

(*To be concluded*)

REASONS

I LOVED you first because your hair
Had such a ripple, here and there,

And then because, body and limb,
You were so supple, straight and slim,

And most because of mischief in
Your impudently boyish grin.

But now I know—love's very queer—
Should you go wholly bald, my dear,

And should you even put on fat
And lose your grin on top of that,

I'd love you till you died—and after
Come pain or bliss, come tears or laughter.

Yet I am very glad your hair
Still has a ripple, here and there,

And that you're slim, not corpulent,
And that your grin's still impudent;

For otherwise I might forget
Why first I loved you when we met.

Berton Braley

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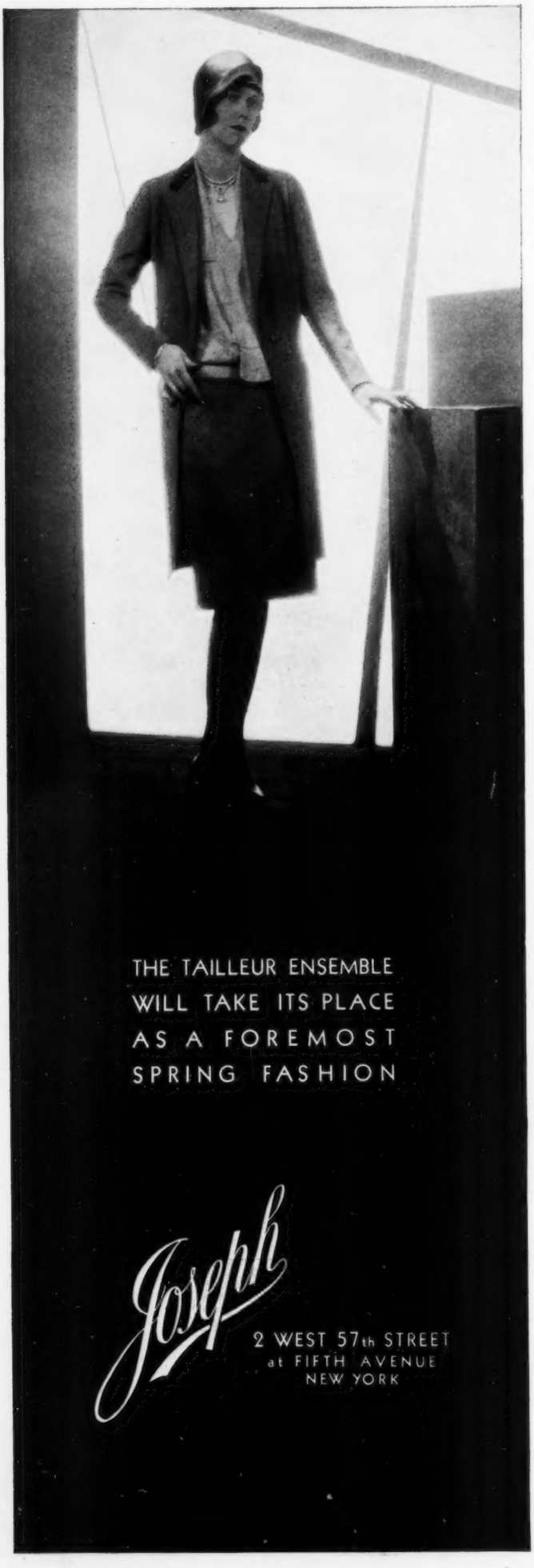

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

(*Continued from page 113*)

for him, and his success there gave him courage to face the metropolis.

It was Anstruthers' privilege, or his ill-luck, to be taken up by society. A good-looking bachelor who wore his evening clothes as well as he did, and who never by any chance imbibed too freely, with the *cachet* of an English background, can always succeed in American drawing-rooms. Added to this was his fame as a writer; also he was only thirty-two, with the splendid magnetism of youth. Ah! the gods had indeed been kind to Harcourt Anstruthers!

"HE IS *won*derful!" Mrs. Carsters had a way of uttering that word which no one else could approximate. There was the royal accent on the first syllable, with just the ghost of a pause, and then the rest of the word came out in a little gasp. She was whispering it now to old General Gates, who had been induced to come out for a long week-end, in time for the Thursday lecture. Anstruthers had simply declared, in the course of his talk, that "Life was a glorious abundance, and old age should prove the autumnal season of largesse for those who had valiantly stored up the fruits and blessings of summer."

"How beautifully he puts it!" Mrs. Carsters added, when the General, who was almost eighty, and suffered from lumbago, told her he was doubtful of the advantages of a ripe old age.

"Too poetic!" he smiled. "At thirty-two they think all that rubbish. But wait till they have to go permanently on the water-wagon!"

As she looked about the huge room, with the slow afternoon sunlight pouring through the French windows, Mrs. Carsters was perfectly happy. Everything, so far, had gone off just as she had planned it. The chrysanthemums were exactly the background for Anstruthers who, fortunately, had worn a tie with a touch of yellow in it; and he looked so distinguished on the little dais she had had hurriedly built. She beamed, she radiated the joy she felt; and she was so glad she had thought to tell Winterbottom and Meadows to stand mute and motionless, one on either side of the great doorway, in their solemn gray liveries. It was a triumph in a living prose poem.

She watched Muriel, who sat near her. Yes, the dear girl was spell-bound, as she knew she would be. Anstruthers *was* a gentleman, and the mother had always been grateful that her daughter cared only for men of breeding, and was not one of those strange maidens who might take up with a handsome but uncouth chauffeur, as Mrs. Mortimer's Phoebe had done. Thank God, *her* child was in no such dreadful danger.

If only Anstruthers would return the affection she was certain Muriel would reveal! Then the aftermath of this seed-planting would prove a harvest of joy; she fumbled in her mind, and realized that she couldn't find similes as the great essayist could, and abandoned herself to an ecstasy of listening.

THE others—she had asked only a select hundred or so—were equally enthralled. A hush, which is so rare upon occasions like these, brooded over the audience; and though deaf Mrs. Potter had no idea what it was all about, despite the fact that she had studied lip-reading for two cloistered years, she expressed approval now and then, and pretended to drink in the golden phrases.

Even Jack Tolliver was interested; but, manlike, he felt a bit ashamed to be at an afternoon affair, and Muriel, who had not known that her mother had invited him, would not let him sit beside her. He must be disciplined still further. He stood, therefore, not far from the granite Meadows, and when he was not drinking in the wonder of Muriel, he cast a jealous eye upon Anstruthers, and wondered how he got away with such talk. These foreigners, darn it, they could say anything and make the women happy.

The lecture went on, plumes nodded, and there was polite gloved applause once in a great while. It would never do to express too much approval; but Mrs. Carsters, knowing her set as she did, felt that they had been far more emotional than ever before, and beamed again.

The lion was petted and stroked as he stepped from the dais and democratically mingled with his listeners. Tea was served in the dining-room and brought to the guests wherever they happened to wander.

"I wish you would always wear that turquoise pin," Anstruthers said to Muriel, seeking her out as soon as he could. "I saw it all through my talk, and it was like a bit of blue heaven to me."

"Really?" Muriel said, not a little pleased that the Great Man should speak so intimately to her, and delighted that the eyes of others followed her. "It's nothing—a simple thing my father gave me on my birthday." Her fingers lovingly stroked the enormous brooch that he had praised.

Jack Tolliver was watching them, but he could not hear what Anstruthers had said. Muriel, with the intuition of a woman, knew that Jack's eyes were on her, and she rejoiced in the knowledge. It didn't matter so much, after all, about the others, those inquisitive women. So Jack would come over for this lecture, but not for her! Perhaps it would be just as well to teach him a thing or two.

"Let's go out on the terrace," she suggested to the lion. "Though, of course, I shouldn't be greedy and take you from all the others who want you."

"Oh, I'm sick of crowds," Anstruthers answered. "It would be so nice to get somewhere—alone with you." He paused just the proper amount of time before the last phrase.

THEY literally fought their way through surging women, who actually wanted just to touch the hem of Anstruthers' garment. Finally they emerged through one of the French windows, where the warm autumn sun spilt its radiance on a marble floor.

"If you're not afraid of catching cold, suppose we have our tea out here?" the girl went on. "It's hot indoors."

"Very. And I'd love it. You have no idea how you inspired me, sitting there, listening so intently. Women can be so amazingly wonderful. I wish everyone were like you."

He said it very well. Muriel had never known a celebrity before; and, somehow, she had always been a bit afraid of them, considered them a race apart. And she had heard they put all their best things into their books; yet here was one who talked almost as he wrote, and he was getting delightfully personal. She couldn't help contrasting what he had just said with some of Jack's pleasing but unpoetic remarks. Also, she couldn't resist looking behind her to see if, by any chance, he had come to watch what she was doing. Sure enough, he was on the other side of the window, trying his best to talk to Edna Forbes, and stirring his cup of tea nervously. She was sure she heard him asking Meadows to mix him a cocktail—an excellent barometer of his state of mind.

"That swan spells peace, doesn't it?" Anstruthers said, looking down on the bird floating on the pool. "What a heavenly life you must have here. It's almost better than Surrey—and not nearly so lonely."

What did he mean? She was sometimes very lonely, and she told him so.

"But that—that can be remedied," he stated. She didn't look up. "A girl like you has no right to be alone. You told me at luncheon you were unhappy. People have a way of confiding in me. Tell me what's on your mind."

His voice was charged with sympathy. An oak tree that spread its great arms in benediction over the terrace, dropped a few leaves at that moment, and their bright gold on the white marble told her of the vanity of riches.

Winterbottom came with some tea. They put their cups on the balustrade

(*Continued on page 176*)

The Thrill of *Two* High Speeds

Four Speeds Forward *Standard* Gear Shift

The new Graham-Paige sixes and eights are distinguished by the thrilling performance of *two* high speeds, *standard* gear shift. With the *time-proved* Graham-Paige four speed transmission—*fourth*, used most of the time, gives a new smoothness and swiftness; *third*, a quiet internal gear, provides rapid acceleration in traffic and up steep hills. You start in second; first, in reserve, is instantly available, but seldom used. You are invited to enjoy a demonstration.

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $885 to $2495. Car illustrated is Model 827, eight cylinder Cabriolet with Rumble Seat, $2145 (special equipment extra). All prices at factory.

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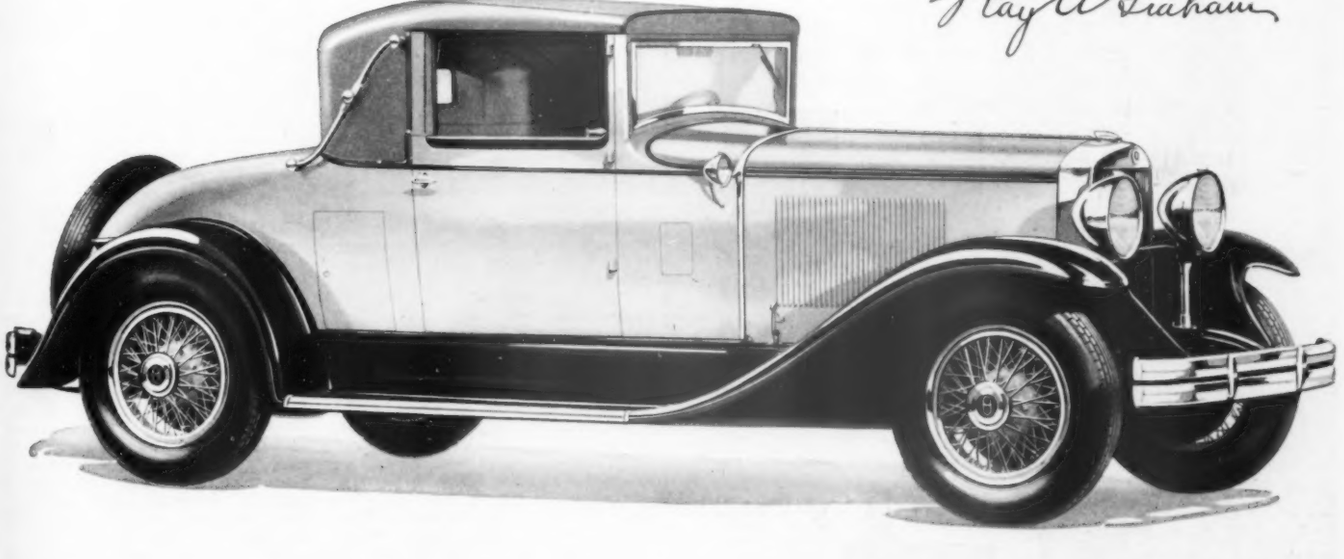

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Solid form

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Maybelline is always to be found on Miss Haver's dressing table.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

(*Continued from page 174*)

and looked off at the woods beyond the pool. Mrs. Carsters peeped out and saw them *en tête-à-tête*, and was happier than she had ever been before.

"You see," Muriel was saying now, "we are never alone here—yet frightfully alone. Sometimes I hate it all."

"Oh, don't talk like that. One has to have money. I have to lecture, and write, in order to live the quiet life. But I, too, am lonely."

She looked up at him. Again the leaves rustled. "Why, you can have anything you want in this world!" she said. "Why should a man like *you* be lonely?"

His eyes did not meet hers. "Some day, maybe, I'll tell you. May I write to you once in a while?" There was pathos in the request. She thought how many people would like to have his autograph; and here he was offering her pages of his manuscript. Why did she attract him? Vaguely, behind her, she was conscious of Jack drinking his second cocktail. She asked Anstruthers to take her down to the edge of the pool. He strangely interested her, but he did not guess the reason. He thought he was making another conquest, like that one in Boston only a fortnight ago, and another in New York. These American girls—how simple it all was! And here was Long Island, in golden autumn, with a, well, a girl who was certainly different from the rest, and rich. He had never seen such a lavish home, one so crowded with beauty.

To the devil with that audience, every one of whom wanted to shake hands with him! This was much pleasanter. And he moved down the wide stairway that seemed to dip a mile before it kissed the silent pool. The leaves fell around them again, and he thought of Danae and her shower of gold; and he told Muriel he had never been so happy in all his life.

Which, in a measure was true. For gracefully, unseen by anyone, Mrs. Carsters' secretary had but a few moments before slipped into his hand a check for five hundred dollars.

HIS room was unbelievably large—it was, as a matter of fact, the best of the sleeping apartments. From the wide windows he got a view of the Sound in the distance, as lovely as the Mediterranean on this October evening, in a dazzling sunset.

A large Italian four-poster, with a heavily brocaded cover, stood in the center of the room, and for some reason which he never discovered, there were two baths connected with his suite, and, apparently, for his use only. The furniture was massive, and in excellent taste, though why the Old World should always be transported to the New was one of the eternal mysteries to Anstruthers. Still, he was desperately fond of luxury, having had so little of it, and he watched Winterbottom with a vivid interest as he deftly laid out his clothing in preparation for dinner. He liked to feel his feet sink into the velvet rugs, and there was something royal about the Madeira that had been placed conveniently near the couch in a rare old decanter, with a few biscuits on a silver dish.

The manservant, who could miraculously efface himself while he performed his various tasks, suddenly stood at his side, holding out a little bowl in which there seemed to be an inch or so of water. Anstruthers, who was pretending to read, looked up, bewildered. In the few grand homes where he had visited, such a gift had never been offered him.

"What—what—?" he stammered, ashamed of his ignorance.

"Temperature of the bath, sir. Is it what you desire, sir?" Winterbottom was kind enough to inform him and to ask.

"Oh," said the essayist, dropping his book in his confusion and dipping his finger into the bowl, attempting to look accustomed to such service. "Yes—yes—quite right, my man."

THERE were ten at dinner, the social cream of his afternoon audience, and he was put next to Muriel. Jack Tolliver was not present. There was a rumor that he had driven his car in anything but a straight line, after five cocktails, and had just grazed the gate on his way out.

"You American girls seem to like commonplace men," Anstruthers was saying to Muriel. His inhibitions left him after one sherry and two glasses of champagne. She thought how wonderful it would be if these foreigners would write their impressions of America in a haze of drink and cigarette smoke, and really tell the truth. He had spoken rather well of the American business man down by the pool. "You deserve something better," he went bravely and brazenly on, looking into her eyes, and again enraptured that she wore, apparently for him, the turquoise brooch.

"Do we? I thought we were commonplace, too. Very few of us capture English noblemen."

"Noblemen? Who said they were the best of our race?" Anstruthers inquired.

"You mean, perhaps, that there is an intellectual aristocracy that's worth much more?" Muriel guessed.

"Exactly. The man of letters, now." He was going further than he had ever gone, anywhere, at any time. He must watch his step, as these slangy Americans said. "You know, they don't get the recognition from their government that they should." The government!—that was good. It got him many miles safely behind the lines.

"But *you* have had recognition, Mr. Anstruthers. I heard you could have been knighted. But I suppose your sense of humor prevented. They're calling London the City of Dreadful Knights, someone told me." She smiled, toyed with her champagne glass, in which Meadows had poured only a few sips, as always.

Anstruthers missed the irony of her remark.

"I am too much of a democrat to accept a title," he said. But he knew in his heart he would love nothing better than to have the King touch him with a sword as he knelt in the royal presence. "That is why I like America so. And you are a true democrat. Banker boys or essayists, it matters not which you meet." And then he could have bitten his tongue off; for her eyes flashed.

"Both have a head for figures," she flamed. "And sometimes I think the man of letters is the better mathematician." Then she remembered that he was their guest, sitting at their table, sleeping under their roof. Quickly, she said: "Have you read much of Ibañez, Mr. Anstruthers?"

"Yes." There was a muffler over his voice. "A wonderful writer."

"I wish I knew Spanish. He must be even finer in the original."

"He is—vastly better." He allowed her to believe that he had read Ibañez in the language in which he wrote. She took it for granted that he knew several foreign tongues.

IN THE middle of the night, and in the middle of his great canopied bed, Anstruthers had an idea for his new book; and he remembered the lamp by his pillow, and turned it on. By long experience he had learned that it was unsafe to leave unjotted down any thought that came to him at any time. Ideas were precious things.

There was some heavy stationery and a gold pencil on the table near him, but the paper looked so fine that he hesitated to use it merely for a memorandum. It was engraved; and as he lifted one piece to see if there was a common pad beneath, his eye caught the embossed lettering. The most expensive plate had been procured, and it read: THE BUNGALOW: OLD WESTBURY.

Ah! if this was a bungalow, what must a house be like on Long Island? The conscious pose of such a name for such an establishment struck his risibilities, and, looking at the velvet hangings in the moonlight, contemplating the ornate chairs and wardrobes, and remembering the august Winterbottom, he smiled at a vulgarity so amazingly naive, and be-

(*Continued on page 178*)

The new Cloth Coat Department of Revillon Frères announces the arrival of its Spring collection from Paris . . . original Revillon Frères creations, like the coat at the left . . . adaptations of couturière successes, like the one from Drecoll at the right. ∞ Special designers and fitters ensure individual chic. ∞ Neckpieces in the favored furs to complete the spring tailleur.

Revillon Frères

FIFTH AVENUE AT 54TH STREET

(IN THEIR NEW BUILDING)

Carlin

Perpetuating the French tradition

of luxurious boudoir comforts

Comforts

The modern woman is grateful to the Carlin Shops for perpetuating the charming traditions of daintiness associated with the boudoir of great ladies of all periods. Cushions, as weightless as moonbeams, silken coverlets, chaise longue ensembles, and other boudoir requisites are coveted alike by decorators and their clients. The Carlin Shops are dedicated to the woman of today — the woman who admires the luxurious — but deplores the extravagant.

NEW YORK
528 Madison Ave., at 54th St.

CHICAGO
662 N. Michigan Ave., at Erie St.

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

(*Continued from page 176*)

gan to pity poor Muriel. How could she survive in such surroundings? How could anyone survive? But how nice it would be to have some part of this wealth, and the beauty that would go with it, and run away and hide it behind his walled garden in Surrey! He need scarcely ever come back here. Wouldn't it be politic to make up to a pretty little American spitfire, and tame her down in rural England, give up these tiresome tours, on which one had to be "entertained" to death, and settle down to write the books one wanted to write?

He might stay on here a few days—there was nothing to take him to town. After all, it was peaceful here, and they would let him stay in his gorgeous room as much as he pleased. He could take it easy, and write a few things. Then, too, the daughter of the house was rather amusing and entertaining, and liked to ride, and the weather promised to be golden—well, he could think of many things he liked less than the prospect of a few days in such a spot. He'd look the young lady over. Was it possible that he was growing sentimental? He wondered. He'd never felt like this before over any mere girl.

He felt that everything was settled. It might have been, had he not made a middle-class error at nine o'clock the next morning.

When his lavish breakfast came up to him, he looked it over, decided he did not care for grapefruit, bacon and eggs and coffee that morning, and told Winterbottom to take the food away and bring him marmalade and toast and tea instead.

Winterbottom, who did not care much for the English—he was really an Irishman, and his family name was Sweeney—got the master's ear before he left for town, and told him what the celebrity had done.

Old man Carsters almost made a scene in the hall. He puffed and blew, fumed and all but exploded, and then and there gave strict orders that Anstruthers should be taken to the station promptly at eleven o'clock—he would never be allowed to eat another meal in the Bungalow.

His exit was a bit ignominious. Only Muriel saw him off. Mrs. Carsters pleaded a stupid headache, and was glad, for the first time in her life when Jack Tolliver telephoned that he was coming over for luncheon.

After all, Jack wasn't so bad. He couldn't write anything but checks; but he was a healthy-minded young American, and Muriel could do far worse. And she ventured to think that he never breakfasted in bed, or mistook a simple home for a hotel.

"WE DON'T need any flowers," Lady Sowerby was saying, as she surveyed the bleak lecture-room of the Quill and Arts Club, one wet afternoon in London, about six months later. "He is speaking very informally about his American experiences, and we shall all be so amused that no one will notice the lack of decorations. Besides, it's too expensive; and why fuss over one of our own writers? Heaven knows Mr. Anstruthers has had enough attention over there."

Two or three hundred journalists and nondescript hack-writers, and a sprinkling of weird futurist artists, who did weird things on canvas, began to stroll in, after an unbelievably dull luncheon upstairs. The tiny club rooms almost touched Bloomsbury, much to Lady Sowerby's regret, for she had aspirations of a sort, and deplored uncouth neighborhoods. She was active in many organizations, and looked upon the Quill and Arts as a rather pathetic adopted child which needed her earnest attention now and then. To have induced Anstruthers to come way out here—well, it was nothing short of an achievement; and she was proud of the fact that it was her personal appeal which had won the day. She couldn't help telling little Miss Briggs as much as they peeped into the hall to see if the pitcher of icewater was in place, the portrait of the King hung straight on the wall, and the flag draped at the proper angle behind the desk.

Everyone was seated before the essayist came out of a door at the side of the room, and, amid an expectant hum, sat in a chair waiting to be introduced, his head bowed a bit, like a minister before he delivers his sermon.

Lady Sowerby finally rapped for order, and spoke of him as "a traveler recently returned from foreign shores, an artist who had gone forth to see the world." He would tell them, she was sure, many wonderful things of his journey through those vast and distant States, and no doubt would make them realize that there were worse places than the British Isles. A dull, bromidic enough introduction.

Anstruthers got to his feet amid timid but sincere applause, and started right out by saying how glad he was to be home again—stuff that always goes well. He liked America, after a fashion, and he hoped to lecture there again; but, when all was said and done, it was the home of the almighty dollar, of vulgarians, of a people who had no real culture, but thought they had a lot of it. (Laughter.) It was the country of uncut leaves (murmurs of amusement), ostentatious wealth, pork-packers, quick-lunch eaters, unimaginative business men, steam heat, lazy but beautiful women, gum-chewers, jazz, cabarets, confusion and cheap movies. There was no real art being produced there; and an artist was not appreciated at his own true worth; he was fawned upon, lionized, entertained to death, interviewed by a sensational press and perpetually misquoted, and what was the use, anyhow? A good enough land to rush through, but never to stop in; emotional, eager, fiery, but also crude, gauche and gilt-edged—yes, a bit spurious.

TO SHOW them what vulgarians the Americans were he regaled them with the story of a week-end on Long Island, where he had been made a frightful fuss over. (Whispers of "No wonder!") He painted a picture of the garish house of a rather celebrated stock-broker, and had reached that point in his tale about "the temperature of the bath, sir," and was making them rock with laughter, and was going on to the incident of the engraved stationery—indeed, was just about to say, "And on it was the name of the simple little estate of a thousand acres, 'The Bungalow,'"—when he looked down the hall, and was conscious of a pretty girl leaning forward with deep interest. At her throat there was a large turquoise pin.

Anstruthers saw her just in time to bring his sentence to an abrupt conclusion. There was, of course, no point to his edited anecdote. He could not keep his eyes from the girl's face. He turned pale, and hastily he put his hand to his head, as if in great pain, and swayed a little. The room spun before him. He saw a million blurred faces. Never had he known such a devastating moment.

"I am ill," he half cried, clutching the desk. "It's—it's dreadfully hot in here—" And somehow he got into a chair.

Lady Sowerby had rushed forward to Anstruthers' assistance, and splashed some water in his face. She knew this was a good thing to do when women fainted; she supposed it would prove equally efficacious with a man, though she had never before known a man to swoon, except in a poem of Mrs. Browning's.

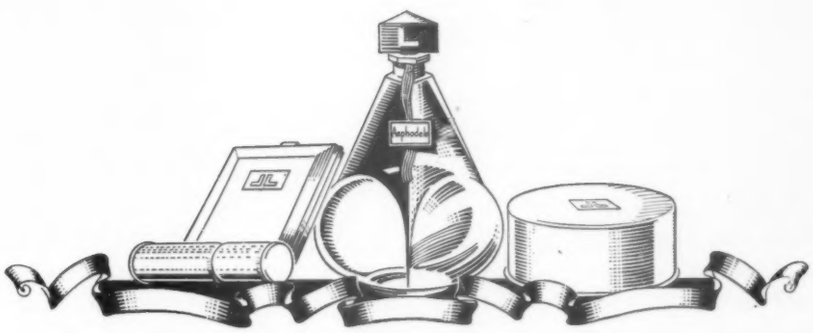
Limp and pale, the essayist was half dragged from the platform, and taken into a tiny room where there was a haircloth couch. At least twenty volunteers, amid a hundred solicitous murmurs, hoped to have an opportunity to aid him in his extremity. What a dreadful thing to happen, and just as he was getting so humorous, so delightfully humorous! They must see to the old-fashioned ventilation in the hall—too bad it had not been attended to before. But that was the trouble with these ancient buildings in the shabby section of the city. Poor Mr. Anstruthers!

Lady Sowerby begged those who had crowded into the little room to be gone—

(*Concluded on page 181*)

SHE IS LIKE A FLOWER

Delicately she charms the very air with the attar of her loveliness... For her charm is born of many flowers which have received an ethereal immortality from the perfumer's hand... The creations of Lenthéric achieve her ensemble of fragrance! The silvery compact tooled to the semblance of a smart French watch... the silver misted powder boxes upon her dressing table... the bath powder like fragrant thistledown... all reflect truly the Lenthéric odeur which she has chosen as her very own. Thus her entire aura is in fragrant harmony—whether it be the gardenia-sorcery of *Asphodèle*—the luxuriant beauty of *Miracle*, or the vivacity of *Le Pirate*... She moves in a vibrant radiance which transfigures her beauty into that of a living flower



Lenthéric perfumes in their fascinating modern bottles, $5 to $45... face powder, five subtle shades and white, in a silver-starred box which holds *its own matching puff*, $1... lipstick, in three flattering tones, as smartly cased as a trinket of pearl-and-gold, $1.50... the silvery double compact is slim and opens as precisely as the French watch which served as its model, $2.50

Lenthéric *Paris*

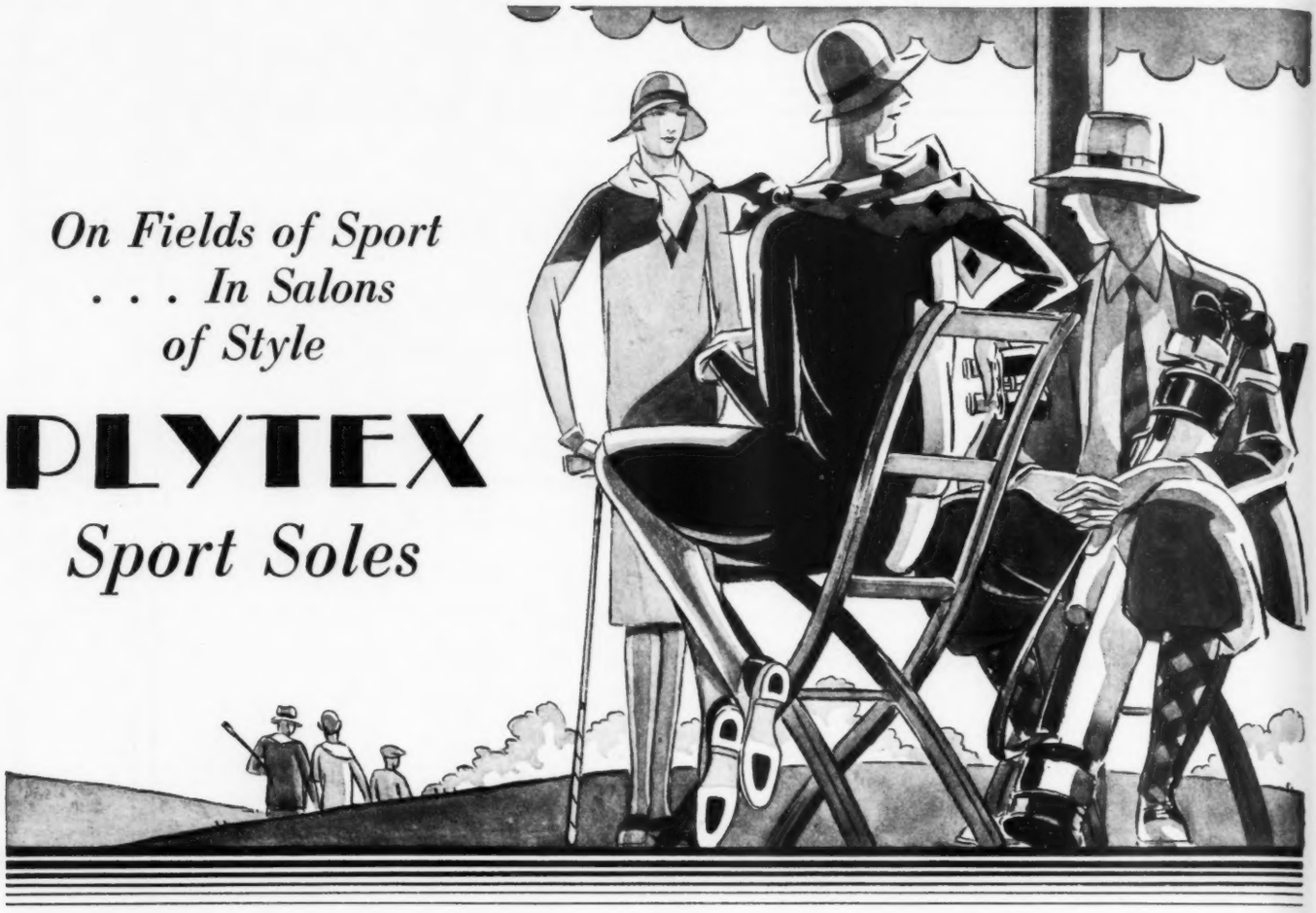
PARFUMS

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET · NEW YORK

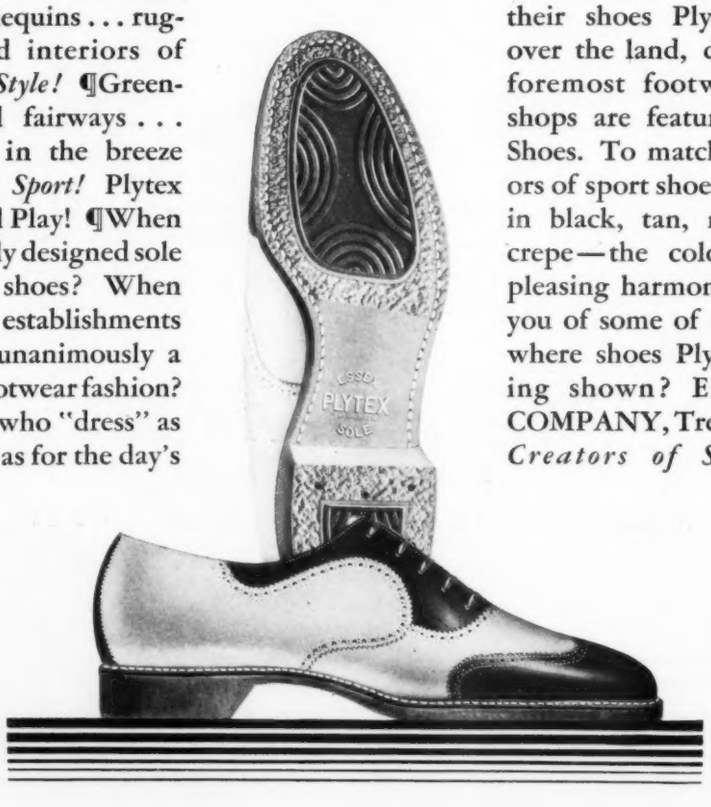
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ · PARIS, FRANCE

On Fields of Sport . . . In Salons of Style

PLYTEX
Sport Soles



PLYTEX—the Sole of Soles! ¶A parade of mannequins . . . rug-cushioned, hushed interiors of swanky modistes. *Style!* ¶Green-carpeted hills and fairways . . . pennants flapping in the breeze . . . country clubs. *Sport!* Plytex Soles—for Style and Play! ¶When has a more beautifully designed sole ever graced smart shoes? When have leading style establishments ever acclaimed so unanimously a single element of footwear fashion? ¶Men and women who "dress" as fastidiously for play as for the day's more formal moments, will want their shoes Plytex Soled! ¶All over the land, department stores, foremost footwear and sports shops are featuring Plytex Soled Shoes. To match the varying colors of sport shoes, Plytex is offered in black, tan, neutral and pure crepe—the colors contrasted in pleasing harmony. ¶Shall we tell you of some of the smarter shops where shoes Plytex Soled are being shown? ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY, Trenton, New Jersey. *Creators of Styles in Soles.*



A few of the smart stores now featuring Plytex Soled Shoes in NEW YORK, Saks, Fifth Avenue, Franklin Simon, Best & Co., Frederick Loeser & Co., Sommers, Inc., Hanan & Son; in PHILADELPHIA, Lit Bros., Dalsimer's; NEWARK, L. Bamberger & Co.; ROCHESTER, B. Forman Co., William Eastwood & Son; WASHINGTON, D. C., Woodward & Lothrup, Artcraft Footwear; SYRACUSE, W. I. Addis Co.; SCRANTON, The Heinz Store; DETROIT, R. H. Fyfe & Co.; DENVER, Denver Dry Goods Co.; EAST ORANGE, R. H. Muir, Inc.; OMAHA, J. L. Brandeis & Sons; CLEVELAND, May Co.; PITTSBURGH, Kaufmann's; BOSTON, C. F. Hovey Co.

INSPIRED by the sheer simplicity of modern architecture, Crane designers developed the new *Corwith* group of fixtures. With set-back slabs, a few deft touches, they achieved a distinction which brings fresh charm to a modest cottage bath, as well as assists elaborate decorative treatment. In a boudoir-bath of chinois decorations from the time of Marie Antoinette, the *Corwith* lavatory and dressing table in Lucerne blue are here seen. The complete *Corwith* group . . . lavatories, baths, dressing tables, sinks, in a variety of interesting colors . . . is illustrated and described in the beautiful Crane brochure, A. D. 46. Write for it. See the actual fixtures at the nearest Crane Exhibit Rooms. A responsible plumbing contractor will tell you about Crane service and economy.

150 Pounds Pressure

CRANE

2500 Pounds Pressure

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices, 836 S Michigan Ave., Chicago ✦ 23 W. 44th St., New York ✦ Branches and sales offices in one hundred and eighty cities

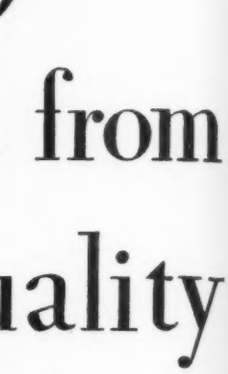
Beauty that comes from health has a gentle quality

THE radiant beauty of youth is the reflection of inner cleanliness. Sallowness, sagging flesh and blemishes come not so much with age as with intestinal sluggishness. Restore youthful regularity and improvement in beauty and health invariably follow.

Diet specialists at Battle Creek have demonstrated for 50 years the wonderful benefits of a wholesome intestinal tract. To this end they have prepared many special foods and dietary accessories. Cereals that energize the bowel. Roughage that rouses the lazy colon into action. Oil that soothes and lubricates. A new seed that has both of these properties.

But best of all for this purpose is Lacto-Dextrin. It is a remarkable colon food that changes the intestinal flora. That is, it drives the destructive, disease-producing germs out of the intestines. Thus reaching the very source of headaches, lassitude, nervousness, colitis and kindred complaints.

Happily, so effective a remedy makes a delightfully refreshing drink. At the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium and other institutions, Lacto-Dextrin is used with outstanding success.



Hot Lacto-Dextrin
Make a smooth paste with 2 heaping tablespoonsful of Lacto-Dextrin in hot water. Thin with hot water and whip with spoon. Drink like hot lemonade. Refreshing. Featured this month at all Health Food Centers.

SAVITA—Yeast extract rivaling finest meat flavor.
PROTOSE—Vegetable meat rich as choicest beef.
FIG BRAN—A dainty cereal of bran and luscious figs.
"ZO"—Toothsome vitamin cereal everyone enjoys.
MALTED NUTS—Delicious food drink teeming with health.
VITA-WHEAT—Appetizing all-wheat 6-minute porridge.
BRAN BISCUIT—Crisp, tasty, wholesome bran crackers.
LAXA—Crunchy biscuits of bran and agar.
LACTO-DEXTRIN—Refreshing anti-toxic colon food.
PSYLLA—Seeds that supply bulk and lubrication.
PARAMELS—Creamy caramels of mineral oil.

BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS *for Everybody*

Together with the other health foods in the Battle Creek line Lacto-Dextrin is sold by your Health Food Center—usually the leading grocer. Ask him to show you the variety of good things that mean so much to the fullest enjoyment of life.

Free Diet Service

At Battle Creek we maintain a staff of graduate dietitians to advise you on any diet problem. If you will write to Ida Jean Kain, our chief dietitian, she will send you suggestions for your particular diet. "Healthful Living," a most interesting and helpful book, written by a leading nutrition expert, will be sent free to all who fill in and return the coupon. It describes with recipes many of the foods used in the Battle Creek Diet System.

THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO.
Battle Creek, Mich., Department 84

Please send me a copy of "Healthful Living" without any obligation, and the name of the nearest Health Food Center.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

(*Concluded from page 178*)

there was nothing anyone could do, except call a doctor. But one of the ladies, no, two of them, were practicing physicians, and they had never been so proud of getting their degrees. One happened to have her box of restoratives with her—she had been on her way to a patient when she dropped in for the lecture—and she was mistress of the situation in a moment. She gently shoved her professional sister aside, even told the great Lady Sowerby that she was not needed, and bent above the languishing Anstruthers.

As she did so, the door was pushed ajar, and the young girl who had been sitting in the back of the hall entered. She slammed the door behind her. She was very pale; and as the essayist opened his eyes, he saw her, a vision of loveliness, beside him. He could not speak. He really became a bit faint, and gasped out something.

"Leave him with me," the girl ordered. "There is nothing at all the matter with him; you ought to know that." The masculine-looking lady doctor glanced up, surprised and horrified. Obviously this girl was an American, no kin of the essayist.

"What do you mean?" the doctor said; but rising as she spoke.

"Exactly what I say," the girl went on. A flush was in her cheeks now. Her voice was as clear as a bell. "He is not sick, only conscience-stricken!" she cried. Her turquoise pin gleamed as never before. It shone like her blue eyes. "Leave me with him."

There was no mistaking her tone, and Anstruthers was now too weak to protest. The lady doctor left the room, frightened for the first time in her life.

"Get up!" the girl ordered, when the door was shut.

Anstruthers groaned. "I'm sick. I'm ill," he said, faintly.

"Oh, no, you're not! Get up. I have something I wish to say to you, here and now. We shall never meet again; but I wouldn't leave this hall until I had spoken my mind to you, just as you spoke yours to that frumpy audience in there!" She pointed disdainfully to the wall that separated them from the hall, where murmurs could still be heard.

"Now, sit up and take *my* medicine—not the lady doctor's. I'm not in the least alarmed at your condition. You made those people laugh in there, laugh at me and mine. It was funny, wasn't it, to describe my father's house in such detail? You were a paid lecturer under our roof, but we were rather kind to you, weren't we?" She expected no answers to her questions. The essayist was sitting up now, and the spoonfuls of bitter medicine were being poured into him rapidly.

"We are, despite our wealth, simple people, and, I hope, kindly. My mother asked you to stay the night with us. We Americans are noted for our hospitality as well as for our vulgarity and lack of culture. We allow ourselves to be imposed upon, but sometimes we are not so naive as foreigners think us. You might have been asked to remain on for a few days longer, had you not done an unspeakably rude and indelicate thing. I wonder if you intended telling the audience about it?" Sarcasm was in her voice. He winced. "I suppose you will—later. You public speakers have to reserve something for future talks, don't you? I am sure you will tell it with a fine appreciation of its humor. But if you decide not to tell it, and some of those who were in this hall to-day wish further particulars, send them to me at the vulgar Ritz, where I am stopping. My name now is Mrs. John Tolliver, and I shall be in London for several weeks, Mr. Anstruthers."

She turned away, a little sorry for him in this wretched moment. How could anyone survive this bitter scorn?

A FEW days later, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tolliver were having breakfast in their gorgeous suite at the Ritz. Muriel saw an item in the *Times*, and, stirring her coffee, said to Jack:

"I see that Harcourt Anstruthers has announced that his farewell to America took place when he left New York a month ago. He says he will never go back."

"I wonder why?" Jack wanted to know.

"He says he's ill—on the verge of a nervous breakdown," his wife half read from the paper.

"He must have made a lot of money in the States," Jack went on. "But his saying good-by so publicly is a case of much adieu about nothing, isn't it, dear?"

IMPRESSIONS ON HEARING BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY AT THE NEW YORK STADIUM

O TITANIC moonlit basin
Hung with thousands upon thousands
Of that mortal hunger for the majestic balm
A long pent wistfulness abstraction surrender
Making great reminiscent of sculpture
The pose of a single figure here and there—
Much of you was there my country
From the far flung curves
From the purple oblique moon shade of the columns
From the vast stretch of specks
Emerging groups individuals
Raised against breathless conflict
Into marked independence of mien

I saw a brown girl in sandals
In loose-fitting summer white
Her eyes from Byzantium—
A listening negro with the brow of Schubert
With the smoking eyes of a very delicate dreamer—

And I felt
Slowly pacing that enormous columned crescent
Through slanted huge stripes of the moon—
Past groups
Whose lost response to the music
Each instant outdoing the marble—
And heard Beethoven's sonorous tenderness
Knocking pleading surmising
Forgiving
With vast sweeping declaration
Of blinding deafening
Triumph
Striking out over
Those thousands upon thousands of musing hearts
That something immense
Of men
Was being proven here at last.

—*Michael Strange*

Marie Earle

in these few words tells you her entire Basic Beauty Treatment

LIKE everything modern and efficient and *chic*, the Marie Earle Basic Beauty Treatment is unaffectedly simple. You have only to use three things. First you cleanse your skin with the Essential Cream (the most luxurious cream in the world). Then you apply this same Cream all over again, with a little Cucumber Emulsion (right on top, to increase absorption) and stroke your skin with these to nourish it. When the tissues have accepted all they will, wipe away what remains. And conclude with a dash of Soothing Freshener Lotion. And that's all! Except make-up and a fluff of the new Marie Earle Powder, of course.

The very simplicity of this Treatment is what very smart and busy women like. It is convincing evidence of the extravagant quality of the Marie Earle Preparations. The other Marie Earle Treatments (for oily skin, for coarse pores, etcetera) are just as superbly good. All the Marie Earle Methods completely described in an interesting booklet "The Other Side of the Moon," gladly sent upon request.

The Marie Earle Preparations may be had at the toilet goods counter in fashionable shops everywhere.

NOTHING quite restores your faith in your youth and charm like a Treatment at the Marie Earle Salon. The measured stroking (no smacking) of creams into your face and neck leaves your skin gratefully smooth and fine. This stroking is feathery around your eyes (for nerves), but vigorous down your spine (for circulation), so that you hardly need the deft make-up in the end, for you look so new! The Salon is at 660 Fifth Avenue. Telephone: CIRcle 0266.

A Scorching, Tyrannical Sun . . . .
Day-long Activity

DO YOU DARE?

Do you dare to be without a deodorant? Do you dare to be without the very best? Do you dare not to use it? Vacation sports . . . . crowding variety of play into long days of excitement . . . . body movement . . . . excessive perspiration! It is natural to perspire, but bathing and complete change of dress will not stop it—especially underarms where evaporation is impossible.

Use Heck Deodorant—the odorless, crystal-clear liquid that checks perspiration. A few drops applied with a bit of cotton, allowed to dry, and the simple procedure instantly safeguards one from this unpleasantness and any humiliation. Get the Heck habit. You cannot afford not to.

Particular women and men everywhere are using Heck regularly, confident that their appearance and person are thus kept refreshingly immaculate. Heck is odorless—will not conflict with your own subtle perfume. No color to stain apparel, not even sheer, lovely lingerie.

Two sizes—50c and $1. ($1 size is three times larger.)
At department and drug stores everywhere.

Heck
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DEODORANT
CHECKS PERSPIRATION
Crystal-clear Confidante of the Careful

Effective not only underarms—use Heck wherever protection from excessive perspiration is desired—hands, feet, neck, forehead.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER We have prepared a special size of Heck for anyone wishing to try it. We want you to give it fair test—to prove all that is claimed for it. Heck will bear comparison with any product—liquid, paste or powder—for this purpose on the market.

THE HECK-CONARD CO., INC., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
I enclose: ☐ 10c (coin or stamps) for trial size Heck ☐ 50c (coin or stamps) for regular size Heck
(either of above sent postpaid anywhere)

_____

_____

MAKE YOURSELF OVER FOR SPRING

(*Concluded from page 130*)

if a high blood pressure is discovered, one is put to steam in the cabinet, and the diet carefully regulated. The analysis of a specimen shows whether one's blood has too much sugar, starch, salt or acid in the general system. The medical examination over, I received my marching orders and pranced into the gymnasium, where a divinely proportioned young thing took down all my measurements on a chart: age, height, weight, and then proceeded to compare my figure with the perfect female form of twenty-six years, five feet six inches tall. An inch must come off here, two inches there—my modesty forbids being more explicit—an incipient double chin, in fact the only things that didn't have to be changed were my long, lanky legs!

"All right," said I, with a steely look of determination gleaming in my eye, "where do I go from here."

"This way," cooed the lithe, blonde goddess; "now we'll have a little limbering and stretching."

So for fifteen minutes I clung to a bar with one hand, and did all sorts of amazing things with my pedal extremities to the merciless chant of "one, two, three, four, five . . . *twenty*." Around the room were other amusing indoor sports in the forms of an electric nag, *à la* Mr. Coolidge, a normalizer, a barrel roll, and a shaking-machine. I came to know them all intimately later. Meanwhile, I watched the other valiant souls tackle them. It succdenly struck me as most amazing to see a lady with skinny legs, and big shoulders, another with an extra thin neck and arms and a protruding tummy, standing side by side in front of the vibratory belts getting their sad spots corrected.

Next I was hustled, all hot and glowing, into the electric blanket. This perspiring treatment is most important, as it cleans all the pores of the body, allowing them to breathe, and eliminates salt and acid from the system. The attendant told me that often it takes people thirty-five minutes to perspire the first time, showing how tightly closed were their pores. After a dozen treatments they react in ten minutes. Ho hum, here I covered myself with glory, and was escorted by my proud courier into the shower, finishing off with a quick ice-cold deluge.

Then came the body massage for reducing, and strong hands worked on my entire body, as though they were kneading so much bread. Also an efficient little instrument called the roller was applied briskly over all hills and dales and left no doubt in my mind that the rout of the demon FAT had at least been started. There is a delightful general massage with oils, which is excellent for those under par or for anyone who cannot exercise. It is given under a sunlight lamp, and improves the circulation and whole general health.

Only after all this, my dear, did the face—usually the first thing to be considered—come in for its due attention. Marjorie Dork showed me a chart on the wall of the muscles of the face and neck, and the circulation centers. Of course, by now, my face was pink and glowing, and in this condition the best work could be done on it. Miss Dork went over the skin lightly with her cleansing oil and then worked on the muscles of the entire spine, shoulders and scalp, bringing the circulation up and hardening the muscles of the face and neck. (This is always done without cream, unless the skin is very dry.) Then the muscles were cooled with astringent and ice, and the treatment finished with makeup. I invested in a special powder of Miss Dork's called "Gypsy," which is a dark shade you can mix yourself with any powder to match your skin, and most convenient to have on hand at home.

How's that for a rejuvenating treatment for Spring? I've followed my prescribed diet and gone there every other day, and feel, look, act, and think ten pounds lighter, and ten years younger.

I meant to make this a letter full of gossip and general "dirt" collected in my travels, but my enthusiasm over my new figure (having just come from a fitting) carried me away and caused me to write these exuberant reams.

Much love,
BECKY

P. S. Oh, I forgot. The finishing touches of the transformation from top to toe of your plain Jane, were a new permanent wave by Pierre, 39 West 57th Street, who uses a special lotion to make the hair soft and glossy, and rolls the strands from the ends (much as our hair was done up on rags as children) and is called the realistic method, as it gives a big soft wave with softly curling ends; and a pedicure at Dr. Fraser's, 30 East 42nd Street. Pedicures are far more popular abroad than here and I think it is a mistake that more people don't consider how lovely feet may become with a little care. Careful shaping, attention to the cuticle, massage with cream to soften any calloused spots and to whiten the skin, and, finally, a delicate pink polish for the nails produces such a pleasant shock that you don't even recognize those poor old dogs!

THE OTHER SIDE

THE others love him for his flashing wit,
And for his radiancy and eager smile—
I wonder who'd believe me, were it writ
In letters why I love him all the while.

I love him for his moods like April rain,
And for his helplessness, and lack of rest,
And for his soul that cannot bear the pain
Of disappointment's lash, but craves the best.

I love him for the things they do not see—
His childish whims, and anger quick to flare.
I love him for his inconsistency,
And for the hurricanes of his despair.

I love him when defeat has made him bow,
And misery has chained him to her side.
I love him best, because he needs me now—
A sheltered harbor, safe from wind and tide.

Fannie Livermore

YOU.. touched by the magic of a genius

By RUTH WENDELL

Distinguished leaders of society, stars of the stage and screen, from all parts of the world have journeyed to the salon of R. Louis in New York. There, across from the Plaza, has grown the largest beauty establishment in the world, occupying an entire building of its own. There, R. Louis, who, women say, knows more about beauty than a woman, has devoted his life to the care of the skin and the artistry of the hair. And now, what famous women have journeyed to find, can be yours...wherever you are! The touch of the incomparable R. Louis can create the beauty for you that has made his salon the rendezvous of knowing women from all over the world.

The actual preparations used in this famous salon, are now available to you in your town. The magic touch of the genius of R. Louis is in each crême, each lotion, each powder. Prepared in his laboratory, under his personal supervision, these beauty creations are compounded from the finest materials procurable. Each pottery jar and each crystal bottle that contains them, is not only an object of art in itself, but has been planned to serve your convenience in use.

Each R. Louis preparation represents a new and notable contribution in its field. In the R. Louis Basic Crême, there is at last the ideal greaseless base for make-up. This Crême also acts as a day time skin food, and its whitening and softening effect is splendid for the hands as well as the face. This indispensable crême serves as one of the first important steps toward beauty.

Don't postpone the thrill that will be yours with the discovery and use of the new R. Louis preparations, but see them today in the smart shop of your town.

At the more distinguished places, ask to see these unsurpassed preparations of R. Louis. Write for Beautistics, *a book in the Art of Beauty and the method of R. Louis, and diagnosis questionnaire, gratis.*

PREPARATIONS OF R. LOUIS

Cleansing Crême — *Skin Tonic*
Muscle Oil — *Circulation Ointment*
Pore Crême — *Special Astringent*
Tissue Crême — *Bleach Crême*
Autour des yeux

R. LOUIS

Beautistics

26 WEST 58*th* STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PREPARATIONS OF R. LOUIS

Hand Crême — *Crême Rouge*
Dusting Powder — *Basic Crême*
Lip Stick — *Liquid Rouge*
Compact Rouge — *Face Powder*
Cleansing Tissue

"N"

brings a new epoch into perfume

Once every dozen or fifteen years a really new perfume appears . . . a fragrance as exciting to its creator as to those who sense it . . . blended by theory but transformed by art . . . setting the tone for a whole new generation of scents.

Such is "N" . . . Lucien Lelong's new perfume, now presented for the first time in America. An inscrutable fragrance . . . eloquent . . . compelling . . .

Inquire for "N" and the other Lucien Lelong perfumes and beauty aids at the smarter shops and department stores.

PARFUM
LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS

F. L. Hamilton

"Paget Hall," a modern rendering of old Bermudian architecture, residence of Lloyd Jones, Esq.

A LAND WHERE IT IS ALWAYS AFTERNOON

(*Concluded from page 107*)

northerner with the finality of a hundred weight of brick and forces a tightening band of iron down around his aching forehead, where it seems to follow you around, personally, with the insistence of a battery of Kleig lights beating up into your face.

Forget your first impressions save as a backdrop, and settle down for a prolonged stay in Bermuda, either at a hotel or a cottage, and you are entirely surrounded by the modern slant, with plenty of others from "The States" spending the whole winter from mid-December to mid-April in warm laziness, and sharing it with you. The most modern development of Bermuda is the flowering forth of cottage or bungalow colonies. There is one up at Tucker's Town, on the grounds of the Mid-Ocean Club; another at Cardiff Point in Hamilton. Paget, Warwick and the other Bermudian parishes are dotted with coral limestone houses, some just finished, others dating from the seventeenth century, all housing extremely likable people, the kind who spend the winter in Bermuda not to riot, but to rest.

Easter sees Bermuda at its best. And I can remember when the southern season was only six weeks out of February and March. The great trilogy of American summer sports leap into prominence; swimming in the morning, golf in the afternoon, dancing in the evening. Or make it unanimous, and loaf.

Swimming in pools, or on the South Shore, where the sand is yellow with red speckles, like lobster bisque plentifully besprinkled with cayenne pepper. The water is a proper sub-tropical warmth, 77° F.

Golf on nine courses, two championship —Riddell's Bay and Mid-Ocean. Charles Blair MacDonald, architect of the National Golf Links of America at Shinnecock, the Lido, the Piping Rock Golf Club, the White Sulphur Springs course, the Links, and others, laid out Mid-Ocean with accustomed efficiency. The holes are modeled after famous holes on other courses; the original of the third is at St. Andrews in Scotland, the model of the fifth is the renowned fourteenth at the National.

Dancing in the big ballrooms of the big hotels. Music from New York's foremost musical supply houses, cabaret from Chicago. Tails and white ties by the resident gentry. Champagnes from France. All activities suspended at midnight.

Subsidiary amusements are yachting to and from Bermuda, sailing or 'planing in the various harbors, riding, and reading the New York weather reports: "Coldest Winter in Forty-five Years. . . . Scores Injured on Icy Sidewalks." And then you turn on the fan and telephone for ice-water or what have you.

I am not sure which is the more typical of Bermuda, the pet tortoise which sleeps in the sun in the midst of the concrete dance floor of a cabaret on Queen Street, or the five-o'clock ferry to Paget with fifteen bicycles belonging to fifteen Britannico-Bermudian young ladies parked on the cabin roof, or the diminutive young pickaninny door boy of the biggest and swankiest hotel in his gold-bedizened frock coat, or the vacant lot on Front Street which is not an eyesore but a solid bed of purple morning-glories. In retrospect they blend.

I always leave Bermuda when the goldenrod blooms. In Bermuda it marks the end of winter, not its beginning. The bagpipers of the band of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had dutifully piped our ship through Hamilton Channel, their tartans a blaze of color on the hotel lawn.

A book was lying open on the next deck chair. I glanced at the page and the lines from "The Lotus-Eaters" leapt to the eye. Tennyson was right. A land where it is always afternoon.

F. L. Hamilton

Bermuda residence of Charles Blair MacDonald, Esq., in the grounds of the Mid-Ocean Club.

This New Protection Women Know

How it ends the hazards of old-style hygienic measures that often marred composure, peace-of-mind

THIS generation need never know the uncertainties—mental and physical—of old-style sanitary protection.

For science has solved, simply and effectively, this oldest of hygienic problems. Studying the shortcomings of the makeshift methods necessity dictated in the past, modern ingenuity and medical skill have overcome them, one by one. Resulting in a sanitary pad which today has been adopted by women of better classes all over the world.

This new way, Kotex, embodies the most absorbent material known—Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Fleecy soft, and pliable, it is scientifically shaped to fit like a garment.

Utter comfort—Deodorizes, too

The pad thus gives not only greatest actual protection, but a new comfort that results in delightful un-self-consciousness, in complete peace-of-mind and poise.

Now, by a unique process, each pad is scientifically treated* so that it actively deodorizes. Thus removing all worry and self-consciousness from this source.

The material in Kotex is adjustable so that it may be adapted to suit one's own individual requirements—an added advantage.

Ease of disposal

Kotex, by its ease of disposal (see directions in each package), removes the last remaining source of embarrassment. It is easily purchased, anywhere, simply by asking for it by name. At new low prices, it is within the reach of all.

Thus, on every score, scientific hygienic protection, in the form of Kotex, is available to all. Every convenience has been considered. Every handicap overcome.

Buy a box of Kotex today . . . 45 cents for twelve. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell it; also in vending cabinets in rest-rooms through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—now 65c

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. At the new low price you can easily afford to buy one box of Super-size to every three of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

KOTEX

The new Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

"Beauty is its own excuse"—WHITTIER

IN GRACEFUL candlesticks . . . in vases daintily modelled . . . artistic creations of Roseville Pottery express in your home an unerring charm of beauty.

Or perhaps you wish a flower bowl . . . a jar . . . a wall pocket . . . a jardiniere. Many indeed are the pieces, shapes and designs in which Roseville Pottery comes . . . in pleasing, delicate colors . . . in the modernistic or in the more conservative patterning.

Truly, you will find fascination in the deft artistry of Roseville craftsmen. How effective are these Roseville pieces! How decorative! . . . They are meant for gay flowers and gleaming candles . . . They are meant to be possessed and cherished.

For more than a generation Roseville Pottery has served to bring delight to those who purchase for themselves, or as exquisite gifts . . . And, so it serves today . . . Take a few minutes to visit the interesting displays at leading stores . . . Surely, it will be worth while.

A profusely illustrated booklet, "Pottery" gives the interesting history of pottery. Write for your free copy.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY CO., *Zanesville, Ohio*

ROSEVILLE POTTERY

Ralph Steiner

Maple veneer and glass table from Robert Locher, ebony and ivory piece from Urban, metal and glass from Park Avenue Galleries. Silver coffee service from Jensen.

TABLES IN THE NEW MANNER

By CURTIS PATTERSON

(Other photographs of modern tables are on pages 110 and 111)

THE day when the modern, or contemporary, or modernistic (an awkward adjective, this last) needed any apology is comfortably past. Indeed, contemporary productions, especially domestic interiors, are more likely to suffer from the over-enthusiasms of their latest converts than the indifference of those not persuaded.

Modern furniture is still dynamic. It is still being created. There are, as yet, no established formulas. Every creative designer is putting his own personality, his own ideas as to material, color, proportion, practicality, into his work. He is compelled to do so, as he has no precedents to follow.

Introducing this element of a strong personality into the static calm of an interior designed along accepted period lines is a matter to be carefully treated. It can be done, most successfully.

One of the most sensible ways of testing the suitability of contemporary design to your own established background is to introduce an occasional table, a lamp, or a small rug into your most used room. The capital outlay is small, it involves no drastic changes in the rest of the room. If the introductory choice is made with a knowledge of the wide variety of design that is available, there is no reason why it should not prove acceptable and sink harmoniously into any decorative scheme.

Three features distinguish contemporary occasional tables, the use of new materials, the changed proportions, their immense practicality for modern needs. The appreciation of the beauty of structural metals, adroitly and intelligently applied to furniture construction, is perhaps the greatest contribution of contemporary design to present and future decoration. Two new uses of wood, in massive bulk and in tricky new patterns of veneer, rank next. Outlines are simple and there is no applied ornamentation. Modern tables are almost unanimously "underslung," with a low center of gravity. They do not topple over easily. Intended to rest a glass, a coffee cup, or a burning cigarette on, they have been deliberately designed to remain upright. The proportions are horizontal, not vertical. Certainly they are the ideal divan table. They are 1929 designs for 1929 people.

There is such crisp sincerity, such definiteness of purpose, such clarity of outline about the better contemporary design that all it needs is the trial of time and use to justify itself. It still has the power to excite and amuse, perhaps even to shock. It will certainly enliven.

Ralph Steiner

Black glass table from Miss de Lanux with Jensen silver cigarette-box and ash-trays. Right, steel and cement in Poiret design from Frankl Galleries.

Today, in the fashion-favored beauty shops of New York, London and Paris, *and in your own town,* Contouration Facials are being given by experts skilled in this new way to keep looking young.

Contouration is more than a pleasant, nerve-soothing facial. It corrects specific beauty ills—quickly, surely, in a new and delightfully different way!

The *Contourator,* a veritable wand of youth, melts creams and emulsions into the depths of your skin, nourishing, stimulating, satinizing. Then an invigorating "Liquid Bandage" refines the pores, firms the muscles. And gone are all traces of time, gone are the hollows, wrinkles, lines—you look young!

Each Contouration Treatment has its definite purpose. There is one for wrinkles; another for dry skin, another for reducing double chin. Your first treatment will prove itself a most delightful experience!

TODAY
AND
TONIGHT

Contouré Cleansing Cream . . .	$1.25
Contouré Skin Food	1.25
Contouré Finishing Lotion . . .	1.50
Contouré Reducing Cream . . .	2.00

Get Acquainted Tonight with Contouré Creams and Lotions. Use them at home, and you'll insure the fresh, fine complexion that is usually attributed only to *professional* care.

These preparations were originally made for beauty shop use *exclusively.* They were so pure, so efficient, so helpful - that beauticians themselves asked for boudoir packages for their patrons' home use—an assuring recommendation that proves their worth!

Contouré Preparations are limited in number to *essential* home needs. The *Cleansing Cream* is rapid, thorough and gentle; the *Skin Food* is quickly assimilated by starved cells and hungry tissue; the *Finishing Lotion* protects, soothes and forms a fragrant, flattering powder base.

Your regular Beauty Salon sells them in home-size packages. Or try the cleansing cream, for several nights; write us for a free, generous sample. Contouré Laboratories, Inc., 6 W. 48th Street, New York City.

contouration

TREATMENTS AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP & PRODUCTS FOR HOME USE

the flair for chic detail . . .

The Franklin flair for chic detail lifts the ensemble of informal purpose into real importance . . . This natural kasha frock has a ruffle of ivory batiste, pleated and pinked, and a wide brown suede belt . . . It is worn with a straight little coat of kasha and a stitched jersey hat . . . Also in delft blue with white, or rep in other shades . . . The complete Franklin spring collection is now being shown in New York, Philadelphia and the new Chicago shop.

Mrs Franklin inc.

16 East 53rd St.
New York

260 So. 17th St.
Philadelphia

132 E. Delaware Pl.
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CHICAGO NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA PALM BEACH BAR HARBOR YORK HARBOR

what a whale of a difference
just a few *drops* make

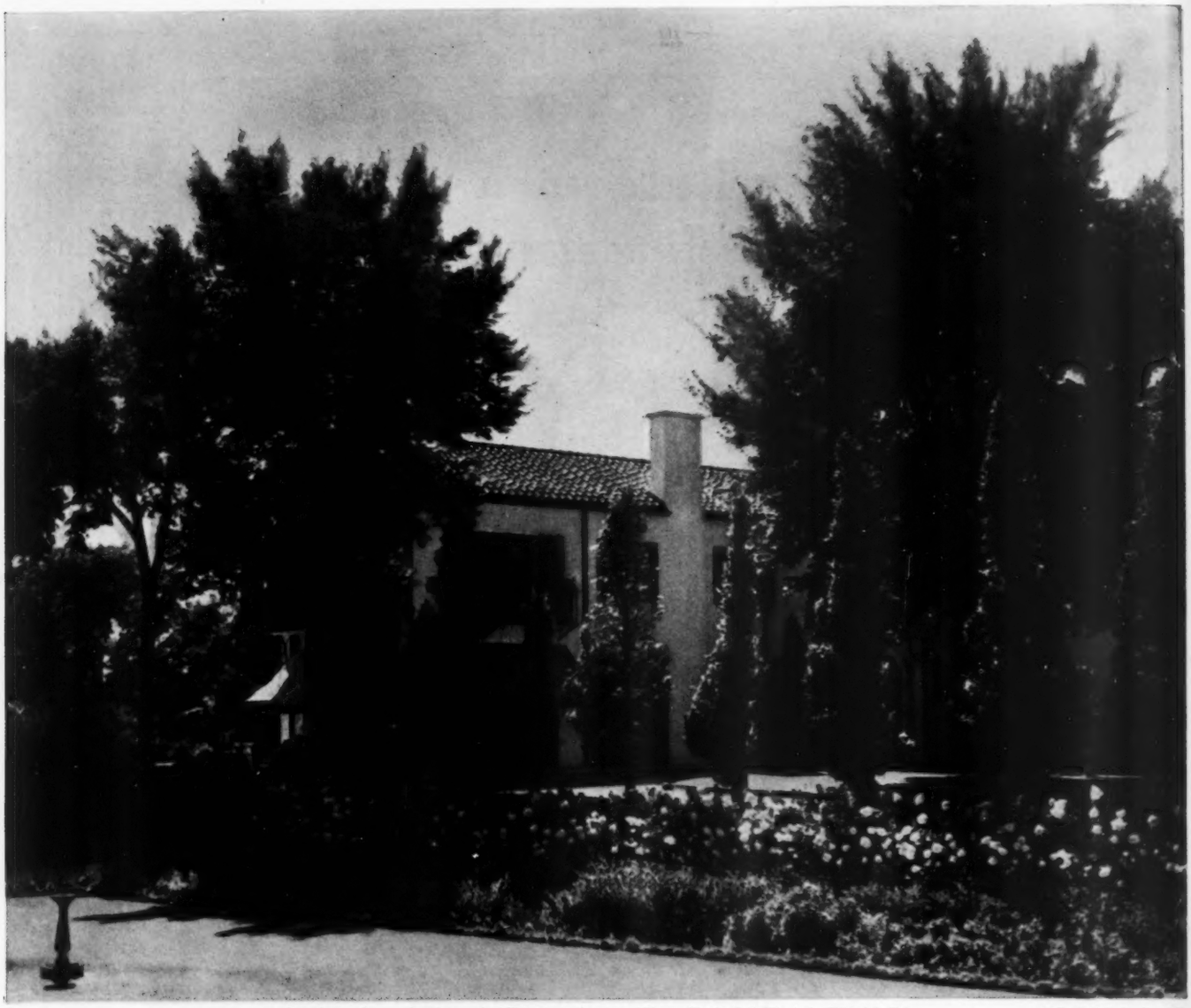
Yes . . .
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents *make*

. . . a definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



Reproduction from a color photograph of El Contento, the estate of Warren Wright, Golf, Illinois, by Wilfred O. Floing

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Among prominent persons and institutions served by Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

HON. EVANS WOOLLEN
GREENWICH, CONN.
TREE ASSOCIATION
ERLANGER COTTON MILLS
MICHAEL F. CUDAHY
KANSAS CITY PARK BOARD
SIR THOMAS TATE
RANDOLPH-MACON SCHOOL
ROBERT BACON FARM
RUTH DEAN
C. SIDNEY SHEPARD

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

A science, a philosophy, an ideal

Most people have had an instinctive love of nature, even before the time when "the groves were God's first temples." But few seemed to realize that trees were actually living, breathing things and subject to disease and death. More particularly, no one ever dreamed that anything could be done to save them.

Then John Davey came into the world; and because he was an unusual lover of nature, he chose to acquire training in horticulture.

Before his time trees were more or less generally the victims of neglect and often of abuse. John Davey conceived a great idea; he studied the sciences to provide a basis for his theories, and then worked out a systematic method of treating trees to save them. This was nearly a half century ago.

Only occasionally is a man permitted to give the world a new idea. John Davey did more than this. He created a philosophy, built around his new science and based on the essential principle that the tree is a living, breathing organism.

To him this whole thing became a great ideal. Under his forceful and devoted leadership there was developed a system of principles in practice and conduct, of business and professional ethics.

No man can continue in the Davey Organization, although John Davey has been dead six years, unless he remains true to the science, the philosophy and the ideals of the founder. You can trust Davey Tree Surgeons. They will do only those things that ought to be done in your interest.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 233 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

Branch Offices: New York; Boston; Providence, R. I.; Hartford, Conn.; Stamford, Conn.; Pittsfield, Mass.; Albany; Montreal; Rochester; Buffalo; Toronto; Philadelphia; Baltimore; Washington; Charlotte, N. C.; Atlanta; Pittsburgh; Cleveland; Toledo; Columbus; Cincinnati; Louisville; New Orleans; Indianapolis; Detroit; Grand Rapids; Chicago; Minneapolis; St. Louis; Kansas City.

Send for local representative to examine your trees without cost or obligation

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*

Don Diego

This salmon pink balibuntl from Henri Bendel has an extremely long right side and a flower motif of three shades of pink grosgrain.

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

(*Continued from page 101*)

velvet and chiffon. They may be draped in many fashions to suit the caprice of their wearers. A wonderfully handled printed taffeta, in yellow and orange shades, remains in my memory, and will be shown to you in the next issue. Special attention to the backs of dresses, as described above, is another proof of individuality. Last year, Madame Wormser put a flower in the tip of the V décolleté in the front. This year she puts it in the back.

Many cape effects on both coats and jackets is another feature. Wonderful evening wraps, capes, as well as coats, should be mentioned, especially a raspberry taffeta one, with heavily ruched edges. Another magnificent evening coat is in black moire with a long point in the back, and still another in scarlet moire, while there are splendid taffeta capes, one in peacock green, and a coat in leaf green velvet lined with silver, both edges shirred to make a standing collar and borders down the fronts.

LOUISE BOULANGER

MADAME BOULANGER again displays her unequaled handling of fabric, and her special talent for choosing beautiful and unusual materials. Her daytime models are done in djersaplume, etamine, tuslikasha, rodelic (wool voile with small white embroidered dot), and other fragile woolens. Their colors are mainly beige, red, and the two together.

Her evening wraps are made of such unusual fabrics as tussore, matasol (dull heavy silk reps with small rib), and thin broadcloth. They are collared with marabou instead of fur. The seams across their shoulders are marked with flat silk embroidery in the form of daisies. Most of her evening gowns are either of printed chiffon or of taffeta, plain or printed, or faille.

The chiffon ones have swathed bodices, sometimes short, close fitting, with marked waist-lines; sometimes a good deal shorter in front, but trailing in the back. Another line in chiffon is long and very slim, with wide flat panels, full and gathered, set on a high hip-line in the back, and slightly trailing. Her stiffer fabrics are handled in her familiar pouf silhouette, interpreted differently in each gown. Unusual color combinations, such as a pink mauve, and a deep slatey blue mauve, mark them in faille. Her new necklaces, like aboriginal jewelry, in exotic seeds and "art nègre" colors are a high light.

DŒUILLET-DOUCET

ASYMMETRIC skirts, tiered, flounced, or flared to one side are a high light here. Elaborate skirts are a feature of a collection that has great originality. Several gowns have the peplum tunic at the top of the hip, short and quite full, that must be counted among the silhouettes of the season. Flounces and frills are everywhere, some straight around, some diagonal, and some spiral. For evening, the dipping skirt is retained, still short in the front, but the close fitted bodice, with its natural waist-line, gives it a new look.

The closely beaded and spangled evening coat, slim and hanging straight and heavy over a frilled chiffon gown, is a novelty that is illustrated on page 94. Another evening coat is made of printed cotton, in a Persian design, embroidered all over in very bright gold. It has the slim, long silhouette, with flare at the hem in the form of a rather narrow frill that is found at this house.

JENNY

A NEW idea in transparent yokes on dark crêpe afternoon frocks is a high light in a collection that reflects Madame Jenny's well-known theories of youthfulness, and strict adherence to the natural lines of the human body. She obtains a pretty effect by using a deep yoke back and front, of flesh-colored chiffon, or fine lace, on a black crêpe gown, sometimes making the tops of the sleeves of the same.

Sleeves receive much attention here, and the favorite trimming place is the elbows. All kinds of things are done to them, lingerie cuffs set here instead of at the wrist, fur bands, brassards, gauntlet cuffs stopping at the elbow, bows

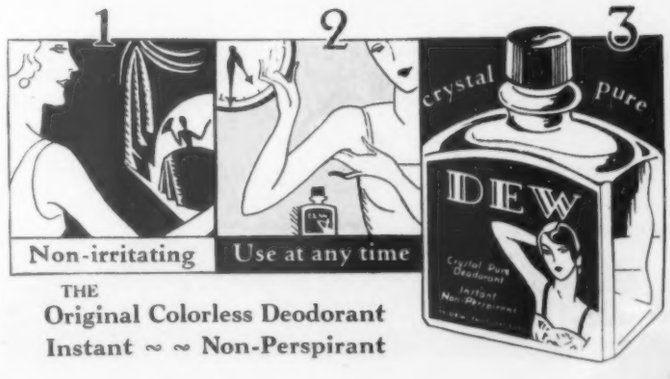
(*Continued on page 190*)

EVERY WOMAN USES A DEODORANT

Smart women use DEW

SMART women find Dew the deodorant they can use at any time of the day or night—the deodorant that is non-irritating, colorless, and harmless when used according to the simple directions. You will be delighted and amazed at the superiority of Dew. It stops perspiration and body odors instantly. You can put on your loveliest dress or gown immediately after applying it. (Dew instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads.) Get a bottle at your druggists or department store—fifty cents.

GEO. C. V. FESLER CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



THE
Original Colorless Deodorant
Instant ~ ~ Non-Perspirant

...amazingly this beneficent creme restores your skin to purest natural whiteness... dearest attribute of feminine beauty...

Sleep a few nights with the satin delicacy of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme working its magic on your face . . .

And marvelously, each morning, you'll see your complexion emerging in softer, smoother, lovelier whiteness, as the veil of disfiguring muddiness is lifted.

Hastens Nature's Action

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme works on an entirely new principle. Instead of harshly bleaching and drying the skin, it uses a famous healing agent to neutralize the dermal elements which cause the skin darkness and muddiness that creep on a woman inevitably as she grows out of her teens.

Beautiful women the world over are now keeping their skin—on face and neck and arms and hands—white, young and feminine with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme.

As it rejuvenates, this modern creme erases all the enemies of beauty, freckles, blotches, coarseness, and other imperfections of the skin vanish . . . . revealing the velvety, fine textured, natural whiteness of the skin that men adore.

An Unqualified Guaranty

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store. Use it a few nights . . . and if you are not amazed and delighted with the way it brings out your natural beauty, the purchase price will be refunded without question.

Golden Peacock *Bleach Creme*

Don Diego

A tobacco brown Chinese bangkok from Bendel which features the poke shape, with twisted band of bois de rose and cyclamen pink ribbon.

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

(*Continued from page 189*)

et cetera. Materials include a good deal of satin, which is used for a number of evening gowns, black, white, and Jenny pink. Satin makes a novel evening silhouette, a sheath gown, straight and slim, which has large bows, made of two soft loops, shirred in the middle, set round its hem. A new and clever chiffon fan, very full and feathery, is shown with many of the evening gowns, in matching colors. Beautiful draped evening wraps are another high light of this rich collection.

PREMET

A NEW silhouette for afternoon, based on the epoch of the late 'seventies, just before the development of the bustle, is a high light here. This is illustrated on page 96. Another is the surprise dress that I promised to describe. It is done in print and plain, so that in one version the gown looks like a plain frock trimmed with print, and in the other like a print frock trimmed with plain. One is achieved in a print of black, white and red. The skirt is in oval panels of plain crêpe, over print. These are lined with print, and attached by their two corners at the top, one corner to the belt, and the other to the gown. The belt is twisted round, turning the panels over, making them show their printed side. Another is all in long slim panels, from neck to hem. It ties over to one shoulder, the plain side of the panels turned out. Untie it, and tie it over to the other shoulder, and this turns the panels over, and shows them on their printed side. Both are wonderfully ingenious.

An evening gown merits description, for it is an adaptation of a period gown without being fancy dress. It is in yellow chiffon, and reminiscent of the 'seventies, the skirt very long all round, entirely in frills, fitted bodice marking the natural waist, neat brown taffeta bows run right up the side from hem to shoulder, and a big soft bow of chiffon in the back, rather like the beginning of the bustle. Crisp silks for afternoon frocks, alpaca, cravatte silk, surah, twill, et cetera, should also be mentioned. This is the most interesting collection that Madame Charlotte has shown for a long time.

JANE RÉGNY

THE use of crisp silks is also a high light of Jane Régny's charming and eminently wearable collection. Her new sweaters are speckled, plaided, striped, or patterned with bold modernistic designs. Her tailored coats in crêpe de Chine are extremely good. She has used a lot of linen, especially her special design, tiny yacht pennants in bright colors on white. She likes yellow, many greens, and many blues. One rain-coat is in heavy white sailcloth, over a blue jersey two-piece frock. Her bathing suits and beach coats form an important part of the collection, and some of them are shown on page 102.

J. SUZANNE TALBOT

ONE expects originality from Suzanne Talbot, and one is never disappointed. I have mentioned many of her striking novelties in the body of this article. A remarkable black satin gown made for Madame Labourdette is illustrated on page 95. Another gown, worn at St. Moritz by the same lady, is a document of Persian embroidery, done on leaf green and scarlet satin. Talbot is inspired by the native costumes of many countries, and in her silhouettes, her materials, and her choice of colors, she is a law unto herself. Frills, gaufred like a coiffe from one of the provinces of old France, adorn many of her frocks, rows and rows of them, running up in an apron line to a high waist-line in the back. Some of her skirts are like huge handkerchiefs, forming pointed "aprons" on one side, and tied on the opposite hip. New crystal jewelry that is not crystal at all, but a transparent composition that looks like it and is very light in weight, is shown with many of the costumes.

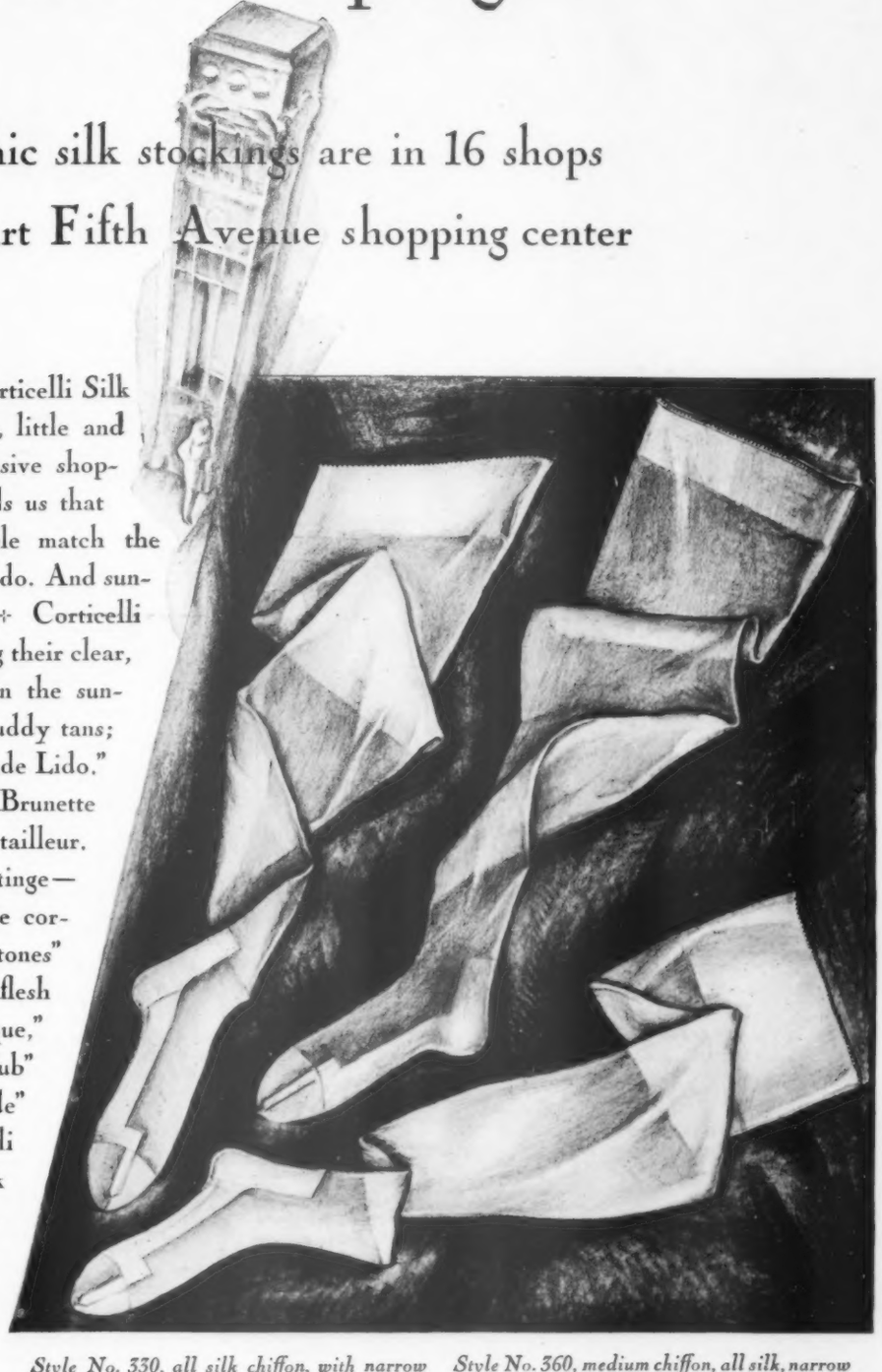
SCHIAPARELLI

A COLLECTION simply crammed from beginning to end with original ideas. I have mentioned the amusing tattoed bathing suits. Other beach costumes have trousers in heavy dark blue

(*Concluded on page 194*)

All the new "Skin Tones" in sheerest weaves for Spring

These chic silk stockings are in 16 shops in the smart Fifth Avenue shopping center



PROOF of the correctness of Corticelli Silk Stockings lies in the smart shops, little and big, that line Fifth Avenue's exclusive shopping district. ✣ This year Paris tells us that stockings must as nearly as possible match the color of the skin—just as gloves must do. And sunburned skin is more than ever chic. ✣ Corticelli keeps pace with the mode. This spring their clear, exquisite, sheer silk stockings come in the sunburned tints shading from beige to ruddy tans; and include the new "Sun Tan," "Blonde Lido." "French Beige," "Mayfair Tan," and "Brunette Lido." ✣ Two new shades for the tailleur. "Pastel Grey"—a grey with a rosy tinge—and the rich dusky "Cotton Club" are correct. ✣ Among the fascinating "skin tones" for evening are "Shell," a delicate flesh tint; "Nude," a darker flesh; "Bisque," pale biscuit; the dashing "Embassy Club" for sunburned skin; and "Pastel Nude" for a blonde. ✣ Because Corticelli pays a premium to get the finest silk in the world, Corticelli Silk Stockings are clear and smooth and sheer of weave and durable of wear. And they fit suavely, flatteringly.

Style No. 330, all silk chiffon, with narrow heels, sandal soles, block toes, picot tops. In all the smart new day and evening shades.

Style No. 309, very sheer all silk chiffon, with block toes, and picot tops. In delicate evening shades and the sunburned tones.

Style No. 360, medium chiffon, all silk, narrow heels, sandal soles, block toes, picot tops. In all the fashionable "skin tones," and mauve.

Another style No. 350 not shown here, is a medium weight service stocking at a low price. It comes in sixteen leading colors.

The Corticelli Silk Co.
136 Madison Ave., New York
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CORTICELLI FINE SILK HOSIERY

Free Your Skin of Future Hair, by Freeing It Today!

The *new ZIP* gives you at once an easy way to *destroy* hair, and in addition three full size containers of my other products without charge.

Highest authorities, likely your own physician, recognize the merit of *ZIP*, which gets at the cause, and, unlike depilatories, eliminates it instead of merely removing surface hair.

Women are turning to *ZIP*—the modern method—as never before, for they find it a fragrant, and non-offensive compound . . . a product which not only removes, but permanently destroys the growth. *ZIP* leaves the skin charmingly attractive, and avoids enlarged hair pores. Each treatment makes the growth weaker until destroyed completely.

It is so simple to use . . . so effective. And after a few seconds, *ZIP*—IT'S OFF! *ZIP* is the product which actually *destroys* hair on the face, arms, legs, and back of neck. I stand back of every package, and speak from eighteen years experience. Beware of spurious imitations.

Sold everywhere. Write for my new book, "Beauty's Greatest Secret" sent in plain envelope.

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthé Specialist
Creations JORDENI New York

562 FIFTH AVE., New York
(Ent. on 46th St.)

"Elfrida always has maintained that such a bathroom would make an excellent setting for a mystery play."

GUEST BATHROOMS I HAVE KNOWN

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

TO EVERY week-ender, to every visiting fireman or firewoman come the terrors of the Guest Bathroom. Most survive them to emerge pale and trembling, yet bathed. Still, while the majority hoist the usual, inadequate guest towel, if they find one, as the limp, white flag of surrender, others return to the attack. And hence hostesses see in the Guest Bathroom a benevolent device of all-wise Providence to keep the number of visitors and week-enders within reasonable limits.

But it is generally agreed that one of the woes Pandora let out of the box was the Spirit of the Guest Bathroom, and some scholars are certain that such was the repository of Bluebeard's wives, were it not for the fact that the room in question had a key, a convenience which numerous guest bathrooms lack.

Yet some bathrooms that we have met, Elfrida and I, in the course of our week-ends, approach the sublime. Such was:

THE SUMPTUOUS OR DECLINE-AND-FALL-OF-ROME BATH

ELFRIDA, lightly clad, rushed back into our room in the manse of our hostess.

"Quick, my bathing suit!" she demanded. "I thought I was going to take a tub, but they seem to have put us right off the swimming pool."

"From what I have seen of your bathing suit this year, wearing it or not makes little difference," I remarked. But we donned our bathing suits and entered.

It was, nevertheless, a bathroom, but ten times magnified. It was a symphony in colors, glowing with indirect lighting and adapted for soft and subdued bathing. Anyone who sang at his bath in those surroundings must manage an aria at the very least. At the far end was a sunken tub which Elfrida had pardonably mistaken for the pool.

"Be very careful of leaving the soap on the floor beside that and getting it slippery," I warned her. "If you do, you will discover painfully why Rome, or in any event Romans, fell."

"I'll watch out," she promised. "This way lies decadence. People with a bathroom like this in the family will come to taking sugar on their canteloupe and cream on their cucumbers. Lulled by a false sense of social security, they would let Goths and Visigoths and things get on their invitation lists. Then catastrophe."

A dressing-table of most elaborate design confronted us, a washstand in disguise. Upon it were all the perfumes of Araby in ornate labeled bottles. Every sign of vulgar plumbing had been completely piped down.

"There must be a phonograph attachment concealed in here, too," I confidently asserted.

"What for?" Elfrida inquired.

"If any of the plumbing so much as gurgles," I advised her, "a voice will announce in cultured tones, 'Oh, I beg your pardon.' "

"True enough," my spouse agreed. "And note that glittering glass-enclosed shower-bath. You remember poor Skip Thomas? He got in one of those once and it was months before he would eat anything but little white wafers and stop insisting he was a goldfish."

Our eyes traveled over the imposing array of towels, embroidered and with real lace inserts. Sadly we turned our heads away and walked out. Those towels could not be profaned.

"You'll telephone, of course, and then tell our hostess that an emergency calls us back to town," I said.

"Yes," Elfrida answered. "We simply must go home where we can dare a bath."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR OR WHILE-YOU-WAIT BATHROOM

UNSUSPECTINGLY, we came to visit at the suburban cottage where we had unpacked and were immobile before our hostess asked blithely, "You don't mind sharing a bathroom with the children, do you?"

The Recording Angel scored two against Elfrida and me.

I attempted the bathroom when the first child had been bathed, but the second was still in the process. I figured myself down one and three to play. Our hostess called Elfrida to come and witness the spectacle of the ablutions, condoling with her on having missed the opener but assuring her that there were three splendid, big-time acts billed next.

We were quite wet from splashes when the fourth child began performing. At last our hostess and Elfrida departed with fulsome applause, while the last act was still going on. The stage management was turned over to the nurse.

"Nurse," I hissed, "how much will you take to cut this display, charming though it is, suddenly short?"

After the nurse had listened to reason and removed the baby, I dashed into the bathroom, having been told that I already was late for dinner. Cautiously, I threaded my way through assorted racks and stretchers upon which eleven pairs of socks, nine shirts and other articles of infant attire were drying. Somehow, I avoided knocking down a clutter of nostrums and appliances for child health. At last I sprang into the tub and leaped out bruised and bleeding from two rubber ducks, five tin fish and three full-rigged ships I had not noticed it contained.

All that evening I squirmed through the bridge game, excusing myself at intervals to remove from my epidermis specimens of those Japanese water flowers with which the young are wont to while away the bathing hour. They had bloomed and blossomed splendidly on me.

"It was a long, hard evening for you, dear," Elfrida commiserated.

"Never mind," I said. "That next to last petal I got off me was a she-loves-me-not. Now here's just one more."

Elfrida kissed me.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY OR PLUMBER'S DELIGHT BATHROOM

THERE ought to be a law compelling hostesses to placard their homes with a sign, "Bathroom Under Construction," if such is the case.

From such a bathroom, Elfrida came tearing back distraught. After she had

(*Concluded on page 218*)

Paris originates — a new charm . . . A charm which even Fashion, dominant arbiter that she is, can never out-mode.

It is more alluring than youth; more enticing than chic; more intriguing than wit. It is the charm that brings remembrance!

Gardenia Sauvage speaks to the heart and woos Remembrance. It is Ciro's newest perfume...a revelation even to those who know and love the gardenia. For it embodies the poignancy and elusive power of the *wild* flower itself.

Gardenia Sauvage engraves the image of its wearer on the minds of those she meets—and those she loves. It's a scent that lingers on, with haunting enchantment, forever whispering its message—"Remember Me!"

GARDENIA SAUVAGE DE CIRO

Ciro Products are distributed thruout the world—only in packages made and sealed in France—identical with those you would buy in Ciro's Paris Salon, no. 20 Rue de la Paix (New York: 565 Fifth Ave.)

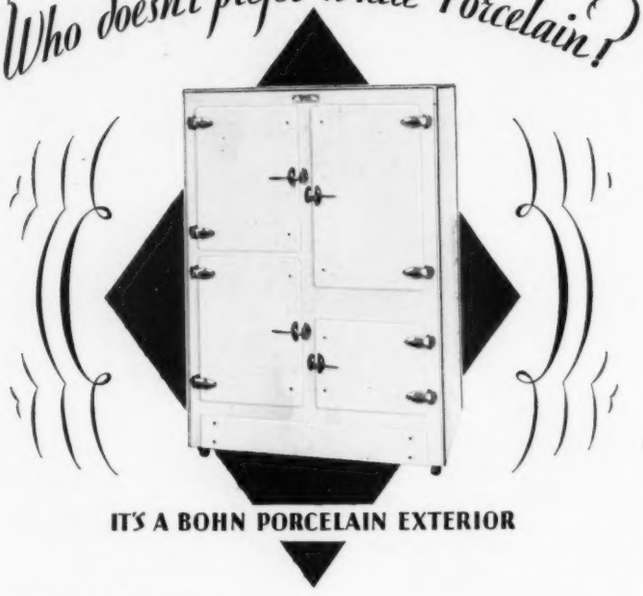
DOUX JASMIN

A perfume gay as Springtime . . . memorable as the fragrant flower itself. Available in extract; toilet water; talc; body powder and sachet. Also exquisite Face Powder in fashion-toned *Apritan* shade for sun-tanned complexions.

CHEVALIER DE LA NUIT

The "Knight of the Night"—a strangely compelling scent, like the sensuous fragrance of the dark. It is the very breath of romance . . . a romance that can never be forgotten . .

Who doesn't prefer White Porcelain?



IT'S A BOHN PORCELAIN EXTERIOR

Use a BOHN *refrigerator with the electric unit of your choice.*

THE modern refrigerator, in any size and for any use, is mentally envisioned in all its sheer white porcelain loveliness, a piece of furniture in which the pride and reliance of the owner is definite and unvarying.

The housewife's sigh of relief was heard all over the land when the designers of refrigerators *made the inside of refrigerators white.* At last food was to be in surroundings absolutely sweet and pure. Then came the thought that the purity which porcelain lining assured within, might just as easily be adapted to the *outside,* and so the last word in refrigerator appearance was added to the last word in food preservation and care.

Wise was the one who protested against gilding the lily. And so perhaps the day is still distant when refrigerators, especially of the BOHN standard, will be greatly changed from their present beauty, utility and purity.

BOHN *is the world's largest manufacturer of quality refrigerators.*

Bohn Refrigerator Company
Saint Paul, Minnesota
New York Chicago Boston

BOHN *SYPHON REFRIGERATOR*

Don Diego

Henri Bendel imports this pyjama ensemble from Goupy. The upper blouse section of white, a hip band of chartreuse; sash and trousers of black satin.

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

(*Concluded from page 190*)

linen with a Brittany fisherman's blouse in Rodier's printed cotton, in yellow and brown. Still another shows a maillot in peach and black tricot, with trousers and short jacket of heavy brown cotton twill, with a brown and yellow bandanna attached to the trousers as a belt. A third is a bathing suit, with maillot top and short trousers of navy jersey. The top is deeply décolleté, but it may be covered with a little jacket at will. The top of the culottes is finished in an attached scarf of scarlet jersey that twists twice round the waist, like a French workman's sash. With these suits, she shows closely knitted caps of silk in two colors, and belts of odd materials, such as knitted string. The socks to wear with them are of the heavy wool knitted by hand, with a thick sole of wool, like the rope sole on French *espadrilles*.

Sweaters of open-work wool, of plaid, of knitted string, of closely knitted cotton, are other novelties. All of them are worn inside the skirts, and the tops of these are finished with closely knitted bands, of the same color as the material of the skirt, which keep them snug in their place, on rather high waist-lines. Her collarette of white caracul is shown on page 104. Three-quarter sleeves, designed to show off bracelets, are another idea. Dog collars and cuffs of a sort of lattice work in silver, with stud fastenings made of dark exotic wood, and earrings to match, are still another.

GOUPY

THIS is a red and blue collection, for these colors, separately or combined, are certainly the dominating ones. There are also combinations of black and white, yellow and black, and some beige. The silhouette shows the closely fitted, high waist-line for the bodices, with full skirts, but the daytime models are straighter, often with circular skirts. Some of the ensembles combine print and plain in unusual ways, and often when woolen material and printed crêpe are used together, there is a band of the woolen material under the edge of the circular crêpe skirt, increasing its flare. Delightful little print cardigans are worn with plain crêpe dresses. The daytime models are full of charming ideas, though their effect is simple and wearable. All are shown with attractive little hats, made by Madame Goupy.

The evening models are very varied, both in type and in material. Chiffon handled like a stiffer fabric is a feature. Printed taffeta, taffeta powdered with little gold dots, printed Ottoman, heavy satin, are some of the crisp materials used for evening gowns, while Goupy is faithful to his favorite fragile laces as well. Striking and original color contrasts appear in some of the evening gowns, as in the model illustrated on page 100, which is a combination of tilleul satin and deep mulberry.

MICHIELLE

SHE hid her love in arrogance
She hid her pain in pride
And none could tell she was the ghost
Of passion's suicide . . . .

—*Donald Jeffrey Hayes.*

"A Garment is no HB *finer than its Fabric"*

Haas Brothers' Silks

PRINTED CHIFFONS by Haas Brothers achieve distinction through harmony of fabric, design and color . . . There is an authentic "fashion-reason" for every unusual pattern—every new color combination . . . These chiffons represent the perfect product of practical thought combined with skillful execution—and were styled for the Woman of Fashion.

Produced by

Haas Brothers Fabrics Corporation

Fifth Avenue New York

These fabrics by the yard at retail shops and in made-up garments as well.

Orna Link
FUR SCARFS

And now—costume jewelry ornamentation has invaded the realm of furs. ¶ An exquisite little decorative chain of gold or silver replaces time worn methods of securing fur scarfs. ¶ Simply fasten an ingenious catch and your neck piece may be draped smartly and gracefully in whatever position your fancy dictates. ¶ Just a touch—but how enchanting—how practical—how distinctive! ¶ This feature is obtainable only in **Orna Link Fur Scarfs**—which your favorite shop will tell you are unsurpassed in beauty and quality of pelt and perfection of workmanship

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FURRIERS SINCE 1888

WORLD'S GREATEST SEDAN VALUES!

GREATER BEAUTY ▼ LARGER BODIES

WITH ALL their many improvements, the new Superior Whippet Four and Six Sedans are still notable for their startling low prices. They hold their place as the world's leading values in four-door enclosed cars.

Longer bodies, graceful lines, rich, distinctive colors, higher radiator and hood, sweeping one-piece full crown fenders and perfection of detail mark the new Superior Whippet as the style authority created by master designers.

As the mechanical triumph of leading engineers, the new Superior Whippet possesses the important advantages of silent timing chain, full force-feed lubrication, aluminum alloy invar-strut pistons, remarkable new "Finger-Tip Control"—and, in the Six, a seven-bearing crankshaft. Long service will prove Whippet's dependability and economy of operation.

"Finger-Tip Control"

—a single button, in center of steering wheel, starts the motor, operates lights and sounds horn.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WHIPPET 4-SEDAN

$595

Four-cylinder Coach $535; Coupe $535; Roadster $485; Touring $475; Commercial Chassis $365.

WHIPPET 6-SEDAN
7-Bearing Crankshaft

$760

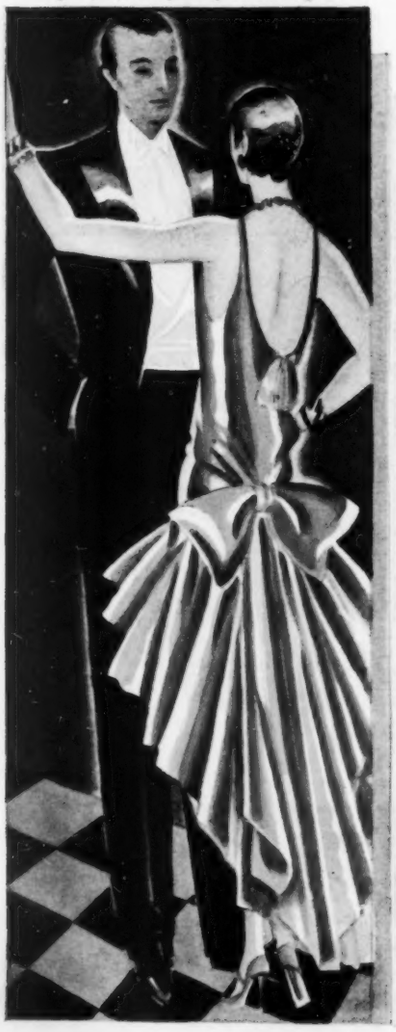
Six-cylinder Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

NEW SUPERIOR *Whippet* FOURS *and* SIXES

Afternoon frock of Celanese voile.
Sport coat of printed Celanese moiré,
with frock of Celanese ninon.

Celanese interprets Spring Loveliness

A graceful formal frock of Celanese taffeta



Would you thrill to the charm of Spring's choicest fabrics, at their smartest? See, then, the new Celanese interpretations... scintillating... captivating... exquisite! ✣ Gaze enraptured on the profusion of magic colorings... vague, subtle, or flamboyant... to express your every mood. Revel in the strikingly original designs... so perfectly executed in Celanese fabrics of every imaginable weave and weight. ✣ There are printed Celanese moirés, in unique effects by Foujita, master Japanese designer... brilliant sport plaids in Celanese taffetas... dainty "necktie prints" in twills... a wealth of novel motifs in satins, voiles, ninons. And, for ensembles, twin prints in Celanese fabrics of various weaves. ✣ All are fast-dyed... unweighted... washable... and permanently lovely with the inimitable loveliness of Celanese. See them at your favorite store... or write for samples and beautifully illustrated brochure "The Miracle of Celanese." Address Style Bureau, Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Ave., New York, *or* Canadian Celanese, Ltd., Montreal.

Celanese yarns, fabrics, and articles are made with synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America

CELANESE
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF
FABRICS

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(*Continued from page 79*)

especially, her new evening gowns are full of invention.

Organdie, for instance, cut out in lozenges, patched and assembled like a puzzle on a net foundation, has never been done before. New looking is deep violet organdie made use of for a garden-party frock; violet in general being a shade successfully revived. It is most effective in faille, lace, or in a specially beaded texture.

Evening gowns, however, remain as usual the high-water mark of the collection. Some bodices are quite high in the neck, both front and back, though slit below the arms into a V right down to the waist. Others, not décolletée at all in front, display the rest of the figure above the waist almost entirely.

A lovely series of loose chiffon and net princess gowns might render good service as hostess gowns, *robes d'intérieures*, boudoir dresses, and might even be worn as dinner frocks at informal gatherings. These gowns are colorful and are all of them very soft and very feminine.

An unusual novelty are wisps of tulle, squares, attached in the back to bead necklaces. They hang down either singly or in groups of half a dozen.

THE crowded attendance of a Chanel opening is nowadays almost proverbial, I warn my American friend. I advise her to make an appointment and remind her of the ruthless ways some establishments have of closing the doors.

"After all," I say, "premises only hold a limited number, even of clients."

My friend, the stylist, promises to follow my advice, but wants me to tell her right now all there is to say about the new collection.

"Last year," she says, "I caught sight of Mademoiselle Chanel watching from the top of the stairs. Does she ever come down?"

"No, never. Whenever she does, it's to dash off to Scotland, salmon fishing, down to the Basque Provinces to hunt, or to the Mediterranean to join her yacht. However, wherever she is, she designs, thinks of new models, and seeks sartorial inspiration."

"Strange methods of dressmaking," I hear the foreign stylist say.

"Strange, but identified with success," is my reply.

"And of what consists her 1929 spring success?"

"That needs much space to write about. A chapter for jersey alone. The fact is Chanel attaches more importance to a *robe de tricot* than to dozens of new evening dresses. 'My jersey clothes,' I've heard her say, 'are my *modèles de grand luxe*.'"

She uses jerseys woven on her own looms. She imagines patterns herself, makes little sketches and is practically the weaver of her own fabrics. She selects all materials for each individual model; designs them and cuts them with her own hands, the result being mostly intensively Chanel specials.

For this season's jersey patterns, she has been inspired by tweeds. They include small checks, stripes, horizontal as well as diagonal, squares made of fine lines and zigzag effects, all having a look of tweed, but of tweed become frivolous.

Tweed itself, under Chanel's guidance, is developed on more sophisticated lines both as to quality and design. It is more colorful and has more decorative value and is a far cry from the drab-colored beige of the early Chanel days.

New jersey models include short box-coats lined with silk; long coats with stitched taffeta or suède linings; beige jersey dresses with belts and scarfs of brilliantly colored spangled textures.

Intensely surprising is black jersey combined with black spangles.

Further it should be noted that most day models are combined with long coats, unless they are short jackets and belted waistcoats. As a matter of fact, no Chanel waist-line, either in the day or at night, is ever minus a belt.

New are tweeds in pastel shades, combined with printed crêpes and light-colored tweeds over dark dresses.

Many day coats have elbow capes, while long straight coats of tweed or velvet have a way of fastening at the throat only and of being left open all the way down, not being meant to fold over.

The silhouette for all afternoon gowns is narrow and most chiffon and lace gowns are sleeveless.

New, with black evening gowns, are

(*Continued on page 198*)

Acme

Strolling in the sun are Mr. and Mrs. Milton W. Holden.

ENGRAVED STATIONERY MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

Those who value their social standing use Genuine Engraving!

SOCIAL position depends upon the observance of the niceties which custom has decreed essential. And not the least of these is the use of *genuine engraving* for every occasion. Artistically engraved stationery and social forms carry distinction that is never shared with substitutes. Imitations lack the essential charm and character. *Genuine engraving* is identified by the symbol pictured below. See that this mark is affixed to the engraved material which you buy.

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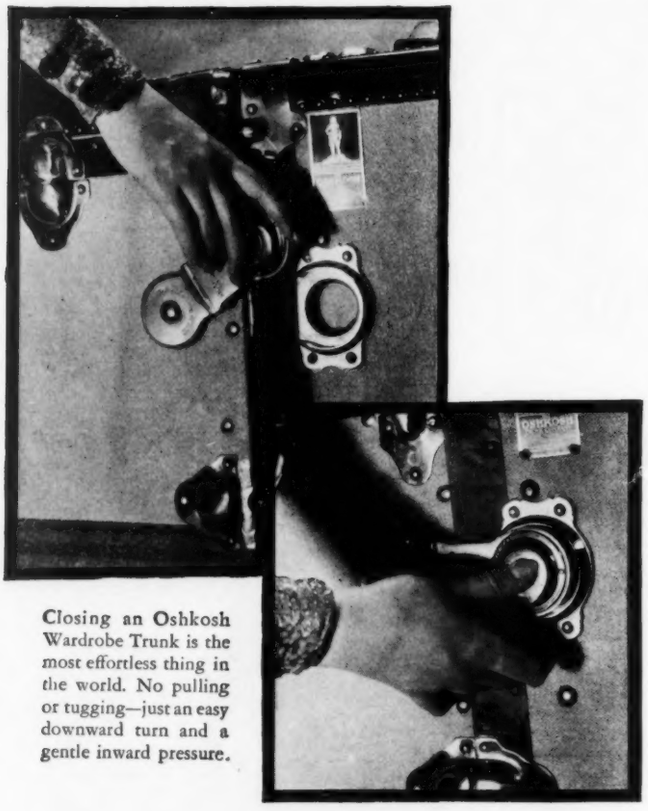


Closing an Oshkosh Wardrobe Trunk is the most effortless thing in the world. No pulling or tugging—just an easy downward turn and a gentle inward pressure.

Only a safe could be safer

PRESS DOWN gently on the lock of your Oshkosh Wardrobe, and as if by magic the two halves of the trunk glide noiselessly together.

Snap the lock, and you know from that moment that your possessions are as safe as mortal possessions can be. There is as much chance of anyone getting into your trunk without your key as of getting into the Piping Rock Country Club without an introduction.

Oshkosh Trunks are designed and built in the belief that the best possible trunk is none too good for the clothes you are going to put into it. They are made to keep good clothes good. Conscientiously, almost religiously made, these trunks do what they were designed to do, and keep on doing it year after year after year.

We should like to send you a booklet called "Your Home Away from Home." It gives you just a few of the reasons why Oshkosh Trunks are so extraordinarily efficient in the performance of their duties, and suggests special models for special needs. Address 494 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City

This Oshkosh Shoe and Hat Cabinet comes in two models, covered with fibre or Oshkosh-Cord duck. It has twelve small drawers, or four drawers with three compartments each, accommodating twelve pairs of shoes. There is a removable Hat Cage in the bottom drawer, accommodating six or more women's hats. Paneled drawer fronts and index card holders on each compartment.

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(*Continued from page 197*)

black lace gaiters covering the upper part of the leg, peeping from beneath the black lace skirt—"Chanel pantelettes."

Another decidedly novel note is struck by a series of *tailleurs de fantaisie*. They are meant to be worn in the evening as are the new *Costumes de sport pour le soir*. These consist of a skirt, a sleeveless belted sweater, and a long, plain fold-over coat, all in a sealing-wax red spangled material.

"Far smarter," says Mademoiselle Chanel, "to appear in public places properly covered up than to be showing one's back down to the waist."

These very novel spangled models are also shown in emerald green, navy blue, as well as in bright violet, and of course in black.

The Chanel collection of evening gowns is most comprehensive. The skirt length of the various models varies: some are abbreviated and short all round. Others, on the contrary, are long or rather irregular of hem. Many feature flounces, while quite a few depend on trailing draperies for success.

Mousseline de soie, both plain and figured, as well as colored silk lace, remain prime favorites; though several models are shown in taffeta.

One lovely lace *robe du soir* in two shades of pink and another in a very silky pale green lace have a delightful sugar candy look about them, especially in combination with the very novel evening wraps Chanel is showing, composed of myriads of narrow artificial silk, fringes sewn on one above the other, resulting in quite a new looking surface.

A splendid, very *grande toilette* in royal blue mousseline de soie is most impressive. Waterfall flounces down to the ground, and a pair of double trains give this model almost a regal appearance.

Three evening coats deserve mention: The traditional ruby velvet wrap which Mademoiselle Chanel invariably selects for herself; a beige moire coat, shot in pink and gold, and decorated by bands of blue fox; and a gold taffeta cape-coat with a hyacinth lining. These are three expressions of good taste.

The display of Chanel jewelry is entirely new. It consists of luminous bands of gleaming red, of green, of blue, of every shade of a prism: mirrored crystal, cut and dyed, shown in conjunction with beige jersey suits.

Necklaces of different colored pearls are tied into bunches, alternating with bright berry-looking beads, and are meant to harmonize with shades figuring in printed textures.

Lastly, a very complete set of black and white jewelry, onyx with brilliants, includes shoulder-straps and a belt buckle, effectively presented on a white satin evening gown.

I am interrupted by the foreign stylist, who says there was no mention of Madeleine Vionnet in my last article on collections (October 1928).

"Though you spoke of a number of others, could it be that your admiration has diminished?"

"On the contrary," I reply, "Madeleine Vionnet has recently surpassed herself. My not mentioning her work meant I had conferred the privilege (speaking of the Vionnet collection in Harper's Bazar) to others in the magazine. However, having just been to the Vionnet opening, I find there are quantities of things to say. I have made ample notes. Let me read them to you."

I find this season's presentation to contain fewer models termed *pour le sport* than hitherto. The explanation of it is evidently that sports clothes are now firmly standardized and there is no need of developing them any further. Sports clothes are nowadays garments which, except for games and specialized sports purposes, are less worn than they used to be at unsuitable moments.

This Madame Vionnet realizes and she, therefore, shows a great many suitable clothes for these very moments—both for town and fashionable resorts—simple dresses made of kasha or crêpe, these happening to be among this famous designer's most successful achievements.

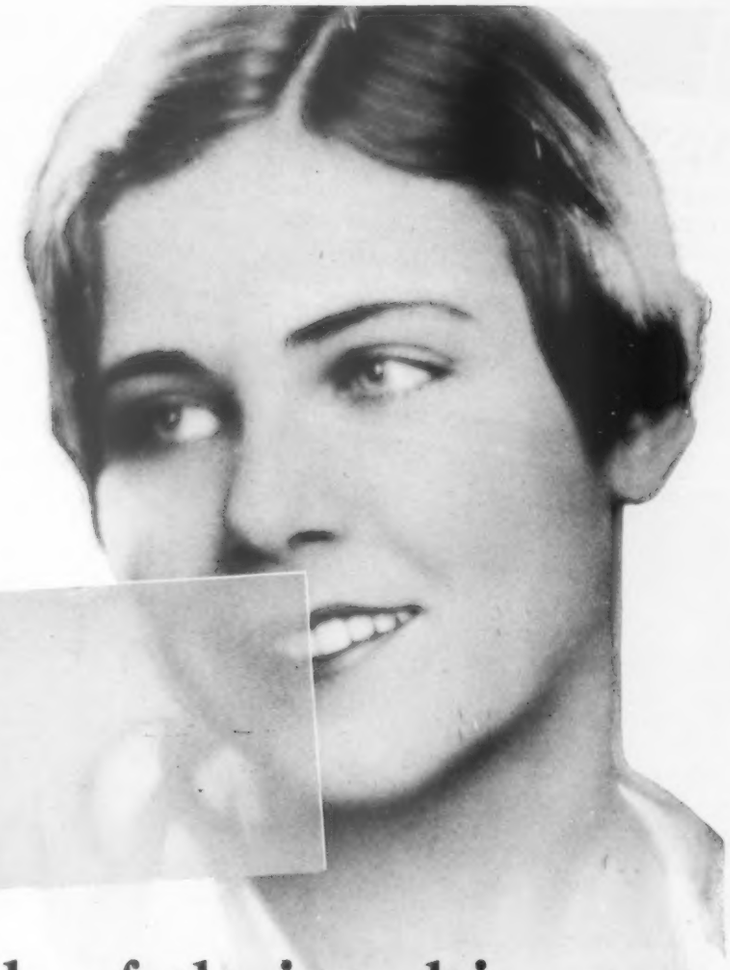
As to strictly tailored clothes at Vionnet's, they have a tendency to become more and more feminine every season, with much less of the uncompromising harshness about them.

Quite a novelty are sleeves in contrasting shades, the particular pair of navy sleeves I have in mind being combined

(*Continued on page 200*)

Acme

Gay red and white bandanas worn by Miss Anne Storrs.



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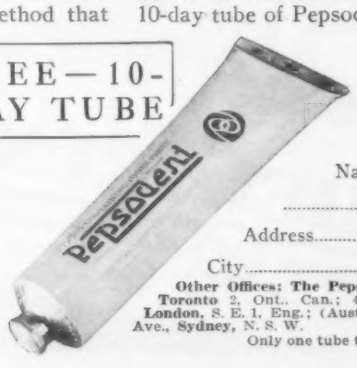

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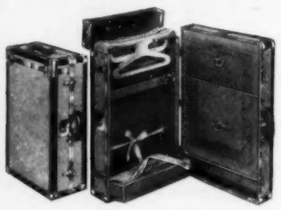

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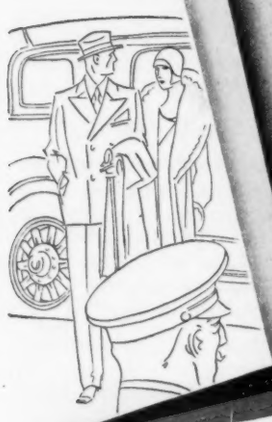

MENDEL TRUNX
DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(*Continued from page 198*)

with white kasha.

Charming is a twill suit of brown and white shepherd's check, worn with a brown velveteen box coat, while another model, which caught my particular fancy, masquerades as a tailleur. It is in reality a white satin frock, which, turned into a blouse by an additional but detachable navy blue skirt, becomes a suit when worn with a short navy jacket.

For early afternoon wear the familiar Vionnet pin-tucks are much to the fore, especially since they have, this season, taken on the shape of sunbursts. This wonderful pattern is tucked over the entire front or back of many lovely crêpe frocks.

The principal novelty of the entire collection, however, is undoubtedly *la robe spirale*, a problem, Madame Vionnet tells me, which she worked on for several seasons and which, she says, has now been solved.

See how the texture twists around the figure. Don't the folds resemble a corkscrew? The style has advantages, in that the drapery does not accentuate the bust and suits any build. As to fittings, they are pure delight. The final point of the spiral is finding its most becoming location, wherever women wish it to be.

Perfectly cut coats are, as usual, a feature of the collection. Several very novel looking models are split up in the back from hem to belt-line, while a few others are shown much longer in the back than in the front. Some are buttoned up all to one side.

Blue fox is voted this season's most favored fur. So far supposed smart only on dullest black, it now seems equally effective on beige, on moss green velvet, and even on a very special shade of ruby red moire, this being exemplified by some very good-looking evening wraps shown in the Vionnet collection.

Velours vegetal (artificial velvet), as sheer as muslin, is a delightful fabric for unlined wraps, and is particularly effective for capes.

Madeleine Vionnet's inspiration, Classical Greece, finds attenuated expression in her romantic rendering of flowered muslin gowns.

Her series of summer dresses, both for day and evening wear, is lovely! Dream-like visions executed in gossamer fabrics, among which the aptly named texture souffle de soie is prime favorite.

A romantic garment is a slip of brilliantly hued flowers enveloped in a black souffle de soie over-dress which hangs to the ground in tiers and tiers of slanting flounces all to one side.

I MUST now tell you of Edward Molyneux's collection. It's most delightfully youthful.

The American stylist interrupts and says he made quite a hit in America. Tells me she met him while he was over in the United States last fall.

"I hope his clothes are as attractive as he himself is charming. We're all crazy about him. He's so good looking. Though I have not been to his Paris establishment for years, I am told he's now recognized as one of the foremost designers in Paris."

"He certainly is," I reply.

He starts his collection by showing an evening gown in red georgette. The skirt is full, but not long, and composed of red ostrich feather flounces. This he follows by another ostrich feather gown, a combination of brown georgette with mottled feathers in shades of brown and beige.

Molyneux says, "The way ostrich feathers are treated by me transforms them into an expression of youth."

"How clever of him," the stylist says.

"Yes, and he is right about it," I add.

His most attractive evening silhouette, however, is long, clings from the hips down to the knee, and gets immensely full much further down. All his evening skirts seem to be both long and short. There are, of course, many of the still popular drooping effects in the back. On such skirts, one notices, plaited fan-shaped floats, as well as flowing panels and points, cut on the bias, besides quantities of net ruchings.

Molyneux's new colorings for the evening are mostly the ones he uses for his day clothes. He transposes beige and brown, navy and other neutral tints more generally associated with *robes de sport* into *harmonies du soir*. This transposing of unexpected shades is somehow conducive to much smartness. It accentuates

(*Continued on page 202*)

Acme

Mrs. Harold E. Talbot wears a red and white silk outfit.

THOSE who require that each piece of their living room furniture be rich in artistic individuality, will find sincere pleasure in these two beautiful English pieces created by Valentine-Seaver. ¶ The English Chair has a tufted back. The deep cushion is pillowed with buoyant down. Legs are of choice mahogany. A charming piece when covered in rich damask material. ¶ The smart English Tuxedo Sofa is most distinctive. Both cushions and back are down-filled. Legs are of solid mahogany. Its beauty is made doubly effective by the soft, silky sheen of a colorful damask covering. ¶ To enjoy this quality furniture does not call for an extravagant outlay. Furthermore, no furniture is quite so economical when its many years of satisfying service are considered. ¶ The better dealers in most localities feature Valentine-Seaver furniture. The name of a dealer near you will be sent gladly upon request.

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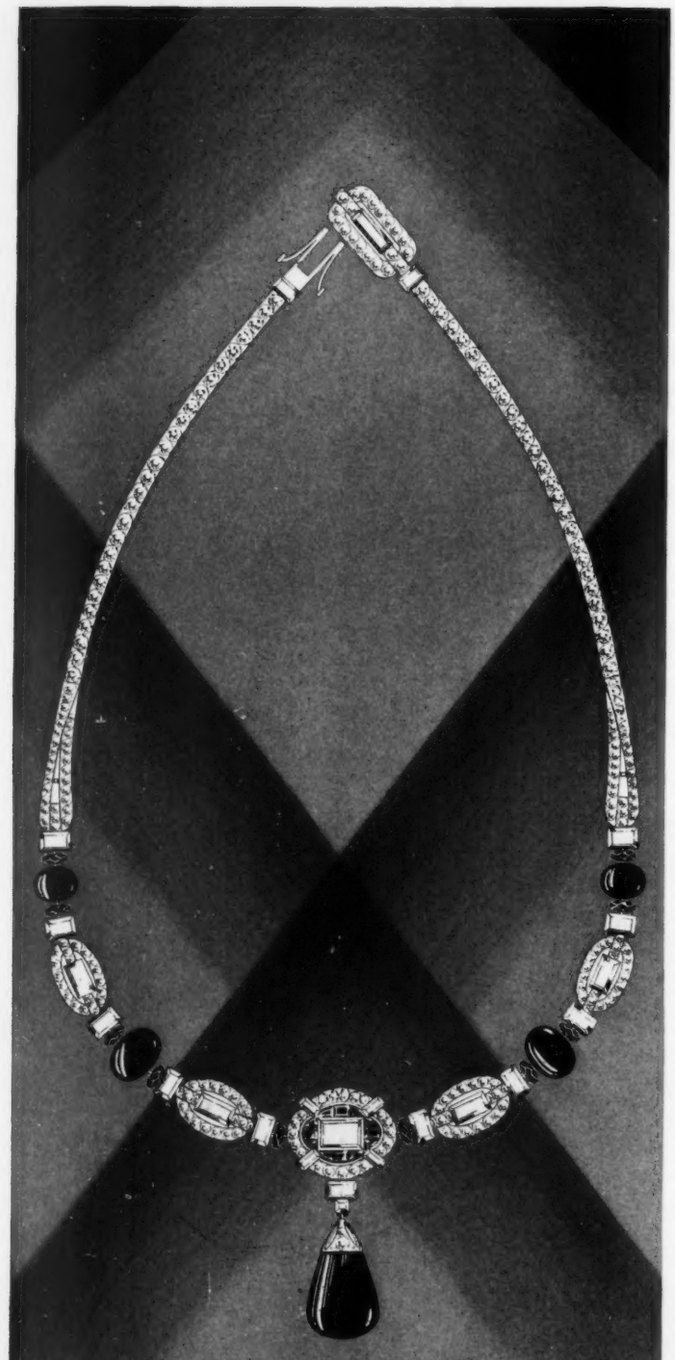
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IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(*Continued from page 200*)

the new kind of chic, which includes what many women have accepted as their motto: "Always be underdressed rather than always overgowned."

Black taffeta frocks are numerous. Some are plain, others patterned.

Particularly successful is a white faille evening dress with all-over designs of black ferns, as well as No. 46, of silver-gray leaves on a brown foundation. This last is a particular favorite of Captain Molyneux himself.

Most taffeta gowns, both for afternoon and evening wear, are very much bunched; slimming bunches, however, the fulness in most instances being placed both to the front and side, producing novel sash-like effects, cut all in one with the skirt part.

Molyneux's coats and capes are all of them very youthful in line. This is rare in a cape, which, even if magnificent in itself, rarely accentuates any woman's slim silhouette. Molyneux's capes, however, are in most instances merely narrow slips of fabrics on which tiers of flounces cascade all the way down. When held in firmly in front, low down, it reduces the lower part of the silhouette, and, in contrast to the width of the shoulders, gives much slimness to the lower part of the figure. In most cases this is considered a becoming line.

No. 169, a black crêpe de Chine cape, exemplifies this style, as does another in black and white printed mousseline de soie.

Beautiful is No. 168, a narrow gold brocade cape with a sashlike drapery on one shoulder, not an addition, the golden bow being cut all in one with the cape.

Undoubtedly the most effective evening gown of the entire collection is No. 151 in black tulle. As a matter of fact, most outstanding models in almost all this season's collections are black. Though slim from the knees upward, this net gown flares out prodigiously, more so than any other evening gown Molyneux shows this spring.

There are, of course, any number of day dresses shown, both for morning and afternoon wear, though very few specially for sports purposes.

Skirts are reasonably short; their length, the one his clients seem used to and which is universally accepted by all, is neither one inch too short nor too long.

Molyneux is faithful to jersey and kasha (in all their denominations), as well as to crêpes, both printed and plain. Some skirts are plaited, others are cut quite simply. Most of them are combined with short box coats, or long narrow wraps featuring short elbow capes. Many coats have long, hanging floats in plaits, or other length-giving devices, for let it be well emphasized, and I'm repeating Molyneux's own emphatic assertion, "I have a mania for slimness—nothing and no one not ethereally slender appeals to me at all. All women should undergo slenderizing treatments. They should not expect to interest any modern dress designer unless they have done so."

THE American stylist wants details of the Lelong collection. "You mentioned,'Beauty stripped of unessentials,'" she says.

So I did, and found this season's collection to be even more divested of unessentials than any hitherto shown.

Lelong, when I called at his *Maison de Couture* said to me, "Please notice what, for want of a better name, I call my 'serene fashions', the floating silhouette being one of this new mood's expressions."

I was also much impressed by his telling me that few smart women, nowadays, were content with merely longing for physical beauty since intelligence had become a rival to looks.

"Beauty, indifferently dressed," Lelong adds, "is quite insufficient, good looks being nowadays merely measured by the degree of self-expression in clothes. The more intelligent a woman, the better her means of self-expression."

Lelong's refined taste, in matters sartorial, is by now sufficiently known to all, there being no need of my emphasizing it. It's a well established fact.

There is nothing very special to say about the Lelong waist-line, neither of his skirt-line, neck-line, or any other line. Each model is a law unto itself.

Of Lelong's new styles the following might be said: Their cut is subtle. They are slender and are becoming. These are three qualities amply sufficient to satisfy most women.

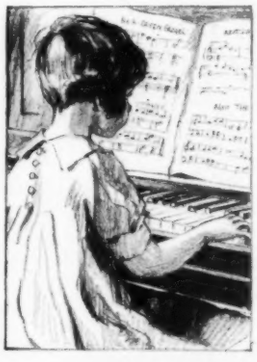
Mat surfaced textures, devoid of shine

(*Continued on page 204*)

Acme

Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte in a softly becoming ensemble.

Let's peek behind the curtain . . .

Faust, at the Metropolitan Opera. Swords clash in the duel scene, a soldier sinks to the ground . . . curtain! Valentine, so recently fallen, gets up, dusts himself off, hurries out to telephone. Nearby, Mephistopheles, his villainies temporarily complete, sips a glass of water. Still further back-stage, in sound-proof rooms, other singers limber up their voices for the act to come. In each room there is a piano. Each piano is a Knabe. Why a Knabe? Let the Director of the Metropolitan, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, answer that question . . . "We engage the finest tenor in the world, the most famous soprano, the most brilliant orchestra leader. And we are just as critical in the matter of selecting a piano as in picking our singers . . . So we chose the Knabe."

Only the piano can eloquently portray the deepest emotions of the opera, the highest glories of the symphony, the simple beauties of folk melody. The Knabe brings to your home the same magnificent tone which won the approval of the Metropolitan Opera Company . . . as well as thousands of society people, musicians and every day folks. See the handsome new period models at your local dealer . . . or write for catalogue to Wm. Knabe & Son, Baltimore, Md. . . . $875 up.

KNABE

Official Piano of the Metropolitan Opera Company

With the Ampico in the Knabe, you can hear the lovely melodies of Faust played whenever you wish, and by the world's great pianists. After Faust, perhaps you'd like a bit of jazz. Victor Arden and Adam Carroll will set your feet tingling with their fox trot duets; you'll understand why seats are always scarce for any show they appear in. And then, to smooth away the day's worries, perhaps Rachmaninoff's C Sharp Prelude played by the composer himself: or the Rigoletto Paraphrase or Foster's Plantation Songs (a great favorite with the youngsters), or any of 2500 different selections by such great artists as Lhévinne, Brailowsky, Samaroff, Lopez, Youmans, or a hundred others. Every crescendo or diminuendo, every bit of shading, or expression is preserved with fidelity. Only the Ampico does this; no other instrument may use the patented devices which reproduce exactly the artist's playing upon the piano. $2495.

CONVENIENT TERMS MAY BE ARRANGED

the FLAVOR-SEALED way- Baked Ham in 30 minutes

Flavor-Sealed cooking—an exclusive Hormel process—saves you hours of kitchen time, labor, fuel and inconvenience in the preparation of baked ham. For the half size Flavor-Sealed Ham, ready cooked this new way, needs only 30 minutes in a hot oven—just long enough to heat through and brown.

By the Flavor-Sealed process, a selected mildly cured ham is vacuum sealed in its individual container—*then vacuum cooked.* All those natural ham flavors and savory juices formerly lost in cooking water and vapor are thus wholly saved!

Indispensable among the emergency-shelf goods of the household. Keeps indefinitely, always ready to serve cold. No bone, no skin, no waste. At leading stores—or write giving name of your dealer.

Geo. A. Hormel & Company
Austin, Minn.

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(*Continued from page 202*)

and gloss, such as mousseline de soie, every kind of crêpe and maʳocain, are made much use of for day clothes, much net and fine lace being reserved for evening wear.

Large, very bold flower patterns look particularly well on Lelong's chiffon gowns; smaller designs being considered more suitable for crêpe de Chine.

New for evening wraps is a luminous Lunasol satin. It has imperceptible metal threads woven into the fabric.

Colorings used by Lelong for this season's models should be called restrained, his blues being grayish, his greens neutral, and his reds muted.

Sports clothes, as usual, are shown in sets of threes. Tweeds, jerseys, and knitted fabrics, plain or patterned, combined into costumes and excellent in style and color.

Very charming is a series of pyjamas and beach suits, many of them in all white combined with dressing gowns of Shantung or patterned taffetas.

Both afternoon and evening dresses feature the popular droop in the back, while all of them mould the hip-line very closely, the fulness starting from much lower down.

Evening skirts are, of course, much longer in the back than those designed for afternoon wear. The most effective models shown are of superimposed layers of net, some in dull black, others in pastel shades—sea-green being evidently prime favorite.

Plaited fan-shaped floats flare a good deal, while some very long back panels give one the impression of a peacock's tail spread out.

Elaborate evening ensembles are shown at Lelong's in greater number than in almost any other house in Paris, *grandes toilettes*, with sumptuous wraps, and trimmed with valuable looking fur.

THE foreign stylist tells me she is listening attentively. "Please go on!" she says, and suggests my giving her the remainder of my impressions on the collections.

"Did you visit Poiret's?" she wants to know.

"I always do. I make it a point. Even though he never shows what are considered new styles, his creations are always worth while. They express admirably the period we live in. Not all women care for *La Mode en serie*. Some crave to be shown individual styles, suited to personality. It's quite amusing to think, though, that while only what is exotic is expected of Poiret, this season he shows mostly wearable clothes."

The stylist says, "He must have made a vow to use nothing but quiet looking materials."

"Most likely," I reply. "Yet in spite of subdued fabrics, what about his clever cut, his ingenuity, his inventive talent? All of it impossible to suppress."

Expressions of the unmistakable "Poiret spirit" are to be found in even his wearable clothes. In spite of the long sheath-like evening dresses Poiret shows, many wide looking models still appear to be this designer's prime favorites. There are endless variations of the princess frock, with the skirt cut on circular lines.

As to Poiret's day and evening coats they might be termed "sartorial problems—happily solved," problems which comprise such intricacies as scarfs developed into capes, terminated by sleeves. Or again, intelligently conceived seams resulting, when such seam is diagonally placed across the back, in a sleeveless cape to one side and a sleeved garment on the other. Most of these ingenious creations are carried out in futuristic patterned woolen textures or velvets.

Some of the new color combinations observed at Poiret's are: Beige and red, with black. Gray, turquoise and jade-green. Cerise, nasturtium and brown. Lilac, lavender, blue and yellow.

Unusual models that I took particular note of are: A pink tweed suit shown by a mannequin wearing a pink straw bonnet. A dark suit, with suspenders cut in one with the skirt, trailing jade-green velvet, embroidered with rhinestones. This model had brown, black and diamond bows at shoulder and waist.

Graziella—a green chiffon garden party frock, with a long transparent skirt and a tight-fitting white organdie bodice embroidered in black. This is worn below a short green *gauffré* taffeta coatee.

The 1880 inspiration noticeable at Poiret's is exemplified by frills rising toward the back of many skirts, especially in a model called *Pintade*, of black faille, the material covered by myriads of bright silver dots.

Bustle effects, produced by the many rising flounces, gives such models an effect of being shorter in the back than in front.

La dame blanche—a very long and nar-

(*Concluded on page 208*)

Pinchot

Lord and Taylor show this pyjama in light and dark gray moire. Designed by Mary Nowitzky for the Celanese Corporation.

MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR.

formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt

Has these *"exceedingly comfortable"* beds in her Newport Home ~ ~

MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR., *formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, is a spirited leader of the younger set at Newport. She gives many unusual parties during the season, and the charm and originality that make her so popular in her set are delightfully present in her home.*

THIS CHARMING GUEST ROOM HAS *original panelling that dates back to Revolutionary times when Lord Dudley occupied the house. Mrs. Church collected the old maple pieces, and hooked rugs, and her Simmons spool beds in maple-finish "harmonize perfectly." Spool Bed No. 1850 in maple, walnut, green-and-ivory, and gray-blue finishes.*

IN DUDLEY PLACE, her delightful Newport home dating back to Revolutionary times, Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church Jr., has preserved the historic atmosphere of the old house. And yet, with rare taste, she has mingled brilliant modern colorings with her fine early American pieces.

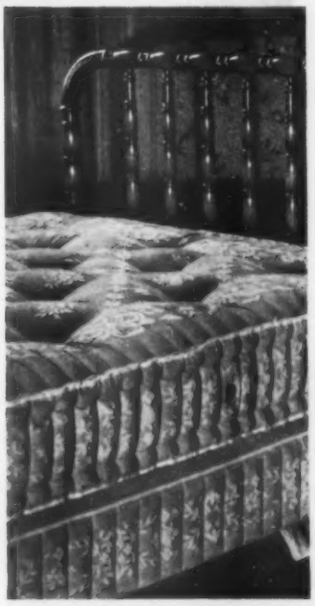
For her guest room she chose these quaint, maple-finished spool beds from Simmons, which "harmonize perfectly" and yet are "exceedingly comfortable."

Of course, Mrs. Church wanted the finest appointments for her beds so she chose Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs as offering the utmost in comfort and resiliency. Mrs. Church, who is a proud owner, says, "I'm enthusiastic about the Simmons Mattresses and Springs. I was glad to find them covered in damask in such interesting patterns and colors to go with the color scheme of the room."

This marvelous bedroom equipment by the world's largest makers of finest beds, springs and mattresses.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75. Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1850, $37.50. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

DETAIL OF INNER CONSTRUCTION of the Beautyrest Mattress, unique for comfort and long wear. Individually pocketed coils, wonderfully resilient, insure firm, uncrushable sides. Thick felt overlay and rich damask cover.



SIMMONS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS AND ACE BOX SPRING made by the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs, and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, resilient and long wearing, has stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.

SIMMONS ACE OPEN COIL SPRING unboxed, light weight—sturdily constructed, low in price. Coils are close together to afford marvelous resiliency. Banded border protects sheets. Slip covers additional.

SIMMONS

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BUILT FOR SLEEP

Chief officer

Harry Manning,
Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, "S. S. *America*"

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Harry Manning says:

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

"WHEN I climbed aboard the 'America' after those cold, strenuous hours getting the men off the freighter 'Florida,' there was nothing I wanted so much as a Lucky—'By George,' it tasted wonderful! A Lucky is always refreshing. My tense nerves relaxed, my aching throat was soothed and the whole thrilling adventure just seemed a part of the day's work. As time goes by, and I look back to that memorable night, I'll always remember the wonderful taste of that welcome Lucky. As I went around to visit the men we'd rescued, I found many of them enjoying Luckies, too. We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and 'Luckies.' As an actual fact in returning to the 'America' I noticed one of our men* rowing with one hand and lighting a 'Lucky' with the other. There's no flavor to equal toasted tobaccos, and I always prefer Lucky Strikes. There's wisdom in the saying: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' It helps a man to keep physically fit and we who follow the sea must always be prepared for any emergency."

H Manning

Harry Manning,
Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, "S. S. *America*"

*The man mentioned by Chief Officer Manning was Boatswain's Mate Aloys A. Wilson.

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She still *looked* exquisite ~ *but...!*

You never know when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you . . .

NEVER had she taken more pains with her toilette—the evening promised many things.

But before it was half over Jack's interest in her seemed to wane. Other people's, too! What was the reason?

The truth is that there is never any way of telling when a temporary deodorant may go back on you. Unless you have used Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, you can never be sure of not being guilty of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor.

Why Odorono gives you continuous protection

Used regularly, Odorono keeps the underarm always dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way.

Medical science has found that perspiration is 99% water. Its chief function is to regulate body temperature. It does not rid the body of poison. *Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health.* Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

A physician's prescription

A physician made Odorono 19 years ago for his own use. That is why you always feel safe in using Odorono.

The regular use of Odorono gives you absolute protection from the possibility of unpleasant odor and damp sticky discomfort. No longer need you worry about ruining your frocks with perspiration odor or ugly spreading stains.

At toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono Regular Strength and Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins 35¢ and 60¢, and the delightful Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Send 10¢ and the coupon below for the Odorono sample kit.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry thoroughly before putting on night garments.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely after skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry completely before any clothing touches the skin.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. In Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.**

Dept. L4, The Odorono Company, Inc.,
114 W. 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

IS THERE A REVOLUTION IN THE FASHION WORLD?

(*Concluded from page 204*)

row vanilla satin *robe du soir* has two long panels tying on the hips very tightly, with ends left hanging low down at the back and trailing.

Phedre—a gown very similar in style, but carried out in black faille, heavily spotted in gold, the hip-line appearing to be even narrower than in *La dame blanche*. Gold fringes edge this model's skirt and draperies.

The mannequin wearing *Phedre* has her hair brushed back from the forehead, gilt all over, with a chignon of golden curls in the nape of the neck.

THE Maison Chantal is known for its varied and colorful collections. A very distinguished woman herself, Madame Chantal in her models expresses herself admirably, the feature of all her collections being distinction and an admirable sense of color.

Invisible to most of her clients she has an accessible substitute in lovely Madame Boyrivin. Always helpful, this charming woman explains to all visitors what she believes needs explanation.

For day wear Madame Boyrivin will show you youthful looking suits and dresses, stressing the well-known ethereal Chantal silhouette, worn by a bevy of pretty mannequins known as Miss Slim, Miss Slight, and the Misses Slender.

Day gowns in this house are short and very narrow, devoid of any irregularity of hem-line, all of them "well mannered skirts."

Madame Boyrivin will further show you heathery tweed mixtures, many of them combined with tweedy kasha, jersey kasha, as well as with Djersakashaplume, all of them the newest most popular French fabrics.

She will also produce for your inspection a number of trim looking, very feminine *trotteurs*, most of them in checked or small striped materials. The coatees, worn with such suits, in most cases, are sufficiently abbreviated to be mistaken for boleros.

Many coats are collarless, presented to the public with scarfs which, on drab-looking jerseys, are the only note of color. Such scarfs being used to look like collars, belts or ties.

Madame Chantal combines many of her models with blouses of Shetland wool, which she incrusts with bands of heavy tweed, this being a specialty this house has been famous for ever since Madame Chantal showed her first collection.

The real thrill of this exquisite collection, however, comes with the series of colorful afternoon and evening gowns, Madame Chantal, as I've said before, being primarily a colorist. She shows a model called *The Three Mandarins*, composed of three separate coats in Shantung—one blue, one gray and one emerald green, to be worn one above the other, all three together over a long black chiffon gown.

Another, *The Blue Girl*, a very original creation, is plaited from neck to hem in six different shades of blue cornflower, sapphire, turquoise, and forget-me-not blue, combined with royal and navy blue used at the back of the gown!

The Black Lily is one of Madame Chantal's most successful ensembles. On a white foundation a loose transparent wrap of chiffon with designs of white lilies on black, and combined with Madonna blue, looks very wonderful. The coat worn above it in black marocain is slit into panels and lined with blue.

Exquisite is a series of mousseline de soie evening gowns. They deserve to be called "Poems," even if only poems in chiffon. They consist of color harmonies, long and flowing panels of uneven lengths, and draperies of classic proportions. Skirts are different in shade from the coloring used for the bodice.

One dream of loveliness is named *Chloë*. It features lacquer red and Chantal pink, combined with a deep tone of violine.

"Another beautiful model, called *Bakili*, is a gown blending shades of chartreuse with lemon yellow and lavender gray, while *La biche blanche*, in purest white mousseline de soie, has long trailing panels assembled into a skirt, with a short circular cape held in place by great diamond squares. This is about all there is to be seen of the bodice.

"With *biche blanche*, Madame Chantal desires a large black chiffon fan to be carried, of chiffon flounces, almost large enough to render the services of a scarf."

"SEEMS to me I've told you enough."

"No—not entirely, for you've so far said nothing of Suzanne Talbot."

"A most stimulating personality. A vital factor where fashions are concerned."

"I shall not let you go until you've told me of her collection. Tell me of her most striking feature."

"Long elbow gloves in colored suède, or of gold to match the gown, or to form a contrast. Often a daring touch of color.

"To exemplify this new mode, let me describe *Ramona:* A yellow crêpe de Chine gown with frilled 1880 flounces rising to the back of the skirt. This evening frock is décolletée, but is shown with a smart yellow hat and long moss green suède elbow gloves, of the kind known as *gants mousquetaire*."

"This is an interesting novelty to write about. Gloves for the evening, having for years been totally discarded by the younger generation, at least. Sounds delightful, what else?"

"Novel points observed at Suzanne Talbot:

"Many skirts are draped toward the center of the back. Some are longer in front. All plaited skirts show straight plaiting with new styles in plaits. No skirt is cut on the bias. Nothing flares throughout the collection.

"There are a number of petal frocks. Some are composed of half a dozen large flower-like petals, others of narrow tabs, simulating bird's feathers. Most afternoon skirts are cut on the slant, an expression of the irregular hem-line."

"And what about the waist-line?"

"It's in most cases normal. At times, unnormally low, but never abnormally raised. One very special bodice is made of a fringed Tartan shawl wrapped around the figure. Another has a large sailor collar covering half the back.

"Most summer frocks are sleeveless, even those in Shantung, crêpe de Chine, or toile de soie *pour le sport*.

"Rubberized fabrics combine practical garments with decorative results. A short rubberized cape, with a shepherd's check surface has a hood to protect the hat from rain. Monk's hoods are effectively treated on short box coats. Hats are shown to harmonize with low-necked dinner dresses.

"Charming, with a white satin gown, are a pair of long black lace gloves, tied above the elbow by tasseled gold cords."

OPIATE

PUT your lips like poppies on my eyes
To soothe away my fear:
Let me forget all pain, all ugliness,
While you are near.

Shut from my sight harsh truth—let all things be
What you would have them seem;
Then fold me in the chrysalis of your love,
And let me dream . . .

Theda Kenyon

acceptable
Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person acceptable socially
Women like it
A great shampoo, they find. Men of course say nothing equals it in the shaving cream field.
LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM

Keeping hair free from Dandruff

THIS matter of keeping hair free from dandruff is neither the complicated nor expensive one that most women consider it. Usually the trick can be done by regular shampooing and the systematic use of Listerine, the safe and soothing antiseptic.

At the first sign of dandruff, you simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength, and with the fingers, massage the scalp vigorously forward and backward, then up and down. Keep it up systematically.

In a surprisingly short time you will be delighted with results. We have hundreds of unsolicited letters testifying to the success of Listerine in checking dandruff.

You can understand Listerine's success when you realize that dandruff is a germ disease, and that full strength Listerine, while safe in action and healing in effect, possesses at the same time, great germicidal power.

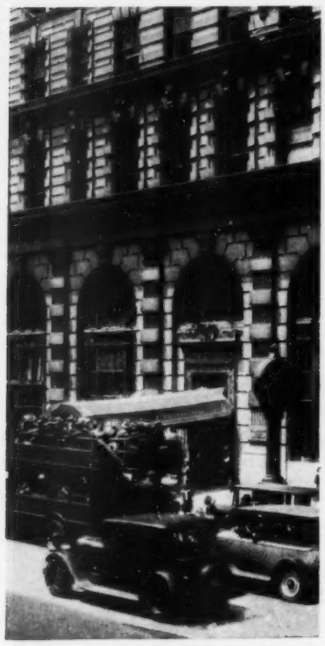
Even such stubborn germs as the B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) are destroyed by it in 15 seconds—200,000,000 of them in each test. A strong statement this—and we could not make it unless we were prepared to prove it to the satisfaction of both the U. S. Government and the medical profession.

Remember that dandruff yields to antiseptic treatment and massage, and use Listerine regularly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds



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FIFTH AVENUE & 44th STREET

COMPLETE SAFE DEPOSIT AND SILVER STORAGE FACILITIES are available in this building

The well dressed parlormaid looks smart in a dress of crisp black taffeta with apron, collar and cuffs of écru net and lace. From Joseph.

The well-ordered Ménage Has its Smartly Dressed Servants

IS YOUR MAID CHIC?

By FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN

A WOMAN'S smartness should be reflected in her servants. The well-dressed woman's maid must be as smart as her mistress. In these days, when the cry for personal independence is ringing wide—and occasionally too clear—it is sometimes hard to convince a maid that a delightful dress in gray, soft blue, or dull red, with pretty cuffs, cap and apron, will add immensely to her appearance. Try telling her that for a fancy-dress party a woman can find no more flattering costume.

The ideal personal maid watches over her mistress, nurses her, tells her the truth, and assists her to the achievement of true elegance through meticulous attention to detail. Occasionally the smart maid *makes* the smart woman. The secret of the chic of a certain internationally known woman is her maid. This woman is rich, but she was far from *distinguée* before the advent of her expert servant.

It is a great advantage for a woman to have her maid tell her the truth. I once had a delightful maid who said to me, "Madame dresses so well and so quickly, but I wonder if Madame would not look a little better if she dressed more slowly?" Is not tact a gorgeous thing! It is far wiser to have your maid *tell* you what your friends think about you, even though it is not complimentary, particularly if it is a fault that can be corrected.

It would be quite impossible to enumerate the endless list of servants' faults. But it may be worth while to mention a few, as a means of avoiding them. A neat appearance is almost the first requisite in a personal maid. One who is herself careless and untidy is hardly the logical person to be entrusted with a woman's beautiful possessions.

We are so dependent nowadays upon the telephone for our contacts with the world that a maid who lacks a certain resourcefulness over the telephone can cause endless annoyance. Indeed, some of the servants one encounters over the wire are not even intelligible.

An essential quality in a good servant is a keen interest in her employer. The enforced intimacy of a woman with her maid requires that she should be chosen with the same care one exercises in the selection of one's friends, and she should be accorded the same considerate treatment. It is my feeling that more honor should be attached to the position of a lady's maid. It can be a fascinating job if well done, and the right personality can make of life a rather gay affair for all concerned.

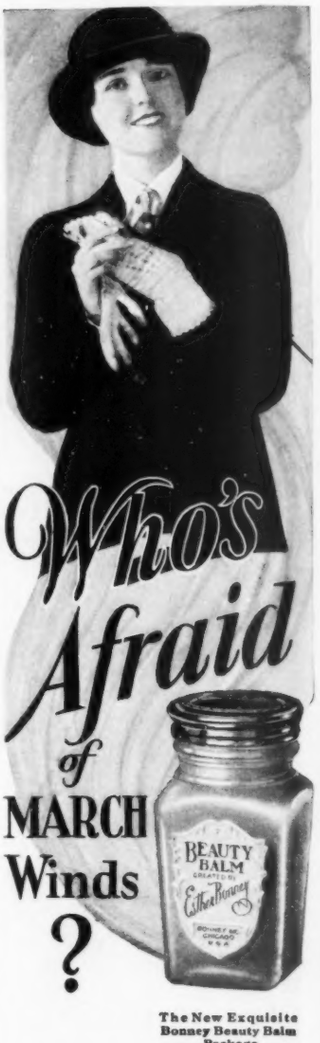
We have chosen for our information on clothes, two of the leading specialists on this subject in New York. First there is Joseph who makes costumes to harmonize with the interior decorations of your home, or, if you prefer, submits suggestions on your favorite color scheme. Joseph says that the personal maid's dress is usually loose fitting, held in place by a belt. For your parlormaid, you should choose for formal wear, a fitted frock, since an apron stays in place better on this type of dress.

Classic black and white is still wonderfully good, and will always be attractive. Nevertheless, a wide range of choice is permissible both in material and color. Next to black, the most conservative choice is gray.

Just a few words about fabrics. Mohair is an excellent material because it does not rustle, is possible for any hour of the day, and comes in a great variety of lovely shades; powder blue, olive green, wisteria and tan. Inexpensive and perfectly correct for morning wear is English broadcloth. This also comes in delightful colors and washes beautifully. For formal occasions a novelty that bids fair to become permanent is crêpe de Chine. This may be had in every conceivable shade. There is also satin, which is, however, a little less chic. And, of course, for formal wear taffeta continues its unabated success. For those who like its crispness, nothing can take its place. Sateen, a practical fabric, comes in black and gray.

The personal maid's apron should be small and dainty, and she should not wear a cap. A happy suggestion of Joseph's is a collar, cuffs and apron of écru net, the last set on black velvet ribbon. These sets are delightful combined either with black or colors. With a

(*Concluded on page 212*)



The New Exquisite Bonney Beauty Balm Package

NOT those who use Bonney Beauty Balm. Hands and cheeks protected by this appealingly fragrant and quickly absorbed lotion simply *do not chap!* It replaces the natural oils of the skin thinned and absorbed by the raw winds of March.

A canter on the bridle path or any of the exhilarating outdoor allurements of spring will be the more enjoyed if Bonney Beauty Balm is used. It will give you the peace of mind of knowing that your hands will not lose their lovely softness, no matter how much you defy the weather.

Let your children enjoy spring, too. Bonney Beauty Balm, one of Esther Bonney's toiletries, was created for the entire family.

At all leading toilet counters, drug stores, beauty shops or direct, 60c.

Esther Bonney
Beauty Balm

Other Bonney Toiletries

Bonney Face Powder—*Clings hours longer. Velvety soft with allluring fragrance. Comes in seventeen shades.* *Price,* **$1.00**

Bonney Cleansing Cream—*Sinks deeper into the pores. Removes those particles of rouge, powder, dust that ordinary creams do not reach. Ideal for sensitive skins.* *Price,* **$1.00, $3.50, $6.00**

Bonney Skin and Wrinkle Cream—*For tired skins. Nourishing and invigorating. Overcomes wrinkles, crowsfeet and the fine lines that mar and detract.* *Price,* **$1.00, $3.50, $6.00**

Bonney Rouge—*Lovely in the effect it gives . . . and lasting. Vivid and allurving. There are three shades. Price,* 60c

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In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI

celebrated beauty specialist

advises washing for beauty with this palm and olive oil soap

"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils —Palmolive. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Lina Cavalieri

61, AVENUE VICTOR EMMANUEL III, PARIS

Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty salon in Paris.

Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté, 61, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where famous beauties consult her.

LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Ensconced in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods both in Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these poisonous secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps . . . think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres. And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in the United States.

4549

Retail Price 10c

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YOUTH
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Springtime

. . . . and as usual Martin & Martin are more than ready to meet their challenge.

Startling modes that sparkle with a brilliance of original design and color. Modes that are definitely advanced. That mark their wearers as tastefully seeking the unusual.

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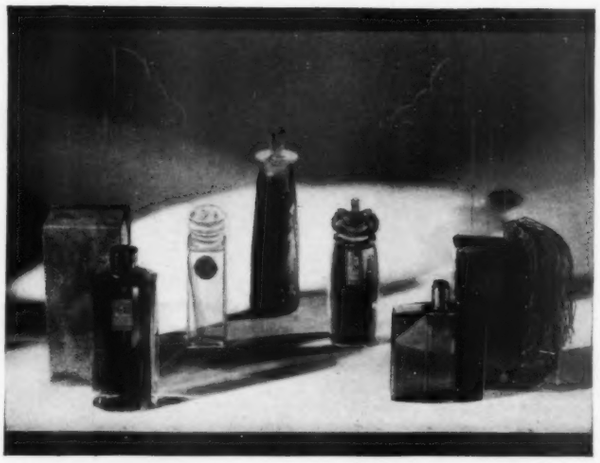

These interesting Lalique containers were created especially for Coty's preparations.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

PERHAPS no perfume house has a wider prestige than Coty. They do an amazing business all over the globe, and their twenty-six odors are familiar bywords, the best known, perhaps, being L'Origon, Emeraude, Chypre, Paris, Styx and the newest delightful addition, L'Aimant. But such widespread popularity often has its drawbacks, and some discriminating people hesitate to use a perfume which is manufactured in such tremendous quantities that it permits the price to be low, thinking erroneously that the comparatively slight cost must mean that the ingredients are cheap. The quality of the essential oils are what matter, and Coty has always been very particular about their selection and purchase.

More and more, women are buying perfumes for the occasion, selecting the type of odor which best suits their mood of the moment. The list of Coty perfumes offers a satisfying diversified selection, and when one's choices are made the same odors may be had also in a complete line of toilet accessories: toilet water, face powder, bath powder, sachet and soap. By using a scent in this uniform way, the full beauty of the particular odor is unspoiled by a blending of varied perfumed cosmetics. The new Lalique bottles and powder jars, made especially for certain Coty perfumes, are lovely things, and are luxurious additions to any dressing table.

Dorothy Gray has made a useful and attractive addition to her line, which will be welcomed by all her followers. It is an Eye Wash, a soothing bland preparation for cleansing the eyes of dust or any irritation and it comes in a generous ten ounce bottle, tied up with the familiar blue bow.

New York, glistening in the spring sunshine, as seen from Angela Varona's new salon at 660 Madison Avenue, is truly

(*Concluded on page 216*)

The interior of Lucien Lelong's cosmetic salon in the Avenue Matigon, Paris.

BEAUTIFUL YOUTHFUL FINGERTIPS-

A Perfect Manicure Without Scissors— Stick or Acid

TODAY—fastidious women use *this* way to keep their fingertips immaculately groomed and perfectly conditioned—The Alabastrine Way. This remarkable preparation has been specially made to soften the skin and nail cuticle. Because of the delightful results obtained, thousands of women have discarded the old method of using scissors—stick—and acid. ALABASTRINE soothes as it softens and does away with hangnails and rough fingertips. And it is so simple to use.

Make This Two-Finger Test Today

Take the second and third fingers on the left hand. Manicure one as you usually do, using scissors, stick or acid. Manicure the other The Alabastrine Way. Just dip a piece of wet linen in ALABASTRINE, using plenty of water to work up a milky emulsion. Then gently mold the cuticle with the linen. Compare the two. You will be amazed at the difference. This way eliminates harsh methods and so you avoid hangnails—irregular edges—swelling—thickening of the cuticle—damage to the enamel—roughened fingertips and brittle nails. Prove it for yourself. Get a jar at any leading department store—or send direct. Use the coupon below.

Women who have used ALABASTRINE have been so thrilled with its results that they have asked us to recommend other items of our beauty preparations. We are most enthusiastic about three of these and we feel sure you will find them to be essential beauty aids:

LADY TEASEL APRICOT TISSUE BUILDER: A cream that really removes the telltale signs of advancing age—a scientifically-prepared skin food for the nourishment of tissues.

LADY TEASEL APRICOT LIQUID BLOOM: A refreshing Astringent, pale rose in color, delicately fragrant—which brings the skin to a condition of glowing health and loveliness.

ODORCIDE: An absolutely safe personal deodorant which insures freshness and sweetness and helps to regulate excessive perspiration.

These Beauty Aids are on sale at all leading department stores. If you cannot obtain them easily, use the coupon below.

BEECHAM'S LABORATORY
OSCAWANA-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

Dear Madam:

Enclosed please find $..... for the following:

Apricot Tissue Builder	$1.00	$2.00	$3.50	$6.50
Apricot Liquid Bloom	$1.00	$2.00	$3.50	$6.50
Alabastrine 75c				
Odorcide 65c	$1.25			

Check size wanted

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

A COIFFURE favored by Smart American Women... created, of course, by PIERRE and attained by one of his Famous Transformations or His New Method of Waving a Pierre Permanent.

PIERRE PERFECTIONS

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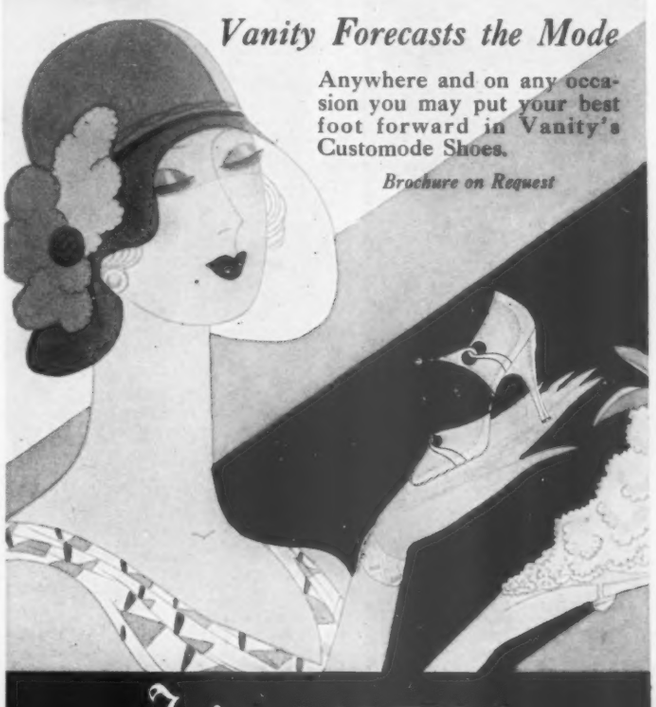

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A GRACEFUL silhouette, youthful lines, verve, attraction—all depend on normal size as the first requisite. If you are overweight, it is a tragedy.

If you would reduce easily, pleasantly, permanently, the Delle Ross System is worthy of investigation. No exercise—no starvation diets—no drugs. It's safe because it's sane, and it's sure because it cooperates with Nature instead of trying to fight.

Your body is only food, air, and water. Delle Ross reduces your weight by showing you how to combine your foods. You tell her what you like best, and she tells you how to put your favorite foods into combinations that are well balanced, with an affinity for each other. That is the whole secret. Menus are generous and delicious, but combine in such a way that they reduce your weight steadily and healthfully.

Students have lost a surprising number of pounds without growing flabby, or looking haggard. One of the best things about the system is that you lose in the spots where you need to lose. And as the days pass, your skin texture improves. You feel "made over".

Delle Ross can give you permanent help, whether you want to reduce a large number of pounds, or merely overcome a tendency to put on too much weight. Your name will be held confidential if you ask for further information. Write a note or send in the coupon while you are thinking about it.

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An elegance of colors and fabrics from which to choose and particularly designed to meet the modern demand for luxury and utility. Lovely and unusual creations in Bedspreads, Quilts warmly filled with fine lamb's wool, Chaise-covers, smartly quilted Robes and Bed-jackets, pillows, etc. Separate pieces and harmonious ensembles. Made only to individual order. Prices reasonable—ranging from $18.50 up. An interesting display in connection with work-rooms awaits your visit when motoring thru Ligonier.

America's original makers of fine quilts

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The model illustrated is an exquisite example of fine hand-stitchery smartly combining the comfort of American quilting with the decorative trapunto, or Italian quilting, and is both a sleeping cover and day-spread. Made of lustrous taffeta—Spread $85.00; Pillow $30.00.

Call the Wilkinson representative in your city for an early appointment or write direct to

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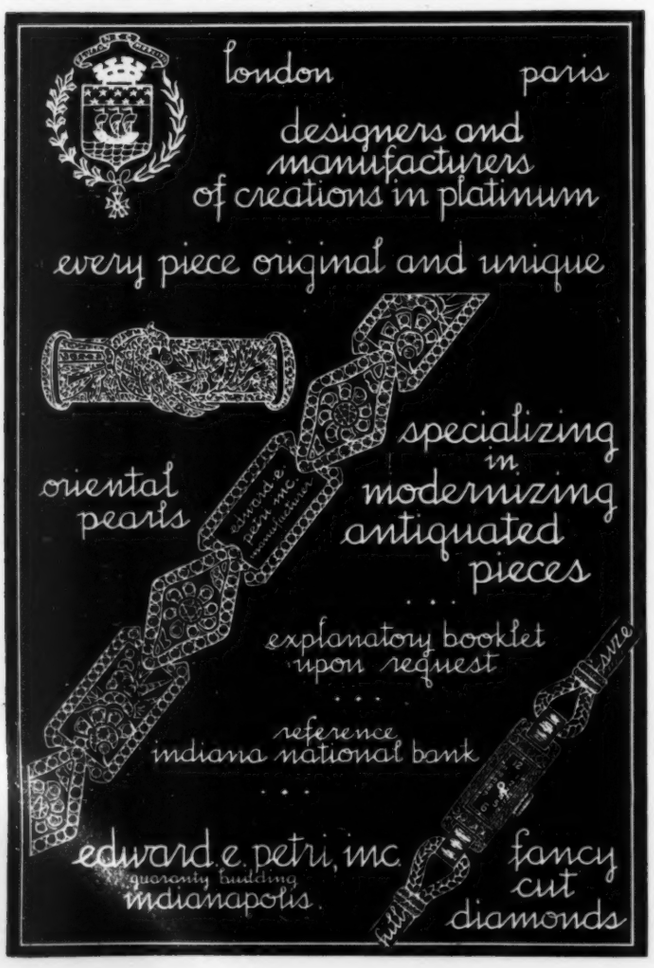


This leather traveling case for cosmetics is compact and easy to carry. Primrose House.

THE COSMETIC URGE

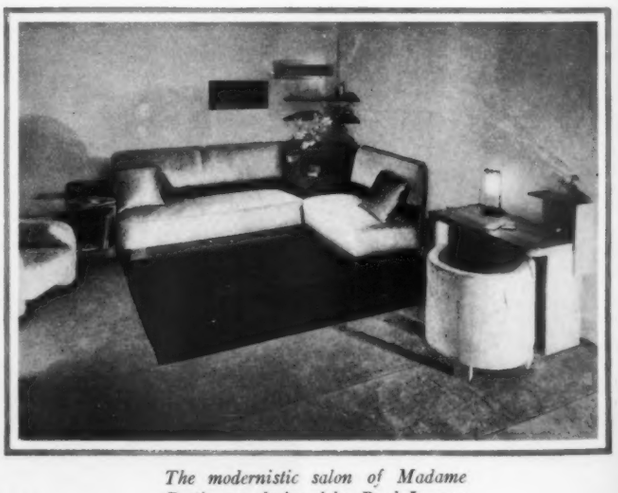
(Concluded from page 214)

an inspiration. After a delightful facial, you may step out upon one of the terraces and take a relaxing sunbath, high above the noise of the streets. If you have a morning appointment, the east terrace is the place, looking out toward the tall buildings of Sutton Place and the sparkling East River; if an afternoon, there is the west terrace with a magnificent panorama of Central Park, wearing its new coat of fresh green. Miss Varona has just added two new products to her line: a Sun Tan Oil for the face and body, which permits an even, natural brown and prevents excessive burning and dryness to the skin; a Sunburn Lotion, an artificial tan coloring, which goes on very evenly and washes off with soap and water.

Primrose House, Three East Fifty-second Street, has launched a new preparation on the market, a Mild Astringent. This item completes three primary treatments, 1, 2, or 3, which are the basic principles underlying the treatments of this house. First, you determine, according to the oily content of your skin, which number is best suited to your needs. This number varies, for as the graduate nurses in this salon tell you, "Often seasonal variations, climatic changes (when you travel), fluctuations in your physical health, all these react upon the skin, increasing or decreasing the natural oiliness. The daily practice night and morning of one of these three primary treatments, is a fundamental necessity."

The Primary Treatment No. 1 is for a dry skin and consists of Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream, Developing-Nourishing Cream and Skin Freshener; Treatment No. 2, for the average skin, consists of Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream, Smooth Skin Cream and Mild Astringent; Treatment No. 3, for an oily skin, consists of Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream, Face Molding Cream No. 3, and Balsam Astringent. Then there are additional treatments for blemishes and exaggerated conditions of the skin.

Particularly good looking are the leather traveling cases, in black, blue, red or brown, which hold these bottles and jars safely. They are lined with waterproof Celanese moire in vivid contrasting shades, and the lid contains a large French bevelled mirror. There is a section with a hinged lid for extra cosmetics, and the whole case, when filled with your own favorite selections, is extraordinarily light and easy to maneuver.



The modernistic salon of Madame Bertie was designed by Paul Lescaze

Miss **ANNA M. COWLIN** of **NEW YORK**

Prize Winner 1928 Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

"Marlboro—A Cigarette for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best"

Every Marlboro full, round and firm.
Famous wherever fashion gathers.
Favorites on Fifth Avenue.

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ANDREW GELLER

EXQUISITE FOOTWEAR

fifth avenue at forty-third

YORKE...One of the charming Andrew Geller creations to be found at the new Andrew Geller Fifth Avenue Shop...An interesting definition of the opera pump expressing originality by its unusual overlapping quarter.

Style Brochure on Request

FOR MUSCULAR ACHES

QUICK RELIEF COMFORT

Rub in **Absorbine Jr.**

WEATHER changes and sudden exposure bring aching muscles. Rub in Absorbine, Jr. at once. Almost instantly you will appreciate its soothing and comforting action. Stubborn attacks will respond to frequent applications of Absorbine, Jr. rubbed in vigorously.

Absorbine, Jr. keeps the muscles in wonderful condition. It is pleasant to use—it is not greasy, and does not stain the skin. There are many other uses, for all the family. Read "Timely Suggestions."

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, $1.25

Send for Free Trial Bottle

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

MAKE YOUR WAVES STAY BEAUTIFUL!

Even Straight Hair Can Be Soft, Wavy and Well-Groomed

With VLOTOLINE (VLO-TO-LINE), the amazing new colorless liquid which makes waves stay and keeps hair well-groomed. Not affected by heat or dampness. Excellent for Finger Waving, Comb Waving, training Bobbed Hair, setting a permanent or re-waving a transformation. Absolutely harmless and greaseless, without odor. Use it at home with combs or curlers or take it to your hairdresser, if he does not carry it.

VLOTOLINE

(VLO-TO-LEEN) Reg. U.S. Pat Off

OFFER!—Try Vlotoline once and you'll never be without it. Mail this coupon with $1.00 and we will send you a trial bottle — enough for 3 or 4 months.

4 ounce bottle $1.00, enough for 3 or 4 months

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John Daniels Sons
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Vlotoline Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 406, 228 E. 45th St., New York

I enclose one dollar for which send me a bottle of Vlotoline—enough for three or four months.

Name.....

Address.....

CONFIDENTIAL—EVERY SOMMERS SHOE IS DESIGNED TO MAKE THE FOOT LOOK SMALLER

KING TUT gone modern—that's what the trimming on this enchanting slipper seems to represent.

In green and gold, beige and brown, and patent trimmed with silver and gun metal.

SOMMERS INC.
27 WEST 50th STREET
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SPRINGTAN
"COLOR-of-the-MONTH" for APRIL
ONE of the newest Artcraft shades to harmonize with the smart frocks on their way North from Palm Beach.
The perfect combination of exquisite beauty and sensible utility
Artcraft
SILK STOCKINGS That Are Superior
NEW YORK OFFICES : 358 FIFTH AVE

GUEST BATHROOMS I HAVE KNOWN

(*Concluded from page 192*)

calmed herself, she began to complain bitterly.

"There were pipes all over the place," she wailed. "I understood from Lorraine that the going was rough but passable, but there was grit on the floor that ruined my feet."

"Undoubtedly the faucet that said 'hot' was cold and vice versa," I surmised.

"I allowed for that and turned on the faucet marked 'Cold'," Elfrida replied. "And there turned out to be no hot water at all."

"From the waterfall sounds I hear, I gather you couldn't get the cold water turned off, Minnehaha, Laughing Water," I twitted her.

"No, I couldn't," Elfrida snapped. "And there were huge, gaping excavations in the floor and walls."

"Well, what's the matter with that? That was to be expected."

"But," Elfrida wailed again. "A plumber came out of one of them!"

The Common Law or Both-Vulnerable Bathroom

IN THIS type of bathroom, bathing becomes a perilous pastime. It contains two or more doors for alleged convenience and they are equipped with one or less keys. Modesty runs a terrible risk of going down doubled and redoubled.

Elfrida always has maintained that such a bathroom would make an excellent setting for a mystery play. You can, she says, reliably count on doors opening and closing apparently without any human agency. Shadowy figures appear on the threshold for an instant, then vanish with groans and apologies.

After we both had sustained repeated shocks, we resolved to take measures when we arrived for a week-end where we ascertained that the bathroom provided had a double exposure.

"Like Diana," declared Elfrida who sometimes mixes her mythology slightly, "I have been surprised at my bath for the last time by a stag."

"And I," I added, "do not care to meet any more strange ladies so informally."

Between us we developed the following series of warning signs to keep intruders from bursting into the vulnerable bathroom when occupied by either of us.

"Don't give up the tub!"

"Surrender! I've just begun to bathe."

"Detour. Washout."

"Doctor in. Office hours 3–3:30."

But the prize placard which Elfrida always has found most effective is a copy of the photograph which she used to skip when she showed me the family album in the parlor of the old homestead, a picture of herself as an infant, nude, posed in a large wash basin. This she affixes to the bathroom door and beneath it largely and legibly printed:

"Keep out. I'm a big girl now."

The Remote or Farthest North Bathroom

NO SOONER had we entered the door of the old-fashioned house for a visit than we knew that it was one of those dear, old-fashioned places where the bathrooms were afterthoughts and were put just anywhere. Our hostess in a prim aside to Elfrida mentioned vaguely that the bathroom was at the end of the hall.

In these emergencies, Elfrida and I always dispute as to who shall locate the bathroom. It is considerable of an exploration and not to be undertaken with impunity.

"You go," she urged.

"No, you go," I insisted. "You can imagine yourself Xenophon leading ten thousand Greeks and when you arrive, cry out joyfully, 'The Sea! The sea!' "

"I won't, either," said Elfrida stubbornly.

"Then be Lewis or Clark or both," I wheedled, "but as you scout, don't forget to blaze your way on the door posts or you may never get back. Or how about a little polar dash. Ring for some pemmican, make up a dog team of the police dogs and Pomeranians abounding in these parts and dare the unknown. Radio your position back to me at each stage. When you get there, plant Old Glory and take possession of the bathroom in the name of the United States of America. Ta-te-ta-ta-ta!"

"I won't do it. It's your turn," she snorted.

"Look here," I reasoned. "Your negligée is only last year's. Considering my old, ragged bathrobe, it would be impossible for me to get a police permit for a parade."

At that Elfrida had to give in.

Long afterwards she staggered back.

"At last I found it," she reported. "During the journey, I entered by mistake one linen closet, two guest rooms, one trunk room, one entrance to servants' quarters and one sleeping porch. When I was footsore and weary and could go no farther and also had run out of provisions, I met the butler who announced dinner. You'll have to hurry."

After these visits, we always write and thank our hostess for our stay in her dear, old, rambling house. We are always hopeful that some day it will occur to her that the rambling is in search of the bathroom and that she really ought to put up Lincoln Highway signs.

"'*There were huge excavations in the floor*,' *wailed Elfrida*, '*and a plumber came out of one of them*'."

VENUS ECONOMY

THE cost of Venus *Compressed Sanitary Napkins is not the first consideration—because their luxurious comfort is priceless.

The economy of Venus is perhaps not important, but the fact that they remain comfortable for longer hours suits them more perfectly to the women whose day is fully planned.

For these reasons, the finest department stores in New York have sold them for years. Now they may be had from coast to coast and always in the finest stores in each city.

Venus Traveling Package is a small box, no larger than one's hand, that contains three full sized Venus Napkins amazingly compressed to tiny size so that they may be carried in the handbag or traveling case.

Venus are made of pure natural cotton (not paper).

Just Ask for

VENUS TRAVELING PACKAGE

*Sold also non-compressed in boxes of a dozen.

VENUS CORPORATION, 1170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

SMART LEATHER SLIPPERS

MAID-RITE Leather Slippers enhance the beauty of the foot . . . They add just the correct touch to the smart woman's appearance in the clever new pajama and tea ensembles . . . Leather slippers surpass all others for comfort, style and service.

There is a MAID-RITE slipper for every use . . . smartly appropriate for every hour of slipper time. There are MAID-RITE styles for every member of the family . . . for every slipper occasion . . . and becoming to every foot.

This Label is your guarantee of perfection in style and quality

Maid-Rite

"Beauty from Foot Comfort" will be gladly sent to you upon request.

MAID-RITE CORPORATION
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makes eyes

bright

Merely darkening the lashes will not beautify eyes which are dull and lifeless. Eyes must shine to be truly alluring, and nothing gives them that glistening appearance as safely as *Murine*.

***Murine* contains no belladonna or any other harmful ingredient. Therefore you may use it freely.**

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

PERMANENT WAVES OF DISTINCTION

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WHITEHALL, PALM BEACH

Telephone Convenience for the *Home within a Home*

Real telephone comfort cheers the days of dear ones living in your home

, , ,

MODERN telephone arrangements . . . telephones throughout the house wherever they are needed, library or sun parlor, kitchen or bed chambers, living-room or servants' quarters . . . add immeasurably to living comfort and convenience.

The telephone is so useful a part of the household! It runs errands, calls friends, summons aid in emergencies. Ease in placing and receiving calls is essential. And the new idea is to have telephone outlets in nearly every room, so that instant service is available wherever one happens to be.

Especially is telephone convenience important for the *home within a home*—that room or suite of rooms reserved in so many residences for the elders of the family. It is a thoughtful courtesy that gives the final touch of comfort and livability.

People everywhere are welcoming this modern conception of convenience. Those who are building or remodeling their homes recognize the desirability of planning in advance for their telephones. Wires and some of the apparatus can thus be built into the walls . . . for permanence and better appearance. Smart cabinets can be constructed, to hold the telephones and directories.

Many people desire two or more telephone lines, for the facility this gives to incoming and outgoing calls. And besides the general service arrangements, additional equipment is available for special purposes . . . push buttons and switches for intercommunication between house telephones . . . portable telephones which can be plugged into outlets where desired . . . special bells and other signaling devices for particular uses . . . switches for disconnecting the servants' telephone temporarily.

Each household has its individual telephone requirements. And telephone convenience can be "custom fitted" exactly to these requirements, at moderate cost. Telephone the Business Office of your local Bell Company today. They will be glad to show you just what telephone arrangements will give you most service and satisfaction.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

White Rock

The Leading
Mineral Water

Pale Dry
Ginger Ale

THE night club . . . sophisticated enjoyment for those who know life . . . captivating rhythm of the orchestra . . . spotlights playing on accomplished entertainers whirling to the strains of the music . . . beautiful women . . . jewels . . . lovely gowns . . . laughter . . . the smart world at play . . .

In the midst of it all, the brown bottles of White Rock Water and the green bottles of White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale are taken for granted . . . quenching thirst after the dance . . . stimulating conversation . . . bottles of sparkling deliciousness attuned to every occasion . . . their circle of friends as broad as the land . . . the standard of smart America!

WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRINGS CO. - - 100 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

AMONG THE DISTINGUISHED DRIVERS
OF THE NEW CENTURY HUPMOBILE

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She doesn't like trains, and always prefers to motor. Gervais makes her clothes including the smartest green leather motoring coat to be seen this side of Paris. Usually she drives herself... and then it's a HUPMOBILE, her personal car. Once she drove from her estate, Guinea Hollow Farm, at Old Westbury to New York in forty minutes. To the theatre she rides in a Rolls, a Minerva, or a Renault. And drives it *mentally* all the way, even though the most expert of chauffeurs is at the wheel. She likes her HUPMOBILE because it's as smart as her flat little wrist watch by Cartier, fleet as her Lee-S hunter, trim as her riding habits by Huntsman.